

POETRY!

WORK AND THINK.

We, who sway the axe and hammer,
Carve the stone and till the soil;
Midst the busy din and clamor,
We must think the while we toil.

Work and think!—the world's great motto;
Even your anvils ring it out;
Rock and hill, send back the echo,
Earth and sky repeat the shout.

Work and think!—what mighty wonders
These bright, magic words have wrought;
Stiles, letting, time and honor,
All are gained by work and thought.

Then, then, from your thoughts the letters,
Free and fearless let them play;
And mankind may grow the better,
Right, the world's great heart may sway.

One and thought shall be the brighter,
We—
Work and think!—the world shall be the lighter,
Work and think!—the world shall be the stronger.

North Woburn June, 1852.

ORIGINAL TALES.

(Written expressly for the Woburn Jour.

A GLIMPSE OF CITY LIFE:

OR

The Virtuous and Vicious Hearts' Reward.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Author of *Mary St. Clair, the Maid of Rochelle*, &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

The preceding night Charles Ward had parted with his last farthing at the billiard table, which fully accounts for the changed demeanor already observed. The succeeding night was also to be spent at billiards. This, together with other vicious habits, was fast causing his soul to assume a color of blackest hue.

Morning has again dawned over nature's work. The sorrowing girl of the night before has awokened from her sleep, to experience another day of sadness. As she looks out of the little casement upon the street, she feels more keenly than ever her deep misery. All looks strange and dreary to her. The breakfast bell falls unheeded upon her ear; she is too ill to think of eating, and she waits with lingering expectancy the arrival of her friend Anna; nor waits she long, for soon she finds herself clasped in the embrace of the kind-hearted Anna, to whom she again unburies her heart, and finds in her a true sympathizer. They then prepare for the street, and are soon at the place where the occupation for Anna has been previously engaged. Having procured the work, the girls, after having promised to meet again in a day or two at least, seek their respective places of abode.

Emma commenced her new duties, and tried to forget her sadness. She plied her needle all day, and as night advanced, she made some little adjustment in her wardrobe, and then seated herself by the window to await her lover's arrival. He soon came, but how different his manners from the preceding! Now all smiles and hilarity, he more than compensates for yesternight's behavior.

The fair Emma was led to the place of amusement. Her eyes dilated with pleasure, as she witnessed the dazzling performances there displayed; and she was, for the time being, one of the happiest mortals in existence; but, upon returning to her lodgings, her gaity had fled, and her sorrow returned with all its former freshness; she then half resolved to reject her lover, and return to her parent and beg forgiveness for the injury done to the same. "Perhaps, then," she thought, "tranquility and happiness will again take up their abode in my bosom." But ah! of how little avail are such resolves in the mind of women, when once they have yielded their heart's affections to one of the opposite sex. Thus, with Emma Hartley, to overcome reason, and she still Hartley, to receive the address of the profligate Charles Ward.

Early one morning three weeks after Emma's arrival in the city, a messenger called to her lodgings, and demanded her immediate return to Sherburne, saying that her parent was very ill, and probably near unto death. Emma, as may be imagined, was shocked at this sad intelligence, and forthwith set out for her home. When she arrived there, she found her mother but just alive. The dying one recognised her daughter, though; and, with her last breath, invoked her heavenly parent to keep the young girl's heart as guileless as it then was. She then blessed the same for all times yielding so willing to her wishes. Thus passed from earth one of the fondest and best of mothers.

Emma was filled with the keenest remorse, since she knew that she was altogether undeserving of her parent's dying blessing. She felt that she merited censure, instead of praise. She would willingly have fallen before the departing one, confessed her guilt, implored her forgiveness, and promised amends for all the wrongs she had done. But she felt that such a proceeding would pain the happy spirit that was struggling to free itself from its tenement of clay, and, per-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. 37

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

NO. 37.

haps, might draw forth remarks from the same that would render her future life forever miserable. She knew she deserved such a fate, but the upbraidings of a dying mother how could she bear! They would haunt her very existence, and render her unfit for the duties that she must henceforth perform. She therefore permitted her parent to go down to the grave without making known to her the deception that had been practised upon her.

After the consignment of the last remains of the beloved Mrs. Hartley to her last resting-place, Emma returned to her former employment in the City. She was much affected by the sudden removal of her mother by death, yet she did not fully realize the loss she had met with. Time must pass, and sorrow,—keen-edged sorrow—must be experienced, ere the true loss of this parent would have the desired effect upon the heart of the erring daughter.

Charles Ward still remained constant to the lovely orphan, and billiards; experiencing alternate loss and gain at the latter, the knowledge of which he adroitly kept from the former, who, had she even dreamed of his life, and the woes she would be long experience therefrom, would have at once yielded to despair.

"Tis well, I ween, that the Allwise Being has drawn a veil over the future destiny of mankind; for, if mortals were apprised of all the sorrow that they must endure, many, ay, all thus doomed, would unhesitatingly loose the silver cord that binds them to life; thus the spirit-land, to guide her erring footsteps, or ilume her dark passage to the tomb! She felt that God had forgotten her, and she cared not for her future fate.

Thus, alas! too often with erring mortals; instead of profiting, as they should, by the sad experience of the past, and returning to their former standard in life—determined hereafter to lead a better—a holier life—instead of this, I say, they are too apt to regard their future fate as predestined, and consequently are hopelessly led on through the vortex of dissipation, crime and despair, until the end is attained. They then disappear from human sight, and are remembered but as pestiferous breaths which, for awhile, infested the air, but when removed, the memory of which becomes less dim, until they are wholly forgotten. But to my subject.

Grief—secret grief—was fast stealing the hue and brilliancy from Emma Hartley's eye and cheek, until, save the movement of her form, she fully resembled a beautiful wax statue.

The latter part of a sultry summer's afternoon Emma, after having witnessed the completion of the last article of her work, prepared to take the same to its owner. She hurried as fast as her feeble strength would permit her, along the various streets which led to her employer's. Having arrived there, she deposited her bundle, and, in lieu, received one of less weight. She then turned her steps homeward, and endeavored to accelerate her pace, for she perceived that night was fast coming on, and she feared that darkness would overtake her ere she reached her place of destination; but in spite of all her efforts to effect a swifter speed, she found she must be benighted. The streets were fast becoming lighted, when the young girl turned the corner of a dimly lighted, and not much frequented street, through which she must pass in order to reach her home.

She shuddered, and an indefinable fear pervaded her mind as she passed down this gloomy avenue. Breathlessly she hurried on, scarcely daring to raise her downcast eyes for fear they would encounter some fiend in human form who would seek her injury. But hark! hear that street does clang—that one opposite to where the young girl is passing. She hears it, and vainly assays to move; her strength is gone! Meanwhile, a pair of strong arms encircles the slender form of the young girl, and a man is about bearing her through the unclosed door from which he a moment before had just emerged, when the dark form of another man is seen creeping stealthily up behind the man who is bearing off the form of the insensible Emma. When within reach, he grasped her by the collar of the coat, and threw her on his back; then, planting his heavy foot on the prostrate man's breast,—which at once caused him to release his hold of the female—he seized the fair victim, and made his exit down street at no slow rate, leaving the insensible man stretched at full length across the threshold of the door, where he was but a moment before escaping with his victim. We will leave the felled one to his fate, and follow the one in whose power the girl is. Hastening from one street into another, and still another, he pursues his way until he approaches a little dark alley, on either side is a row of old dark-looking buildings. Before one of these he stops, and throwing open an old shaky door, enters a low, filthy looking apartment, whose chief occupant was an old woman, who sat smoking from an old black pipe; and stepping towards a despicable-looking couch, which stood in an obscure corner of the apartment, deposited his upon the same, and, after bidding the vixen restore the maid against his return, he hastily retreated from the house.

Emma was soon restored to consciousness. And after gazing wildly about the low dingy room, she demanded of the old woman the occasion of her present situation. She was commanded to lay still, and not ask any more questions. This reply filled the terrified Em-

friend's displeasure. "But permit me," he added, taking the young girl's hand within his, "permit me to meet you on the common to-morrow afternoon, at the hour you usually are seen on the street."

"You never met me on the street—for—"

"I have seen—aye followed you. But will you meet me as aforesaid? I have something for your ear alone."

"What will Issie say?"

"I care not for anything she might say.—Will you meet me?"

"Yes."

"Then adieu till we meet again," and the speaker raised the small hand to his lips, imprinted a kiss upon the same, and instantly retreated from view.

Anna stood some moments after the young man's departure, scarcely knowing whether she was dreaming or awake. She was soon aroused, however, by the sound of voices, and a moment had elapsed, her uncle's family were at the door. She admitted them, and then, with a heart swelling with a tumult of pleasure, sought the precincts of her own little room, there to muse on the strange event that had thus rendered her sad heart happy.

The next day, on one of the seats at the eastern part of the common, were seated two individuals—a gentleman and a lady. The former was speaking in low but *meaning* tones to the latter, whom he was regarding with all a lover's fondness. The downcast eyes and blushes of his lover pleased his soul, for he knew she was not an unwilling listener to his sayings. While in this blissful state, he heard not the under-tone remarks and scornful glances that were directed towards him, upon being seen associating with one so inferiorly clad as was his companion. There was one among that motley throng—a fair specimen of *beau monde* life, who would faint at the very mention of wild beasts, but who would permit men greatly resembling them, and in point of sense, their inferior, to have a place by their side, and listen for hours to the senseless jargon that issues from out their perfumed mouths. "There was one," as I have said before, who glanced at this couple, whose face became greatly flushed; and anger, disappointment, and *sorrows* rested on her brow, and curled on her lip. It was apparent that the lady was greatly agitated, although with assumed indifference, mingled with a sorrowful tone and expression of contempt; she begged the youthful gallant at her side to conduct her from so sickening a sight, and added, "When will wonders cease! A gentleman seen associating with a domestic—a kitchen-maid!" Her companion joined in, and said the sight was truly sickening, altogether intolerable!

The persons whom we have brought before our readers, was none other than the *distressed* Issie Thayer, and one of the *gentlemen* before described.

The happy couple still continued conversing. An hour, and still another hour passed, and found them at the same place.

"Say, Anna, dearest,—say that you'll never return to your uncle's. Consent at once to go with me to my home. My parents will love you, and—"

"But I must tell my uncle's folks of my intended—"

"No must about it. Come, dearest, come to my home!" and the gentleman arose from his seat, and drawing the young girl's arm within his, led the way to his elegant home.

"Why don't Anna come, as she promised me?" thought the sorrowing Emma.

"Why don't Anna come?" spoke each member of the Thayer family. But no Anna came. The slave had escaped from her cruel taskmasters, and was enjoying the sweet liberty for which she had so long and vainly sighed.

CHAPTER V.

Anna Packard had, for the past six years, been a resident in the city. She had, from the first, taken up her residence in her uncle's family. She had many trials, for she, too, was an orphan. Since she had become a resident of her uncle's family, she had been kindly treated by each member of the same; and although the meanest and most laborious and menial household tasks had been assigned her, yet was she considered an expense and trial to her friends; and, consequently, was soon at the place where the occupation for Anna has been previously engaged. Having procured the work, the girls, after having promised to meet again in a day or two at least, seek their respective places of abode.

The happy couple still continued conversing. An hour, and still another hour passed, and found them at the same place.

"Say, Anna, dearest,—say that you'll never return to your uncle's. Consent at once to go with me to my home. My parents will love you, and—"

"But I must tell my uncle's folks of my intended—"

"No must about it. Come, dearest, come to my home!" and the gentleman arose from his seat, and drawing the young girl's arm within his, led the way to his elegant home.

"Why don't Anna come, as she promised me?" thought the sorrowing Emma.

"Why don't Anna come?" spoke each member of the Thayer family. But no Anna came. The slave had escaped from her cruel taskmasters, and was enjoying the sweet liberty for which she had so long and vainly sighed.

CHAPTER VI.

Emma Hartley was seated by the open window of her little room. She had been musing on the past; she thought of her departed parents—thought of Anna Packard, and wondered why she did not call on the preceding day as she promised. All at once her thoughts took a sadder turn than usual, and she trembled, though she scarcely knew why, and the big tears started to her eyes, and rolled in swift succession down her cheeks. While this emotion pervaded her breast, a low knock was heard at the door of the room in which she was. She instantly jumped up—turned the key and threw open the door. Her ladylike stood before her, and thus spoke:

"Miss Hartley, I have come to tell you that you must get you another boarding-place, for you cannot remain in this house another night."

"What do you mean?" returned the astonished Emma.

"I mean what I say!" replied the landlady, in an angry tone. "I shall no longer have the reputation of my house injured by having such a character as you within it. So march yourself as quick as you can, or I shall use other means, and that, too, very soon, to rid my house of you."

"But if my uncle's folks should know it!" interrupted the terrified girl, "and Issie—"

"I will not insist upon it; then," said the gentleman, "if you are afraid to incur your

had occurred, he set forth and procured her another boarding-house, to which her trunk was forthwith conveyed.

When Emma had become fairly settled in her home, she began to reflect more than ever upon her past conduct, and the strange incident that had recently come under her observation, that of being driven from her former boarding-house,—the latter she considered was just due to the former, for she realized now more than ever the error she had practiced towards her deceased parent. She shed tears of regret, and fully realized the loss she had sustained in parting with her deceased parent. She wished, though vainly, that she had confessed to her dying mother her guilt, implored forgiveness, and commenced life anew; she felt that then her soul would have been relieved of half its bitter load, and she could lift her heart to her Maker, and feel that the guardian spirit of her mother was still near her, to direct her paths in the way of duty. But alas! it was irrevocably too late. She could not recall the past, and now, though she felt, was left her, but to thread, as best she might, life's intricate thoroughfare, and at length to pass, unknown uncared for through death's dark portal to the unknown land, without even a beam or a ray of light from the spirit-land, to guide her erring footsteps, or ilume her dark passage to the tomb! She felt that God had forgotten her, and she cared not for her future fate.

Thus, alas! too often with erring mortals; instead of profiting, as they should, by the sad experience of the past, and returning to their former standard in life—determined hereafter to lead a better—a holier life—instead of this, I say, they are too apt to regard their future fate as predestined, and consequently are hopelessly led on through the vortex of dissipation, crime and despair, until the end is attained. They then disappear from human sight, and are remembered but as pestiferous breaths which, for awhile, infested the air, but when removed, the memory of which becomes less dim, until they are wholly forgotten. But to my subject.

Grief—secret grief—was fast stealing the hue and brilliancy from Emma Hartley's eye and cheek, until, save the movement of her form, she fully resembled a beautiful wax statue.

The latter part of a sultry summer's afternoon Emma, after having witnessed the completion of the last article of her work, prepared to take the same to its owner. She hurried as fast as her feeble strength would permit her, along the various streets which led to her employer's. Having arrived there, she deposited her bundle, and, in lieu, received one of less weight. She then turned her steps homeward, and endeavored to accelerate her pace, for she perceived that night was fast coming on, and she feared that darkness would overtake her ere she reached her place of destination; but in spite of all her efforts to effect a swifter speed, she found she must be benighted. The streets were fast becoming lighted, when the young girl turned the corner of a dimly lighted, and not much frequented street, through which she must pass in order to reach her home.

She shuddered, and an indefinable fear pervaded her mind as she passed down this gloomy avenue. Breathlessly she hurried on, scarcely daring to raise her downcast eyes for fear they would encounter some fiend in human form who would seek her injury. But hark! hear that street does clang—that one opposite to where the young girl is passing. She hears it, and vainly assays to move; her strength is gone! Meanwhile, a pair of strong arms encircles the slender form of the young girl, and a man is about bearing her through the unclosed door from which he a moment before had just emerged, when the dark form of another man is seen creeping stealthily up behind the man who is bearing off the form of the insensible Emma. When within reach, he grasped her by the collar of the coat, and threw her on his back; then, planting his heavy foot on the prostrate man's breast,—which at once caused him to release his hold of the female—he seized the fair victim, and made his exit down street at no slow rate, leaving the insensible man stretched at full length across the threshold of the door, where he was but a moment before escaping with his victim. After he had finished his recital, the young girl inquired what time of night this occurrence took place. Charles Ward hesitated;—he thought if he told her the *last* part of the night—which was not the case—she would be surprised, and perhaps make inquiries respecting the business that called him out at such a late hour, and he would be at loss how to reply;—if he told her the *first* part of the night, she might think that he was the person who had thus wantonly seized her, while passing down-street. A second thought assured him, that she was *unconscious* at the time, and therefore he informed her that it was early evening, as it was.

"Just the time that I found myself in that vile hovel!" returned Emma; and then she continued to relate to her lover what the reader already knows respecting her last night's adventures. Charles Ward was apparently shocked as the female proceeded, and at the conclusion of her narration, a shade of doubt rested on his brow. Seeing this, Emma assured him again and again that she was *unconscious*; but that statement did not seem to remove his doubt, and she left his presence, if possible, more dejected than ever.

(To be Continued.)

ED.

Did you ever know a person who paid

promptly for his paper to find fault with it?

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.—MESSRS. NICHOL, WHIN & CO. are agents for this paper.

ADVERTISERS.—DR. DAVID NEWCOMB, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DICK will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PITTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. A. K."—There is much to admire in your poetry of "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." You ask us to tell you when you come too often; we say not but be disappointed.

"C. R."—Your letter is an interesting one, and we are pleased to receive information from our neighbors in the Provinces. You will of course redeem your pledge of continuing your correspondence. We will forward the "Journal" according to your directions.

"HERM."—We like your familiar letters, and always receive them with pleasure. You ask us to pay you a visit; we have not yet found the pathway that leads to your "cleatings." No room this week for your letter.

"S. T."—Your remarks are too personal, we cannot insert them; the style of your writing is good; try some other subject.

"JAMES"—will please understand that we do not intend to drop the subject of Parents and Children; we shall remember his kind remarks; they are too flattering for the public eye, and we thank him for his good opinion.

"JULIA"—Your poetry is possible; we think it would not be creditable to you to publish it unless you revise it.

"J. L."—enquires about the Lyceum and Library; we can only say that they are progressing.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Could we trace the history of every individual we meet, and were we permitted to know the feelings of each heart, what a history we might write! The joys and sorrows, the hopes and prospects of youth, are mingled with the mass of beings, and we would find many a smiling face with a heavy heart, and many a buoyant spirit with the marks of a shattered frame. How very often do the dark clouds of adversity suddenly overspread the clear sky of life, and before we can take warning, all our fond hopes are destroyed. There is scarcely a human being who has not experienced these vicissitudes of life. Men may boast of wealth and honors, and tell us that their path in life has been clear and beautiful; that they have always found that "rose without a thorn"; and they wonder how it is that others should complain of trouble and vexations of life; to them it would seem strange that this world was not always bright and happy. We naturally look upon such persons as far beyond our reach, and we are very much inclined to envy the position of people who claim to be the happy one on the sunny side of life. It would not be wise that we should know the secret thoughts and feelings of those who make such strong professions of enjoyments, because it would add more sorrow and disappointment in life, for what comfort and pleasure can arise from our knowing the fact that we are capable of so much duplicity and deception. No man can tell the anguish and pain of the human heart, unless it beats within his own bosom; and it is well that it is so. How often do we read of a broken heart, and in our intercourse with society we sometimes meet with one; it is a sad picture to draw. The history of a broken heart—the reality can never be written. We can only speak of youthful days, full of joys and hopes—hours of enchantment, fleeting as the air—the expectant scenes of coming happiness—all these are blasted in a moment, and cold neglect and broken vows come suddenly upon us, and the heart is broken; we might almost think it were impossible, but it is so. We have been told the history of one whom we knew well—and upon whose memory the beautiful lines were written which we published in our last "Journal," by our fair correspondent in Charlestown,—"The Dying Girl"; we did not know to whom it had reference at the time we inserted it, but it is all too true. It is not for us to lift the veil which now covers the dead; but there is something so devoted, so feelingly portrayed in the female heart, that our readers will read that article again when they find that it is no fiction. It is sufficient to say that she was sent for, by one she loved, to cross the wide ocean, to meet him in a distant land—not until she had passed years of suspense and cold neglect; the heartstrings had nearly given way when she received a letter requesting her to embark for California; she did so, in company with some friends and a beloved sister, but she was destined never to arrive. The ocean was too rough for her debilitated frame, which anxiety, hopes long deferred, and broken vows, had secretly undermined, and she sank to rest in that sister's arms, and was buried in the deep ocean grave. The poetry was written by a relative, and one who knew her worth. The realities of life are daily before us, they pass by us unheeded, until we are arrested by some event which connects with our own hearts and prospects; and then it is that we hear the voice which seems to speak within us.

"There is nothing true but heaven."

Those interested will not fail to read the Boot and Shoe market Report.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The 4th of July, this year, comes on Sunday, consequently the Independence Jubilee will take place on Monday, 5th. We hear that preparations on an extensive scale, are being made for celebrating the day in all parts of the State. Many of the country Towns are to enjoy the day by appropriate ceremonies; in Reading, Winchester, Cambridge and other neighboring towns, the citizens have given various sums to procure Fireworks, &c. In Woburn we hear of no particular movement connected with the day, but presume the usual amount of powder will be used in making a noise. Our young friends who are fortunate enough to get some spare change, should be exceeding careful in using the same, especially if they invest it in Fire Crackers, Powder &c.; by being careful they can make a good deal of noise without accident. The display of Fireworks on Boston Common will be unsurpassed for variety and grandeur, and we hope the evening will prove pleasant, so that the many thousands who usually wend their way to Boston may not be disappointed.

WINCHESTER.

We are indebted to O. R. Clark, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of arrangements, for an invitation to join in the festivities at Winchester, on the 5th; regretting that "circumstances" will prevent our being present, we hope that our Winchester friends will highly enjoy themselves in spending the day in this sensible and pleasant manner. We notice by the order of exercises that every arrangement is made to make the day pass off pleasantly; they are to have a grand procession, escorted by the "Winchester Guards," and the aid of the "Winchester Brass Band," will be brought into requisition on the first section. Mr. John, the popular Music Teacher, proposes in the second section to have a floral procession, and this will be a great attraction without doubt; we advise our young friends to go down to Winchester to witness the display; the 3d and 4th sections will include the Schools and Citizens.

The Procession will march through the town to the Church, where the exercises will consist of singing, reading the Declaration of Independence, an oration by the Rev. J. M. Steele; after which they will form again and move to Bacon's Grove, where a dinner will be provided, and at this spot a "feast of reason and flow of soul" may be expected. In the evening a fine display of Fireworks will be given, from Hovey's Laboratory. The whole arrangement does credit to the Committee of Arrangements, and we shall endeavor next week to give an account of the celebration.

TEMPERANCE MEETING IN WOBURN.

The Woburn T. A. Society met last evening, for the purpose of hearing from the delegates at Worcester, on Wednesday and Thursday to the State Temperance Convention held of last week, and also for the transaction of other business connected with the enforcement of the new liquor law.

Very interesting remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Stockbridge, and Fuller; Dea. John Tidd, Capt. Thos. V. Sullivan, delegates; and by Capt. Bragdon, of Wells, Me.

All these gentlemen spoke of the Convention as the most interesting they had ever attended; numerous, intelligent, and enthusiastic.

Not a doubt was expressed by a single individual of the thirteen hundred and fifty delegates present, of the utility and practicability of the law not a word was uttered against it. A still small voice was heard through that vast congregation of earnest, resolute men, saying:—"The Law is a righteous Law, and shall be enforced." All—all believed it to be the instrument which, under God, would drive from our midst those pests of society, those moral nuisances, those human pillars of the Commonwealth—the rum-sellers. It was stated by Hon. Myron Lawrence, Chairman of the Convention, as his opinion, and that of men learned in the law, that the licenses granted by the City of Boston, and other towns in the State, would become invalid on the 21st of July, the day on which the law goes into effect. The delegates reported that twenty-three hundred dollars were pledged on the spot, to aid the State Central Committee in their operations, showing unequivocally that the Convention was in earnest, and that the people, the sovereign people, are awake to the true interests of the Commonwealth, and that time, talent, and money will be poured forth like water to secure the enforcement of the law, and the sovereign triumph of our principles.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement. We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S. will be liberally patronized by our citizens, as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S. to come into our midst, feeling assured that she will meet with pleasant reception from all who feel interested in such matters.

TEMPERANCE MEETING IN THE OPEN AIR.—The South Boston Washingtonian Society have decided to hold out-door meetings every Sabbath evening during the summer, when the weather will permit, on Telegraph Hill, near the Reservoir. The first meeting of the season will be held to-morrow evening, at 6 o'clock, when eloquent speakers will be present to address the audience. The place of meeting will comfortably accommodate the whole populace of Boston, and all are invited to attend.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE AT STONEHAM.—On SUNDAY last six young men took a small boat for the purpose of taking a sail on Spot Pond; after proceeding some distance from the shore a small strum struck the boat and capsized her, when she immediately sank. A portion of those on board were good swimmers, and every exertion was made to save those who were not, but Mr. Joel J. Prince, aged 23 years, was drowned.

Mr. Franklin Prince, after great exertion, succeeded in saving his own brother, and returned to rescue Mr. Joel Prince, but was unable to reach the shore with him, and in order to save his own life was obliged to let go his hold. His body was recovered and brought to Woburn.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

delegates, for the use of the State Committee and to procure suitable publications, to be placed in the several families in Town, embracing the "Throne of Iniquity," by Rev. Albert Barnes; and for other necessary purposes.

Resolved. That a Committee be chosen to report at a future meeting a plan of organization, and measures for the execution of the new Liquor Law in this place.

The Society, having made choice of Capt. Bacon, Rev. Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Harrison Bates, as a Financial Committee; and of Daniel Kimball, Rev. Mr. Fuller, Capt. Thos. V. Sullivan, Mr. Cyrus Tay, and Dea. John Tidd, as Committee on a plan of organization, &c., adjourned to meet in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, on Tuesday evening, July 6th.

DANIEL KIMBALL, President,
JOHN P. KIMBALL, Secretary.
Woburn, June 29th, 1852.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The death of Henry Clay is the prominent feature of the past week, and all our country is in mourning.—Bishop Gadsden, of South Carolina, died June 24th.—The corner stone of the American Bible Society's new building, in New York, was laid 24th June, in presence of a large concourse of people; the building will cost \$80,000.—The Belfast Liquor Store, in Maine, was entered last Saturday night, and all the liquor casks tapped; \$500 worth of liquor was set at liberty.—Four cows were killed in Wey, N. H., and three horses in Little Bridge, Me., last week, by lightning.—One hundred and eleven thousand land warrants have been issued, making nearly eight million acres of land.—The arrival of fugitive slaves at Windsor, Canada West, is said to average three per day. There are over 600 students at Oberlin College, Ohio.—Many persons are leaving Canada for the gold mines of Australia.—Two Americans were buried in an avalanche of snow, in ascending the Alps; after much difficulty they managed to get out.—The boiler of the "Hope" mill, in Jersey City, blew up last week; many of the workmen are missing.—Hon. Caleb Cushing was qualified as Judge on the 25th inst.—The loss sustained by the Suffolk Bank, Boston, by the embezzlement of Brewer, is \$205,718, a sum sum for Stock gambling.—The cholera has appeared in the Western County and fears are entertained that it may rage as years past.—Passengers arrived in Cincinnati in 25 hours from New York; this is the fastest time on record.—There is to be a great Temperance celebration on 5th July.—Deaths in Boston last week, 43.—The Mayor and Council of Boston have abolished the office of City Marshal, and passed a new ordinance, creating a Chief of Police.—Chelsea is infested by some rowdies, who were promptly taken to the lock-up.—The appropriation for the Collin's line of steamers is meeting of the execution of the Liquor Law, from the City to the state, evidently mistreating the legality of these licenses. We trust the friends of Temperance will stand firm.

Huckleberries have arrived in town, as we are reminded by a fine box, sent us by friend Page. Verily Page's is the market for everything that is fresh and nice, but where he can get huckleberries, so soon, is more than we can tell.

News in town is scarce, and we must refer our readers to our advertising columns, to see and know what is going on in town.

CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—We intended to publish the proceedings of the Convention held at Worcester, in which the important point of the validity of the licenses for rum-sellers, granted by the authorities of Boston and Charlestown, are pronounced to be illegal after the 21st of July, but the proceedings of the Woburn T. A. Society, embrace all these points, and we have only room for one report. The authorities of Boston have passed a new ordinance of Police, shifting the responsibility of the execution of the Liquor Law, from the state, to the city, evidently mistreating the legality of these licenses. We trust the friends of Temperance will stand firm.

The cars on the Woburn Branch Road run on Monday so as to accommodate all who may wish to visit Boston, at any hour of the day; the arrangements will be for the cars to go to and fro, hourly, and special trains will leave Boston soon after the fireworks, in the evening; thus giving all who wish to get a sight at the grand display, a chance to be present.

Rev. Jos. L. Bennett, formerly of Woburn, and son of the much lamented former Pastor of the Orthodox church in this town, was installed as Pastor of the Congregational church in East Cambridge, on Thursday last; the exercises were of a deeply interesting character, and we are glad to know that Mr. Bennett commences his labors in East Cambridge under such favorable auspices.

It gives us much pleasure to speak of Mr. B. as a neighboring Pastor to the spot of his birth, and we feel assured that our many readers who have known him from his early infancy will be glad to learn that he is settled in this vicinity. We hope his labors will be crowned with abundant success.

DRAWING SCHOOL.—In another column Mrs. Dr. Summer, of Boston, gives notice that she will commence a drawing school, in this town next Wednesday afternoon, at the room on Main Street, over Fowle's Bookstore. Mrs. Summer comes to us, from the Boston School of Design, under the care of Prof. Whitaker, and has the best of testimonials from him, and Dr. Sears, Secty of the Board of Education. Mrs. S.'s terms are quite reasonable, and the scholars are to have a term of 11 weeks.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with pleasant reception from all

who feel interested in such matters.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with pleasant reception from all

who feel interested in such matters.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with pleasant reception from all

who feel interested in such matters.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with pleasant reception from all

who feel interested in such matters.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with pleasant reception from all

who feel interested in such matters.

When Prof. Whitaker lectured in town before the Teachers Institute, we were much interested in his remarks upon the delightful

study of inventive drawing; he clearly showed its importance, and also the manner of acquirement.

We are glad that an opportunity is now offered to all who desire to learn drawing, to attend school here, and we hope Mrs. S.

will be liberally patronized by our citizens,

as we have taken the liberty to urge Mrs. S.

to come into our midst, feeling assured that

she will meet with

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

PROGRAMME

OF FIRE WORKS, from the Laboratory of J. G. HOVEY, Esq., to be exhibited at **WINCHESTER**, on the Evening of July 5th, 1852.

Signal Rockets will be fired from sunset until dark, when the exhibition will commence.

1. Illumination of Bengal Lights.

2. Chinese Fan—commencing with a wheel and mounting to Chinese gerls, forming a beautiful fan.

3. Palm Tree Candles—of colored Roman Candles, filling the air with stars of various hues.

4. Peruvian Cross—composed of Chinese cross fire, decorated with revolving saxes, and ending with reports.

5. Double Diamonds—showing two beautiful diamonds in lance work, decorated with various colors.

6. Triplet—rotating from a central wheel to crimson and emerald saxes, terminating with Chinese brilliant.

7. Grand Battery—filling the air with stars of various colors, and mounting to a sudden explosion of mines, scattering serpents in every direction.

8. Star Piece—showing a gorgeous star, in lance work.

9. Danish Figure—a combination of wheels, saxes, and Chinese gerls, ending with reports.

10. Illumination of Bengal Lights.

11. Finale—consisting of an appropriate motto, supported by columns formed of stars, and ending with a flight of Rockets in honor of the day.

• Numerous Rockets will be discharged during the intervals between the pieces.

NOTICE.

ALL these pieces intended to the subscriber, by Note and bill, will be respectfully informed and settle the same, as he wishes, to clear up his business, having sold out to Messrs OTIS & BAILEY, who will not fail to please those who may favor them with their patronage.

STEPHEN CUTTER,

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at **WINCHESTER**, Mass., June 30th 1852.

Ayer, N. Jr. Hanly, Edgar Hill, Thurston Hutchinson, J. H. & Co., 2

Allen, Emilee E. Mahoney, Dennis McFerchar, Alexr., Perkins, George

Butler, Ira. Carr, W. H. Mahone, Dennis McFerchar, Alexr.,

Blackmer, Charles Carr, W. H. Mahone, Dennis McFerchar, Alexr.,

Carroll, Rachael H. Draper, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Crawford, John Foster, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Draper, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Farmer, E. Foster, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Fisher, Watson F. Foster, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Goin, Amanda B. 2 Foster, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Gidley, Edwin Foster, Wm. A. & Co. Foster, George

Hay, Edgar Hill, Thurston Hutchinson, J. H. & Co., 2

Hutchinson, J. H. & Co., 2

Lawton, Jerome B. 2 Morrison, Louisa Mrs.

Lawton, Jerome B. 2 Morrison, Louisa Mrs.</p

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER EVA.

By MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

She sleeps upon her pillow,
So free from sin and guile;
And round her pretty features,
There lingers yet a smile.

I love to gaze upon her,
Her love so fair and mild;
And think how few there are so pure,
As that young sleeping child.

Angels are hovering round her,
To guard her tiny bed;
Their white wings waving o'er her,
Do fan her infant head.

Her father gazing on her,
Exclaims with thoughtful bow,
"Oh may we give her back to God,
As pure as she is now."

Her mother, bending o'er her,
Now drops a silent tear;
And says how lonely we should be,
Without little Eva here.

And prays that he who gave her
May never her forsake;
Until it pleases him again,
Her spirit for to take.

North Woburn, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR JULY.

July is usually a hot month. The sun has attained its extreme of splendor and heat; under its influence the buds and blossoms are developed into foliage and flowers, and captivate our senses by their exquisite structure, and delicious fragrance. The seeds so lately cast into the ground have sprung into living plants, covering the earth with verdure and the promise of coming crops. Small as they then were, they now have produced plants weighing many ounces, and filled with life and beauty the open, barren blank of spring. None can have failed to observe this wonderful change, and lift the heart in gratitude to Him whose constant care is over all.

LATE SOWING.—There is still something to be done in committing seeds to the ground. Cabbage and cucumbers may now be sowed for late pickling. Turnip seed scattered among the corn often produces a fine crop without material injury to the corn. Sow during or immediately after a gentle rain, and cover with a hand rake.

WEEDS.—Ah! here are our old friends again. But we cannot afford to keep them, though there is a world of beauty in each. Like all living things, they seek to perpetuate their kind, and will deposit countless thousands of their minute seeds to make sure a future crop. Faithful, constant hoeing only will prevent their being in the ascendant; and this continued for two or three years, dressing in the mean time with well composted manures, will eradicate them so that they will annoy little afterwards. The garden that has been tended with care must not be neglected now that haying and other duties press upon the strength and time.

SMALL PASTURE. The weather favorable for haying is not likely to keep the pastures green and luxuriant. The milch cows, therefore, require attention. They must draw upon something more nutrient than the east wind or pasture browse in order to present you full udders night and morning. Until the "cow corn" is fit to cut, give them a daily feed of shorts or oil meal with cut hay, or mow the patches of grass in rich spots where it would be likely to lodge.

HAYING. This is the prime work of the month, requires the closest application and taxes the health and strength severely. Let it be performed quietly and systematically, without hurry, confusion or noise; then it will be well done; and as you feed from your ample bays through the winter they will yield the fragrant perfumes of summer, and repay you in the fat ribs and glossy skins of your stocks.

GRASS CUT AFTER THE SEEDS ARE FAIRLY FORMED is much more nutritious than when cut sooner. Fields should be examined and a sound judgment exercised in regard to the proper time of cutting.

GRAIN.—This, too, will demand attention, and is better for being cut before the seeds are thoroughly ripe.

JULY is the commencement of the harvest of the year. Everything is in full vigor and activity.

POTASH WATER FOR TREES.

By M. M. COFFIN.

MESSES. EDITORS:—Much is said at the present time in many of our public journals, recommending a solution of potash in water as a wash for fruit trees. The reeves given vary somewhat, but the most common is, "a pound of potash to a gallon of water."

MR. JOHN BATCHELER, of this town, on Saturday, the 5th inst., applied awash as above directed—except adding a slight sprinkling of rye meal, to a fine thrifty orchard of his, consisting of one hundred and six Baldwin trees. On the following Monday he found, to his perfect astonishment, that he had completely killed his trees with this act of indisness. The bark of the trees above ground was crisped and the wood thoroughly saturated to the pith.

Some of our most distinguished orchardists have viewed the premises and re-spared at the result, whilst all must regard it as an unfortunate occurrence, a pecuniary loss to Mr. B., and a fact worth knowing.

From this the important question arises,

was it simply the addition of rye meal that made the wash so destructive, or is there danger of making it too strong? We are of the opinion that a wash of potash and water alone, made as here directed, and applied to trees at this season of the year—that is to say, trees whose bark is thin and free from moss—will kill them.

Yours for the benefit of whom it may concern.—N. E. Farmer.

DOR-BUGS AGAIN.

These annual and inconveniently large and voracious visitors have appeared again. At dusk, they leave the retreat to which they resort during the day, and on noisy wing seek the tender leaves of the finest cherry and other fruit trees, the mountain ash, and sometimes the young elms, if other forage is scarce. They will rarely touch the common mazzard cherry tree if there are others near. They feed upon the soft part of the leaves, rejecting the nerves and veins of the leaf, which gives the tree, when thus defoliated, the appearance of gossamer or net work. Last year, we saved our trees by shaking the "varmints" from them at nine o'clock each evening; this year we have resorted to the suds of whale oil soap thrown upon the tree by a syringe. Now is the time to look out for them.

A HINT FOR SHEEP FARMERS.—A writer in the *Detroit Advertiser*, who was for 20 years been a stock farmer, says sheep can be protected from dogs by pasturing with fat cattle or milch cows. The cattle invariably attack the dogs, and thus save the sheep.

A STRANGE FARMER.—A gentleman was in our office on Saturday last, talking about farming, who said he had been tending less and less land every year. He also informed us that his crops increased in quantity in the proportion he redeemed the quantity of land. He led a life of beneficence.—Wishing still to continue his kindness after death, he conducted hither this fountain and planted these trees."

Blessed be thy remains generous man, and all those that lament thee." Saying these words, I saw at a distance a person who approached us. It was a beautiful young woman, who came to the fountain with a pitcher. "I salute you," said she with a pleasant voice, "you are strangers and appear fatigued with walking so far in the heat. Tell me do you need any other refreshment than you find here?" "We thank you," said I, "yes we thank you, amiable and kind-hearted woman, what can we desire more? the water of this fountain is pure, as the fruit is delicious, and the shade fresh. We venerate the memory of that good man who repose here. You appear to be of this place, and knew him without doubt. Ah! tell us, while resting here who was this virtuous man?" She then seated herself, put her pitcher by her side, and with a gracious smile began thus:

"Since you desire to know his history, I will relate it. The name of this good man, was Amintas. His most delightful occupation was to be useful to men, and honor the Gods; and there is no place in these environs, where his memory is not revered with tenderness. No one can relate without shedding tears, the traits of his bounty and goodness. In his last days he came continually to rest himself here and with a kind and amiable manner saluted travellers, offering them refreshment from their fatigue."

"And what," said he one day, "if I conduct here a fountain and plant trees; will they not relieve for a long time after my death, those who wearied with heat come here at noon? The shade and water are at a distance, I must execute my design." In fact, he with his own hands guided the water, and planted the trees whose fruit ripens in different seasons. He had not the pleasure of seeing them, but he walked under the rising shade of the shrubs, which took root and grew in his time. When Heaven called his soul to itself, we placed his coffin in this tomb, that all who pass might bless his ashes."

At this narration, full of respect we blessed the memory of this estimable man, saying to the shepherdess, "this fountain has appeared very sweet to us, the freshness of the shade has refreshed us, but how much more pleasant has been your interesting recital, may God bless you every moment of your life!"

Filled with religious sentiment, we directed our steps to the temple of Apollo, *Charlestown, Mass.* M.

[Translated from the Spanish, for the Journal.]

THE BENEFICENT MAN.

I went with Licias to Delphos, to carry our offerings to the shrine of Apollo; we already perceived the hill on which the temple is situated adorned with columns of dazzling whiteness, and rising from a wood of laurels toward the heavens. At length we lost sight of the immense extent of the ocean. It was noon; the sand burnt our feet, and at each step arose a cloud of dust, which filled our eyes and encircled our parched lips. We proceeded thus languidly, but very soon we hastened our steps, when we perceived before us on one side of the way, some high and thick trees whose shade was dark as the night. Penetrated with a devout fear we entered this palace, from whose entrance was shed a soft freshness. This delightful spot offered all that could refresh the senses, and the trees surrounded a mound of turf through which rose a transparent fountain; branches covered with pears and golden apples inclined towards it and the trunk of the trees were united by vines, dwarf currant bushes, and wild mulberries. The fountain flowed in bubbling streams from the foot of a tomb covered with honeysuckle, willow, and ivy. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what a beautiful spot!" My heart blesses the benevolent hand which planted these trees, and whose ashes perhaps repose here." "I see," said Licias, "an inscription through the branches that surround the sepulchre; this will tell us who has provided repose for the weary traveller." Raising the boughs with his cane, he read these words, "Here repose the ashes of Amintas. He led a life of beneficence.—Wishing still to continue his kindness after death, he conducted hither this fountain and planted these trees."

Blessed be thy remains generous man, and all those that lament thee." Saying these words, I saw at a distance a person who approached us. It was a beautiful young woman, who came to the fountain with a pitcher. "I salute you," said she with a pleasant voice, "you are strangers and appear fatigued with walking so far in the heat. Tell me do you need any other refreshment than you find here?" "We thank you," said I, "yes we thank you, amiable and kind-hearted woman, what can we desire more? the water of this fountain is pure, as the fruit is delicious, and the shade fresh. We venerate the memory of that good man who repose here. You appear to be of this place, and knew him without doubt. Ah! tell us, while resting here who was this virtuous man?" She then seated herself, put her pitcher by her side, and with a gracious smile began thus:

"Since you desire to know his history, I will relate it. The name of this good man, was Amintas. His most delightful occupation was to be useful to men, and honor the Gods; and there is no place in these environs, where his memory is not revered with tenderness. No one can relate without shedding tears, the traits of his bounty and goodness. In his last days he came continually to rest himself here and with a kind and amiable manner saluted travellers, offering them refreshment from their fatigue."

"And what," said he one day, "if I conduct here a fountain and plant trees; will they not relieve for a long time after my death, those who wearied with heat come here at noon? The shade and water are at a distance, I must execute my design." In fact, he with his own hands guided the water, and planted the trees whose fruit ripens in different seasons. He had not the pleasure of seeing them, but he walked under the rising shade of the shrubs, which took root and grew in his time. When Heaven called his soul to itself, we placed his coffin in this tomb, that all who pass might bless his ashes."

At this narration, full of respect we blessed the memory of this estimable man, saying to the shepherdess, "this fountain has appeared very sweet to us, the freshness of the shade has refreshed us, but how much more pleasant has been your interesting recital, may God bless you every moment of your life!"

Filled with religious sentiment, we directed our steps to the temple of Apollo, *Charlestown, Mass.* M.

[Translated from the Spanish, for the Journal.]

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.

FOR THE TOILET, THE NURSERY, BATHING, AND MANY MEDICAL PURPOSES. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of almost every Medical College, and stated under the patronage of every physician in London, Paris, New York, and every city of Europe. The best and most reliable physicians who make duty of it in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and is delicate, seductive, and fragrant, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We advise a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First. *Balaendrin* eradicates every defect of the complexions, and cures every disease of the skin, or disease, or disorder, by the changes of age, or meeks of nature, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Second. It promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to grow in a natural manner; it cures all diseases of the scalp, and by the changes of age, or meeks of nature, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Third.—It is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Fourth.—It is a superior article for sharing, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

It may be used in cold, warm, hard or soft water. FLERIDGE & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wholesale, 15 State street. Retail, 72 and 74 Washington street, Boston. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per pound.

Any person remitting the firm, post paid, will receive the article by return of Express.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. POWELL. nov 1. if

DR. FONTAINE'S

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.

FOR THE TOILET, THE NURSERY, BATHING, AND MANY MEDICAL PURPOSES. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of almost every Medical College, and stated under the patronage of every physician in London, Paris, New York, and every city of Europe. The best and most reliable physicians who make duty of it in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and is delicate, seductive, and fragrant, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We advise a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First. *Balaendrin* eradicates every defect of the complexions, and cures every disease of the skin, or disease, or disorder, by the changes of age, or meeks of nature, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Second.—It is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Third.—It is a superior article for sharing, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

It may be used in cold, warm, hard or soft water. FLERIDGE & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wholesale, 15 State street. Retail, 72 and 74 Washington street, Boston. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per pound.

Any person remitting the firm, post paid, will receive the article by return of Express.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. POWELL. nov 1. if

DR. FONTAINE'S

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.

FOR THE TOILET, THE NURSERY, BATHING, AND MANY MEDICAL PURPOSES. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of almost every Medical College, and stated under the patronage of every physician in London, Paris, New York, and every city of Europe. The best and most reliable physicians who make duty of it in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and is delicate, seductive, and fragrant, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We advise a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First. *Balaendrin* eradicates every defect of the complexions, and cures every disease of the skin, or disease, or disorder, by the changes of age, or meeks of nature, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Second.—It is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Third.—It is a superior article for sharing, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentifrice, it cures every disease of the teeth, by the changes of age, or disease, have been described or undermined—it cures the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities and dead skin, and the surface becomes smooth; also removes sunburn, scalds, and scalds, imparts to the skin its original purity and an unimpeded freedom, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

It may be used in cold, warm, hard or soft water. FLERIDGE & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wholesale, 15 State street. Retail, 72 and 74 Washington street, Boston. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per pound.

Any person remitting the firm, post paid, will receive the article by return of Express.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. POWELL. nov 1. if

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court street, Seely's Building.

CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY, April 5th, 1852, Train will leave as follows:

1. BOSTON & LOWELL TRAINS

Leave Boston at 2:30, A. M

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted at reasonable rates.

COMMERCIALS should be prepaid, and addressed to the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

COME UNTO ME, I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Then of a heavy laden heart,
Whose pathway seems a dreary part;
Whose life is all a fitful glow,
Of fleeting joy and many a woe;
Wouldst know the way to be more blest?
"Come to Christ!"—he'll give thee rest.

Thy days of darkness then shall cease,
And in thy spirit's depths, a peace
Shall linger, aye, 'till death shall come,
And call thee, weary pilgrim, home;
Home, to the mansion of the best,—
Home to him who giveth rest.

And then whose pathway lies through flowers,
Whose life knows not misfortune's showers,
Dost think thy lot may never fade?
Thy brow pale with grief's dull shade?
Come, ice chilled by time's swift fingers,
Come, while youth and beauty lingers.

Charlestown, June, 1852. H. A. K.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written expressly for the Woburn Journal.

A GLIMPSE OF CITY LIFE:

on

The Virtuous and Vicious Hearts' Reward.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Author of Mary St. Clare, the Maid of Rochelle, &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"What shall I do, if I cannot procure work?" flashed upon the young girl's mind, with all its force, for Charles Ward had not offered to assist her in her emergency. She dared not go to her former employer, since she had lost the work he had given her the day preceding. She therefore applied to other stores for work, but "We have put out all work; we have put out all our work," was all the consolation she could receive, and she was determined not to return to her boarding-place unless she succeeded in procuring employment. Therefore she continued on the street, without a morsel of food, until the shades of night was again gathering its dark folds over the city, then faint, weary and utterly disheartened, she reclined against an iron lamp post near by, and gave vent to her grief by weeping aloud. While in this mood a richly attired gentleman came up to where she stood, and thus accosted her:—

"Why are you weeping, Miss? Tell me, and it is in my power I will relieve you."

Emma then frankly told him the cause of her grief, and her hearer bade her follow him, saying that his house was but a few rods off. As they passed on, he told her that he had been in search of a domestic, and as he had not found any, he would engage her services, if such was her desire. Emma felt very grateful for the chance, so providentially thrown in her way, and at once engaged herself as a domestic in the family of the gentleman. Upon arriving at his dwelling, (a superb mansion,) the gentleman merely introduced Emma to his wife and daughter as a *trustworthy* girl that he had had the good fortune to obtain. He made no mention of the manner in which he had found her, and had previously told Emma to keep the sorrows of her past life a secret from his family.

The next day Emma's trunk came to the house, for Mr. Stoughton, her friend, had settled her expenses, and had her baggage forwarded to her.

Finding that she obtained such a good place, the orphan Emma no longer called upon Charles Ward, but on the contrary avoided going to places where she should be liable to come in contact with him, for she felt that so long as she retained his company, so long should she be rendered miserable. The deep affection that she once felt for him was fast dimming on the altar of her heart, and she became cheerful, aye, *happy* for now, when she lifted her mirthful orison to the throne of grace, a holy calm stole o'er her mind, for she felt that the widow and orphan's God had stooped to listen to her petition; and moreover, she felt that the spirit of her departed mother was hovering near her.

CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon, when Emma had gone out to make a few purchases, a young man, of haggard appearance and oppish dress, called at the residence of Mr. Stoughton, and enquired for Miss Hartley. Upon being informed that she was not in, he produced a card to be tendered to her on her return, and said that he would call again on the ensuing day. Mrs. Stoughton had attended the door, and was not at all prepossessed in the young man's favor, but still she spake not of it to her husband and daughter.

Emma returned from her walk, to ascertain that Charles Ward had not only sought out her place of abode, but had called upon her; and, as she gazed upon the card that bore his name, a deep blush mantled her face, and she felt her former affection fast returning. "He still loves me," she thought, as she stood gazing upon the name of him *once* loved.

But little sleep visited the pillow of the young girl that night. She lay awake, planning how she should proceed. She finally came to the conclusion that she should give

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

NO. 38.

VOL. I.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, we will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STOKEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. W. P."—There is merit in your "Stanzas," and we shall use it in time.

"BAND OF CRUSIERS."—We are pleased to receive your communications, and like your sentiments, and hope they will help to advance the cause of Temperance, it shall have an early insertion.

"A. T."—Our readers will be pleased with this letter from California; it is from one of our own citizens, and all will be happy to learn of his safe arrival; we hope to receive more extracts from his pen.

"A. M. E."—Your tale of "Edith Hastings" is well written; we began to fear our fair correspondent in New York had forgotten us, and are pleased to see we are mistaken; we shall commence it next week.

"Cyrus."—We have never received the report of the "Tree Society," and do not know how many trees they have set out, but understand that they have set out all they had on hand.

"J. S."—The ideas contained in your poetry are good, but you do not put them together right; we will read it again before we can promise an insertion.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The glorious fourth coming on Sunday, Monday the fifth, was celebrated according to the recommendation of the Patriot John Adams. The weather was very fine for the season, and every body seemed to be happy. The celebration appears to have been a very general one, and speaks in language not to be misunderstood, that the "Union" of these states are bound in adamantine chains, which time, as yet, has only added strength, and which the theories and new-fangled doctrines of exotic birth, can never rend asunder.

We had no general celebration in Woburn; we noticed some of our citizens showed their patriotism by various fireworks, which passed off without any accident; the display on the grounds of Charles Choate, Esq., was very fine. From the cupola of our domicile on Academy Hill, we had a splendid view of fireworks from the different towns, embracing a vast distance; the horizon was at times brilliantly illuminated with rockets and fireballs. We could distinctly see them in the direction of Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Medford, Cambridge, Lexington, Winchester, Lynn, Stoneham, Wilmington, Andover, and Burlington, with many more towns in a range of perhaps one or two hundred miles. It was indeed the jubilee of Freedom, in the only free Republic on the earth.

And yet while we are partaking of the festivities, and pouring forth our anthems of thanksgiving and joy, while all hearts beat with fervor in the great cause of Liberty, which sustains this great nation, the monument to the great man to whom we are indebted for all these privileges, our own Washington, is suffered to languish for want of means to complete it; should we not blush for our ingratitude? Does not the monument on Bunker's Hill, speak to us in almost living language. "Who gained for you the soil that sustains me, and why do I stand alone, while the monument to the father of this great nation lingers for want of means?" Let us arise in our united strength, and make a grand effort, as is proposed, at the Presidential election, by having at every place for voting, a box, where all can contribute their mite, for a Washington Monument fund.

There are but few left of those who fought and bled for the rich inheritance we now enjoy. The sons and daughters, with their worthy descendants are numbered amongst our own citizens, and Woburn is not behind in its patriotic display of martyrs, and courage in the war for independence, and the fourth of July must bring to the remembrance of many of our "oldest inhabitants" reminiscences of other days, and we think that if some of the old farm houses could speak, they would relate circumstances of resistance to British soldiers on their march to Woburn which would vie with many thrilling tales of the Revolution. We should like to gather some of these old gems, for the "Journal."

We select a few items of the occurrences of the 5th. It is impossible for us to publish an account of the different celebrations in our adjacent towns, we have only room for the celebration at Winchester, with a few items, such as will be interesting to our readers.

Our advertising friends, and others, must remember that it is something of a job to get out a paper like ours, and by giving heed thereto and sending in their favors at as early a date in the week as possible, they will greatly aid us in getting out our paper with regularity and promptness; it has repeatedly happened that on going to press we have been delayed over a day, because we have had advertisements and other matter to set at a late hour.

Rev. George F. Simmons, will preach in the Unitarian Church, tomorrow.

"We regret to learn that Mrs. Sumner did not succeed in gathering together so large a class to learn "Inventive drawing" as she had wished and expected; still we are inclined to think it was owing somewhat to the extreme warm weather now upon us. Mrs. S. is still determined to give our citizens an opportunity of learning, and for that purpose has left a paper at Mr. Fowle's Bookstore for the signatures of those persons who would like to join in forming a class, and Mrs. S. informs us that she is willing to come into our midst as soon as she can form a class of 12 persons.

We would again call the attention of our readers to this matter, and hope they will be able to do something towards forming a class; we think it a most excellent opportunity to learn the art of drawing, and really hope Mrs. S. will succeed. We refer our readers to her advertisement in another column.

"Messrs. Otis and Bailey, a new firm, have succeeded to the business of Mr. Stephen Cutler, as painters, and we take pleasure in calling attention to their advertisement in another column; they are young men well qualified for any branch of the business of painting, and deserve a liberal share of patronage.

It is almost needless for us to say that friend Otis, of the firm, has a reputation as a tasteful grainer, that is second to no other in this vicinity, and we would particularly advise any of our readers who may have any orders in that line, or any other branch of their business, to give them a call, and our word for it, they will find satisfaction given in anything Otis and Bailey attempt to do.

"As we are going to press the usual School examinations are going on in town; the unusual press of other matter crowds out any report we might otherwise wish to give. We are glad to notice by the attendance that there exists in our town a strong and unwavering interest in our schools. We hope our young friends will much enjoy their coming vacation, and that at the end of it they will be recruited for the fall School Campaign.

"PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETING.

JULY 6, 1852.

On Art. 1st, chose Joshua E. Littlefield, Moderator.

On Art. 2d, (in relation to a petition of Benjamin Foster and others, to the County Commissioners, for a road,) voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 3d, report of the Selectmen on laying out a road from David Tilson, to William Sturgis.

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex County: We the subscribers, Selectmen of the town of Woburn, in said County, upon the petition of Wm. Sturgis, and others, having given notice according to law to all persons interested, of the time and place of meeting for that purpose, proceeded this day, (by adjournment from yesterday,) to lay out for the use of said town, a town-way as follows:—

Beginning at a stone post at the Northwest corner of David Tilson's land, on the southerly side of Pleasant street, (the left hand side of the line of said post being on the line) the line runs thence South 25 degrees West, by and with said Tilson's land as the fence now stands, 13 rods and 15 links to the corner of Lemuel P. Martain's land; thence South 19 degrees and 55 minutes west by and with said Martain's land, 8 rods and 12 links to the corner of Tristam Dalton's land; thence South 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees west by and with said Dalton's land, 6 rods and 19 links to an angle; thence South 11 degrees west by and with the same land, 1 rod and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to a stake; thence same course by and with the same land, 1 rod 21 links to an angle; thence South 3 degrees west, by and with the same land, 3 rods and 4 links to the corner of Abijah Thompson's land, thence same course, by and with said Thompson's land, 6 rods and 14 links to the corner of Alfred Trull's land; thence same course by and with said Trull's land, 3 rods 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to the corner of Thos. J. Porter's land; thence due South by and with said Porter's land, 16 rods and 18 links to the corner of Charles Choate's land; thence same course by and with said Choate's land, and the ends of two private streets called Thompson and Sturgis streets, 22 rods and 16 links to other land of said Abijah Thompson; thence same course, by and with said Thompson's land, 15 rods and 7 links to the corner of Jacob Pierce's land; thence same course by and with said Pierce's land, 14 rods and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to an angle; thence South 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by and with said Sturgis' land, 18 rods and 12 links to an angle; thence South 18 degrees east by same land 1 rod 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to an angle; thence South 21 degrees east by same land 2 rods and 24 links to an angle; thence South 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by same land, 1 rod and $\frac{1}{2}$ link to an angle; thence South 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by same land, 9 rods and 20 links to the west end of the road leading from Main street near the "Lawrence farm," so called, to Middlesex Canal.

All the said courses are on the easterly side of a strip of land heretofore devoted to, and used for a passage-way by the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal and others. The road is to lay on the right hand or westerly side of the above described lines, and to be of the following widths, viz:—

Opposite four first lines is to be 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, at the beginning of the fifth line 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and at the end of the same 33 feet wide, and all the remainder to be 33 feet wide.

"Our advertising friends, and others, must remember that it is something of a job to get out a paper like ours, and by giving heed thereto and sending in their favors at as early a date in the week as possible, they will greatly aid us in getting out our paper with regularity and promptness; it has repeatedly happened that on going to press we have been delayed over a day, because we have had advertisements and other matter to set at a late hour.

Rev. George F. Simmons, will preach in the Unitarian Church, tomorrow.

And we award to Col. John Wade for damages, for a triangular strip of his land taken for said road, on the westerly side and opposite the four first lines, the sum of twenty-five dollars, to be paid by said town whenever said road shall be accepted and recorded, and said land entered upon for public use; and as no other damages were claimed by any other person or corporation, and as in our opinion the advantages of said road to all other proprietors will be fully equal to the value of all other lands taken for the same, therefore no further damages are awarded. And in our opinion a proper proportion of the annual highway tax expended under the orders of the Highway Surveyors, in grading and repairing said road, will be all that is necessary to keep the same in good order, without any special appropriation for that purpose.

Said road is hereby reported to the town for their acceptance; and when accepted and recorded, is forever after to be known as a public town-way.

Dated at Woburn this 23d day of June, in the year 1852.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, JR., Selectmen

HORACE CONN, of Woburn.

The following report was lodged in the town clerks office the 28th day of June, A. D. 1852.

Attest. N. WYMAN, JR., Town Clerk of Woburn.

Voted to accept the report.

On Art. 4th, voted that the town appropriate a sum not exceeding two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and take up the well in the Cemetery and lay it up with brick and cement and repair the pump, also to gravel the main avenues and support a watch in the yard Sundays.

Voted to refer this expenditure to the Committee on the Cemetery.

Voted to dissolve the meeting W.

"We are obliged this week to fill the Journal with rather lengthy articles, but they will all repay a perusal.

Reported expressly for the Woburn Journal.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AT WINCHESTER.

On Art. 1st, chose Joshua E. Littlefield, Moderator.

On Art. 2d, (in relation to a petition of Benjamin Foster and others, to the County Commissioners, for a road,) voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 3d, report of the Selectmen on laying out a road from David Tilson, to William Sturgis.

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex County: We the subscribers, Selectmen of the town of Woburn, in said County, upon the petition of Wm. Sturgis, and others, having given notice according to law to all persons interested, of the time and place of meeting for that purpose, proceeded this day, (by adjournment from yesterday,) to lay out for the use of said town, a town-way as follows:—

Beginning at a stone post at the Northwest corner of David Tilson's land, on the southerly side of Pleasant street, (the left hand side of the line of said post being on the line) the line runs thence South 25 degrees West, by and with said Tilson's land as the fence now stands, 13 rods and 15 links to the corner of Lemuel P. Martain's land; thence South 19 degrees and 55 minutes west by and with said Martain's land, 8 rods and 12 links to the corner of Tristam Dalton's land; thence South 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees west by and with said Dalton's land, 6 rods and 19 links to an angle; thence South 11 degrees west by and with the same land, 1 rod 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to a stake; thence same course by and with the same land, 1 rod 21 links to an angle; thence South 3 degrees west, by and with the same land, 3 rods and 4 links to the corner of Abijah Thompson's land, thence same course, by and with said Thompson's land, 6 rods and 14 links to the corner of Alfred Trull's land; thence same course by and with said Trull's land, 3 rods 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to the corner of Thos. J. Porter's land; thence due South by and with said Porter's land, 16 rods and 18 links to the corner of Charles Choate's land; thence same course by and with said Choate's land, and the ends of two private streets called Thompson and Sturgis streets, 22 rods and 16 links to other land of said Abijah Thompson; thence same course, by and with said Thompson's land, 15 rods and 7 links to the corner of Jacob Pierce's land; thence same course by and with said Pierce's land, 14 rods and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to an angle; thence South 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by and with said Sturgis' land, 18 rods and 12 links to an angle; thence South 18 degrees east by same land 1 rod 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ links to an angle; thence South 21 degrees east by same land 2 rods and 24 links to an angle; thence South 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by same land, 1 rod and $\frac{1}{2}$ link to an angle; thence South 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east by same land, 9 rods and 20 links to the west end of the road leading from Main street near the "Lawrence farm," so called, to Middlesex Canal.

All the said courses are on the easterly side of a strip of land heretofore devoted to, and used for a passage-way by the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal and others. The road is to lay on the right hand or westerly side of the above described lines, and to be of the following widths, viz:—

Opposite four first lines is to be 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, at the beginning of the fifth line 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and at the end of the same 33 feet wide, and all the remainder to be 33 feet wide.

"Our advertising friends, and others, must remember that it is something of a job to get out a paper like ours, and by giving heed thereto and sending in their favors at as early a date in the week as possible, they will greatly aid us in getting out our paper with regularity and promptness; it has repeatedly happened that on going to press we have been delayed over a day, because we have had advertisements and other matter to set at a late hour.

Rev. George F. Simmons, will preach in the Unitarian Church, tomorrow.

from the widow of Col. John Wade for damages, for a triangular strip of his land taken for said road, on the westerly side and opposite the four first lines, the sum of twenty-five dollars, to be paid by said town whenever said road shall be accepted and recorded, and said land entered upon for public use; and as no other damages were claimed by any other person or corporation, and as in our opinion the advantages of said road to all other proprietors will be fully equal to the value of all other lands taken for the same, therefore no further damages are awarded. And in our opinion a proper proportion of the annual highway tax expended under the orders of the Highway Surveyors, in grading and repairing said road, will be all that is necessary to keep the same in good order, without any special appropriation for that purpose.

To this Ex-Senator Usher, of Medford, replied.

The Winchester Schools and School Teachers.—The schools are the foundation of our public welfare. Let us value our teachers as the Molten gold and precious Stones of those Schools.

To this Mr. Stone, of the High School, and Mr. Moulton of the Gifford School, replied.

The Selectmen of Winchester.—Our highest Town Officers, and worthy of their elevation.

Like a summer-house on a hill, their merits are seen by the whole Town.

The Chairman of the Selectmen, Charles McIntire, Esq., replied in a stirring speech.

The Town Clerk of Winchester.—One of those geniuses who seem immortal. The 'Young-man' he will always remain, as now a 'Young-man.'

Dr. Youngman, the Town Clerk, answered, and called up Mr. Wyman, the Town Clerk of Woburn, who addressed the company with appropriate remarks.

The Winchester Band—Whose notes every one gladly receives without any endorsement. They need no praise but the echoes of their own music.

The Floral Procession—Its sweetest and fairest flowers are the dear children who compose it.

Mr. Johnson, under whose direction this part of the display had been most tastefully arranged, replied to this toast.

The Engine Company—Amphibious heroes, who flourish in both fire and water; the more they put us out the better we like them.

To this a witty response was made by Mr. Sharon.

Bacon's Grove—The scene of our present festivity. As we enjoy its shade may we at the same time admire the liberality of its proprietor, and imitate his example in the culture of shade and forest trees.

John H. Bacon, Esq., answered in a first-rate address.

The limits of the Law—There is a Woodman here, with ready Steele, to do them.

C. C. Woodman, Esq., responded with suitable remarks.

The Chief Marshal of the Day—A signal example that the best of Rice may be raised in the Northern States; may the crop always be abundant among us.

The Committee of Arrangements—They have the thanks of the

WOBURN JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE
RMS.—\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

POETRY!**MUSINGS.**

Sitting before the fire and watching,
The dying embers, that were dropping
From the large mass of flame;
I fell into a fit of musing,
While from the wood the sap was oozing,
And o'er me these thoughts came.

How like my wood that's burning,
And into ashes turning,
Are mortals here;
While on earth they're staying,
And then we see them lying,
On the bier.

Like these tall flames ascending,
Some towards high fame are tending,
The fame of earth;
Others get wealth almost unceasing,
Like those bright coals, increasing
On the earth.

These for mere pleasure trying,
Are like bright sparks, flying
From the blaze;
Others in science deep are diving,
Forever seeking, striving,
For something to amaze.

My fire, while new, burns brighter,
So man, his heart is lighter,
When a boy;
But when old age approaches,
It woefully encroaches,
On his joy.

I beheld my fire dying,
How like, exclaimed I, sighing,
Man's end at last;
His days, though bright, are fleeting,
Soon death comes, without greeting,
And he's past.

Woburn, July. W. D. S.

ORIGINAL TALE.**EDITH HASTINGS:**
OR
THE SURPRISE.

BY MRS. A. M. E., NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

The departing rays of a September sun sparkled upon the moss-covered walls of Leland Hall, and its naturally dark and frowning aspect was changed to that of a cheerful and happy-looking residence. Nowhere in the North of England could you find so massive a structure, and travellers who chanced to come within view of it might be seen to pause in wonder and surprise, at the greatness and loveliness of Leland Hall.

Only those who were acquainted with the character of the founder could account for its remote situation, and only the initiate of its inner walls could judge of the intellect that had planned a dwelling-place of such vastness. Its dark hiding-places and secret windings would bid defiance to the careful and sagacious searchings of an Oliver Cromwell, and its varied and immense apartments seemed a suitable abode for all the nobles of entire England, rather than the lovely two who dwelt there.

Now as day was closing, and a halo of light seemed to encircle these walls, imagination could but compare them to some huge concenter of dark and criminal deeds, changing to nobler and better intentions, and the beautiful illuminating of reformation transforming its gloomy features to brightness and beauty.

Far in the distance, approaching a gateway that fronted the Hall, might be seen a traveller; his appearance bespoke him of no common origin, for independent of the rich cloak that enveloped his form, there was an air of grace and dignity about him, which none but one of superior birth could becomingly wear. He seemed regardless of the season, for his cloak and muffler was wrapped as closely around him as if to keep out the cold penetrating winds of December. His cap was drawn down so far o'er his face, as to almost exclude his brow from view.

He approached slowly, for his horse seemed too weary to bear him the remaining distance even at the slow rate they were moving, and all his master's urging to accelerate his speed were in vain. Suddenly he refused to proceed any further, and the traveller discovered that they had turned a little aside from the road which led directly to the entrance, and a narrow stream hindered the continuation of their journey. His horse being too tired to leap it, he was obliged to turn back again, and with not a little impatience seek a more successful path. The sun was almost lost to view, and lengthened shadows lay in curious arrangement along the way; more and more lengthened they became, and fainter and fainter, for evening was fast fading into night.

At length the traveller reached the Hall, and throwing his reins to an attendant, entered.

"Edith," said Sir John Barrington to his niece, as they sat together in the favorite drawing-room of Leland Hall, "this was your eighteenth birth-day, you are now at an age to enter upon the pleasures and gaieties of the world."

"I find pleasure enough at home, dear uncle. I have not the least desire to seek them elsewhere."

"But such charms as yours, my niece, must

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

NO. 39.

VOL. I. 39

not remain hidden within this lonely dwelling; you were created for a higher destiny. Next week Lady Darmouth gives a ball, where will be present the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of England, and she hopes it may prove the means of enticing you away from your quiet home, and placing you in a position to enjoy the advantages of suitable society. This is very kind of Lady Darmouth to feel an interest in your behalf, and I hope you will accept her invitation. I have thought for some time past that you needed other society than mine, and I have wished that I might find some worthy person of your own sex, such as Lady Darmouth, to be your friend on your entrance into the world. You are very fortunate, my dear, to have gained the friendship she manifests for you, and I hope you will reward her by showing that you appreciate it."

"You know, uncle, that Lady Darmouth was never a favorite of mine; when a child I disliked her. Nothing annoyed me so much as the approaching of her carriage, for I was always requested to leave some favorite book or some difficult puzzle half-solved, or an unfinished flower in my embroidery, to sit by the influences of a boarding-school, or the possible imprudence of a governess, he took upon himself the whole labor of her education. He felt himself well repaid, for Edith, he felt satisfied, was everything a woman should be. He had taught her to disregard wealth herself, but to know that it was a great consideration with the world; that her great possessions would make her an object of great attention. He warned her of those who would some day seek her hand to gain her fortune, and told her that her hand must never be disposed of without his approbation.

Towards William Graham Edith was easy and affable, and never to him had a meal been taken more pleasantly than his first breakfast at Leland Hall, where Edith presided at the head of the table. Sir John seemed unusually cheerful, he laughed and talked, and over and over again bade his guest welcome. He had never married, but his principal pleasure was in society and seeing those around him happy.

"But what should I offer as an excuse, Edith?"

"Oh, tell her that it was my wish not to be present, and you in your affection yielded to it."

"But, Edith, I am your guardian, and it becomes me to consult your interest more than your wishes. You are too much confined here; you need more variety in your life, and it is my duty to urge you away from this solitude, that you are growing to be too fond of."

"You need not, have any fears, uncle, of my becoming a *solitaire*; none are more fond of society than I am, but I like the company of the good and wise, such as yourself, Sir John."

"One that you think good and wise, Edith, but I fear I fall very far short of the standard of goodness and wisdom, (of wisdom certainly,) or I should know how to admire you better in this instance."

"Then let goodness prevail, uncle, and gratify me in my wish to remain at home."

"A note—which a gentleman awaits your attention to," said a servant entering the room and bowing low before Sir John.

Sir John glanced hastily over its contents, and then arose and left the room.

"I address William Graham, I believe," said Sir John Barrington, advancing to meet the stranger, whom we recognise as our traveller.

"And I Sir John Barrington," was the reply. "You probably know the purpose of my visit from the contents of the paper in your hand,

and from whence I came."

"I do," replied Sir John, "and I give you a most cordial welcome. I have heard of you through my friend Sir Oliver Overton, and am happy for his sake to receive you as my guest. But you must be much fatigued, after riding all the way from London to-day. I will order supper immediately, that you may have a longer night's repose. To-morrow I will accompany you around the grounds of Leland Hall, and I hope you will soon learn to feel yourself quite at home."

"Before long supper was announced, and Sir John Barrington and his new friend separated very favorably impressed as to each other's characters.

"Who is this young gentleman, uncle?" said Edith, "whom you went out to see; any one that I have ever heard you speak of?"

"No, he is an associate of Mr. Wendell, my consulting Attorney in London. I wrote to Mr. Wendell, requesting his attendance some time ago, as I wished some information in respect to a certain portion of your father's will, and not being able to come himself, he sent this young man. I like the appearance of William Graham much, and as I have reason to think him worthy, I hope, Edith, you will add your endeavors to make the few weeks that he will stay with us agreeable."

Edith Hastings was a beautiful person—not less beautiful in mind and character than in face and form. The rosy bloom of health rested upon her soft cheek, and her eyes "darkly and beautifully blue," were in lively contrast with her fair brow and the auburn locks that were worn smoothly but carelessly over it. But Edith's face, lovely as it was, was but an emblem of the goodness and intelligence which lighted her face and countenance. Inheriting the excellencies of her mother's character, and educated to exercise only the best promptings of her heart, she had grown up possessed of all the noble qualities of woman's nature. She was mild and yielding toward all around her, yet firm and positive in what she deemed right. She would grant a favor to the humblest servant of the house-

hold as soon as to the greatest lady of the land, and she loved the society of the good and intelligent, no matter in whatever circle they were to be found.

CHAPTER II.

Edith Hastings's father was a man of great wealth, and save his great love of his wealth, a most worthy man. He was not of noble family, but his large possessions gave him a position not less prominent. He married the daughter of Lord Barrington, and so deeply did he love her that he scarcely survived her death six months, leaving Edith solely to the care of her mother's brother, at the age of six years.

Sir John Barrington was fully worthy of his charge, and he spared no pains in the culture of Edith's talents. He withdrew her from the world, and devoted himself almost entirely to her. Fearing to trust her mind to the influences of a boarding-school, or the possible imprudence of a governess, he took upon himself the whole labor of her education.

He felt himself well repaid, for Edith, he felt satisfied, was everything a woman should be. He had taught her to disregard wealth herself, but to know that it was a great consideration with the world; that her great possessions would make her an object of great attention. He warned her of those who would some day seek her hand to gain her fortune, and told her that her hand must never be disposed of without his approbation.

Towards William Graham Edith was easy and affable, and never to him had a meal been taken more pleasantly than his first breakfast at Leland Hall, where Edith presided at the head of the table. Sir John seemed unusually cheerful, he laughed and talked, and over and over again bade his guest welcome. He had never married, but his principal pleasure was in society and seeing those around him happy.

Soon after breakfast horses were brought to the door, and the three started upon a ride around the park, for Edith usually accompanied her uncle on his rides for pleasure.

The morning was one of those calm, beautiful mornings in June, when nature seemed to stand still in the perfection of loveliness, and everything in nature seemed to exult in its beauty. The scene was entirely to the taste of William Graham, and he felt his heart lightened as his horse bounded forward.

Time sped on rapidly, and before they were aware of it, the dinner hour was near. They returned in good spirits, and with excellent appetites, and again the meal passed off delightfully.

After withdrawing himself from the dining-room, "I must excuse myself," said Sir John, "for I seldom take so long a ride as we did this morning, and I had the remainder of the day to rest. I will leave Edith, Mr. Graham, to entertain you, and I do not doubt you will find her an agreeable companion."

William Graham thanked him for the excellent substitute, and thanked him more in his heart than with expressions, for he was happier to be left alone with Edith than he would have liked to confess to himself.

"It is so pleasant this afternoon, Miss Hastings, that it would seem unworthy to remain within doors, I think. Have you any objections to spending an hour in some pleasant walk?"

"Not in the least," replied Edith, "but rather I should be happy to conduct you to some of the pleasant grounds nearer the park, as this morning you have been made acquainted with the more distant ones. Here you may select some pleasant retreat where you will find it comfortable to spend your reading hours."

"Where I hope I shall not always be obliged to spend them alone," replied Mr. Graham, "but if you will permit me to read aloud, sometimes, in your hearing."

"That indeed would be very pleasant, and if it would be agreeable to you, I will carry my embroidery this afternoon, and continue my work while you read."

William Graham politely acquiesced, and taking up Lalla Rookh from among the books that lay on Edith's work-table in the drawing-room, they proceeded on their walk.

Edith led the way to her own favorite arbor, where the woodbine had entwined with the honeysuckle, and reached from tree to tree, in such arrangement as to form a complete shield from both the morning and afternoon sun. Here Edith introduced Mr. Graham, with the liberty to spend as much of his time there as he pleased.

"Surely I could not find a more lovely spot than the one to which you would give the choice, and I do not doubt but that I shall find myself seeking it often, providing that you will continue your walks here also.—Excuse me for not asking your selection of the book I should read to you. Sir Thomas Moore's new work, I thought, to a mind like yours, could not but be welcome, and I did not resist the temptation to take it from among the books which lay upon your table."

"I should have chosen the same myself; in beautiful style and sentiment I think it is not surpassed. The Five Worshippers is a melancholy story, but a sweet one, and the versification is perfect."

"Yes, I agree with you, Miss Hastings, and although Moore is rather severely criticised in London, I know of no work of the same character that will compare with it; it is filled with lofty and beautiful thoughts, and the style throughout is easy and graceful. Although a work of the imagination entirely, it is an accurate description of eastern life, and altogether does great credit to its author, I think. I am very happy to know that you agree with me in my opinion. He then began—

"Tis moonlight over Oman's sea,"

and both were soon absorbed in the story.—

The moments flew past, and the sun was fast sinking below the horizon, but it was unnoticed.

The deep, mellow tones of William Graham's voice rendered the story more fascinating to Edith than ever. She had been interested before, but now she was charmed.

The story continued and as he read—

"Oh had we never, never met,

Or would the heart e'en now forget?"

Edith's eyes involuntarily raised, and met the quick, earnest glance of William Graham; a paleness overshadowed his brow, and she felt the warm blood rush to her own.

Edith now discovered that it was growing late, and knew that Sir John must have been looking sometime for their return, she proposed to her companion that they should commence their walk homeward. "I owe you much," said she, "for this afternoon's enjoyment; the hours have flown so rapidly that it has grown late before I was aware of it."

"I hope that you will prove that you have been interested Miss Hastings," said William Graham, "by frequently giving me an opportunity to repeat my readings to you, for I assure you that nothing could make me more happy than to be of any service to you whatever."

"Then we will agree," said Edith, "each day after dinner, that you have not a more agreeable engagement with my uncle, to spend an hour or two in reading."

"Thank you for so great a favor, and each afternoon will find me ready to accompany you Miss Hastings: I am happy to think that our walks were not commenced at a later day, I now shall have the pleasure of continuing them during all the time of my visit to Leland Hall.—"Which will not be a short one, I trust," said Edith. "My uncle has scarcely any society of late, he has given his time so entirely to me that he has quite ceased to be the gay man that he once was, and I know that he feels it a pleasure and relaxation to have you remain with us."

"And I esteem it a higher privilege," returned he, "to be allowed the pleasure of such excellent society, and I shall prolong my stay until, perhaps, Sir John will be equally rejoiced at my departure."

"But I shall not anticipate such a conclusion, nor fear anything so impossible," returned Edith.

Sir John had been expecting them with no little impatience, for it was the time in the evening that he usually spent in Edith's drawing room, and where at that hour she was most always to be found, his displeasure all vanished, however, when he heard the sound of her voice, and he met William Graham with the same hospitable face that had welcomed him on his first arrival.

"Edith, I will venture to say Mr. Graham has given you two days journey in one afternoon. Is it not so?"

"Quite the opposite, Sir John, our walk has not been prolonged beyond the Amarantine bower," the pretty name Miss Hastings gives to her favorite arbor, "there we spent an hour or two in reading."

"Ah! I spoke too hastily, I should have waited to hear what you would say first—

Edith, my dear, you must forgive me, I might have known that a sensible girl like yourself would have been more considerate. Edith I have not heard a song from you to day, nor has Mr. Graham yet heard you sing at all—Select one of your own pieces, you know I like them best."

Edith arose immediately and taking her harp played a short and touching symphony, and thus began her song:—

"Hushed is the noise of the birds in the bower,

And gently the dew falls, upon the drooping flower,

Evening closes around us, 'tis solemnly still,

Naught disturbs the quiet, not e'en the whip-poor-will,

The shades grow darker, darker, and night is drawing near,

Without a sounding footstep to tell that she is here;

Oh, ye hearts that feel its sadness, rejoice, 'twill pass away!

Ye soon will feel the sunshine of another happy day.

Edith's voice was low and plaintive, and she sung with a touching sweetness that reached the soul.

William Graham did not speak, his whole being was wrapped up in those sounds. Without being asked Edith ran her fingers again over the keys and began a livelier song; when it was finished supper was announced and they proceeded to the dining-room.

William Graham, like Edith, had early been left an orphan; for many years his mother was his only parent, and when she died he was left alone, without brother or sister, or a single relative that he knew in the world. He was left without any information in respect to his mother's family, and his father he knew to have been the only child, of parents long since dead, his fortune though not immense, was a

very comfortable one, and

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

97 The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee, and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Western—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co. are agents for this paper.

Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Stoneham—Mr. G. W. DIRE, will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SIR:—There is much good wit in your 'Elegy' on the old in use; we shall insert it next week. Our Winchester readers will no doubt recognise Uncle Billie and his old horse. We hope to hear from you again.

"L. W."—The lines on "Retrospection are good; the remarks you send with it make it very interesting, and we shall insert them soon.

"L. M."—We have seen the leisure men, and think L. M. describes them tolerably well; he might have added some few examples taken from every day scenes.

"Ella of the MOUNTAINS"—Well written and shall have an early insertion.

"Bonnie Lassie"—We are much pleased to hear from you again; will find room this week.

"CONSISTENCY"—Your remarks are in the right spirit, and we hope they will receive attention. We don't want rascals in Woburn, and trust our Selectmen will not appoint any.

"C. W. II"—We have expressed our opinion in strong language on the subject of the monument to Washington, and we are pleased to receive communications on the subject; the suggestions of C. W. II, are worthy of consideration; it will appear next week.

LICOR LAW.

Before our next paper is issued the Liquor Law, in this State, will be in full force, and we shall see what will be the effect on the minds and actions of the people. We are sure that all good citizens will unite in sustaining this law, and that all fair and just means will be used to drive from society the foul demon, rum.

Our readers know well our opinion on this subject, and we need not repeat for their notice what we have said, but, we must again remark that the "Woburn Journal," so long as we shall control its columns, will be a strong and earnest friend of temperance; and while we are advocating the sacred cause, it will be our aim not to use violent language against individuals, or invade the sanctity of any man's private household, but in a public manner and on all public occasions, we shall endeavor to raise our small voice against the rum traffic, and give our cheerful aid to sweep from our land this dreadful curse of rum. We cannot conceive how any man who has the good of society,—the happiness, comforts, and future welfare of the human race at heart, can, by his words and actions, give countenance to the opponent's of this law.

We ask our honest men to read the following presentment of the Grand Jury, of the city of New York, and then ask himself if he can, in the face of these facts, oppose this Law. After a general review of the crimes and distresses which have occurred during the last year, they then proceeded to assign the chief cause of this state of things, and point out the duty of the authorities in reference to the matter:—

"Looking at the statistics of the city prison for the year 1851, we find that the most fruitful cause of crime is the prevalence of intemperance. Nine-tenths of the commitments for the year were of intemperate persons, and of the remaining tenth, we are assured that on good authority, a large portion can be traced to the same cause.

For the suppression of these evils we call upon our city authorities to do their duty faithfully and fearlessly to enforce rigidly the laws now upon our statute books."

What a picture is here presented to our view, and what a state of morals; all this great catalogue of crime is the result of rum, and yet men stand up and advocate its cause.

We have a word to say to wives, mothers, and sisters,—your influence is acknowledged and felt by us all, and the appeal to *you* is loud and long; the cause of temperance wants your aid. Many a husband, father, brother, and even the strangers who may be in thy house, can be saved from ruin by gentle means and influence. Read the following and go and do likewise:—

In the course of a lecture delivered in Liverpool, the Rev. J. B. Owen, a clergyman of the Established Church, related an anecdote which has greatly pleased us. We give the substance of the story because it is of "special interest to the ladies." A journeyman printer, of Manchester, who was rather too fond of the pot house, was persuaded by his wife, on his wedding day, to allow her two half-pints of beer a day. He winced under the bargain, for like all drinkers he preferred a sober wife. They both worked hard, but he was seldom out of the beer house when he was not at his shop. The wife saw little of her husband, except at breakfast. She was a thrifty housekeeper, and never complained of her stinted allowance; so he was satisfied with her, and she was taught, by a natural good sense, that it would be worse than useless to complain of him. She continued to draw the money for her daily pint, and he continued to guzzle his daily three quarts,

without alteration. They had been married a year. On the morning of their first anniversary of their wedding day, the husband looked askance at his wife with some shade of remorse, and said, "We've had no holiday sin we were wed, and only that I havn't a penny in the world, we'd jaunt to the village to see their mother." "Would you like to go, John?" asked she between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak so kindly; "if you would like to go John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he with a sneer; "hast gotten fortune, wench?" "Nay," replied she, "but I've gotten the pint of ale." "Gotten the pint of ale?" was the reply. John did not understand the faithful creature until she reached down a stocking from under a loose brick in the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale, in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five pence (nearly twenty dollars) and put it in his hand, exclaiming, "There shall have the holiday, John." John was delighted, astonished, congenitally smitten, charmed. "Hasn't thee had thy share?" he said; "then I'll touch the pot no more." They spent their wedding day at the village, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, ware-rooms, country seat, carriages, and civic honors.

"L. W."—The lines on "Retrospection are good; the remarks you send with it make it very interesting, and we shall insert them soon.

"L. M."—We have received several complaints from our mail Subscribers and Exchanges, that they have not received the "Journal" for several weeks. We cannot account for this; our paper is regularly deposited in the Post Office here, and we are very certain our worthy Post Master does not fail to forward them. The fault must be at some other office; will our friend of the *Clinton Courier*, after his excitement at the Launch has subsided, enquire again at the Clinton Post Office. These political excitements sometimes make a man turn a somerset, and his vision may become misty. That speech of *him* of the *Carpet Bag* is enough, anyhow. We hope Ensign Stubbins will not be faint nor *Pierced*, but come off *Neott* free.

"L. W."—By a notice in another column, it will be seen that arrangements have been made by the Temperance Society to have a "talk," in town, on the subject of the new Temperance Law; it will take place next Sunday evening in the vestry of Mr. Edwards' Church, at 7 o'clock, and B. W. Williams, editor of the *Life Boat*, of Boston, is the speaker. We hope to see a good turn out to greet Mr. Williams, and have no doubt but what our temperance friends will enjoy a feast of fat things in listening to the remarks of the speaker.

"WATER."—It may be a piece of startling news, to some of our readers, but it is nevertheless true, that in this godly town of Woburn, there does not exist a Reservoir of Water, where, in case of a Fire, a supply could be obtained to prevent a conflagration. It seems to us that if there is any one subject of vital importance to the town, it is this; for if we were to have a fire break out near the middle of the town, with a high wind to help it along, it would be a difficult matter to *imagine* where it would stop, but we suppose it would spend itself when it reached a point where there was nothing to be burned.

We go in for economy in all town expenses, but it does seem to us a great oversight in a place like Woburn, to be so poorly supplied with water, and the best of Fire Engines, for the time may come, as it did in Boston last week, when we, as a town, will realize the importance of being prepared for all emergencies of Fires.

"TAXATION."—It is gratifying to know, and it is something that should be sounded abroad, that our Town, County and Highway taxes, this year, are but *Three dollars and seventy two cents* in a thousand dollars; this we think will compare favorably with any town in the State, in fact we have yet to hear of the Town where the Taxes are as low. And we cannot help advising some of those persons who are complaining so bitterly of being taxed at about *Ten dollars* on the thousand to come into town, and will promise them they'll live under a light taxation.

As an evidence of the prosperity of the Town, we can state that although the appropriations for the year have been as high as any other year, and there has also been appropriated the sum of *Twelve hundred dollars* for a High School, we are *still* under a light tax, and yet one that is amply sufficient to cover all expenses. One reason we suppose is found in the fact of the large increase in Town of taxable property, during the past two years; but we cannot help saying that our Town expenses, and all the general interests of the Town, have been managed in a most admirable and economical manner.

"L. W."—Last Tuesday afternoon quite a number of our citizens held a sort of "Gipsy convention," on Horn Pond mountain; the ladies turned out in fine style, and we are told the whole affair was well got up and passed off quite pleasantly. The dresses adopted by both ladies and gents, were of the gipsy order of all sorts and sizes, and, of course were quite interesting to behold; the conception and arranging of such a gathering, reflects much credit on the originators of it, for in this world of care and vexation, every individual needs occasionally a good chance to "drive dull care away," and it seems to us that the plan adopted in this case was a superior one.

"L. W."—The fine showers of rain which have fallen this week, have changed the face of nature, and made us all good natured.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The prominent interests of the week are the events attending the celebration of the 5th inst, and the reception of the Hon. Daniel Webster, —Two very heavy fires in Montreal and Boston, have caused much sad distress.—A recent hurricane in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; 15 schooners and 22 pilots were lost, including a British Government schooner, stationed to protect the fisheries.—Thermometer in Boston on Friday, the 9th inst., 114 in the Sun, 96 in the shade.—The carriage in which Mr. Webster rode at his reception, was filled with bouquets thrown from fair hands.—75,367 persons entered the gates of Boston Common on the evening of the 5th inst.—A car on the Old Colony Railroad took fire from friction last Thursday.—The mayor of Cincinnati has fined the Lieut. of Police \$9 for gambling on Sunday.—At Kirkland Maine, Mrs. Sarah Mann hung herself on a swing, used by her children, of whom she had four.—At Lowell on the 6th inst., Mrs. Pago hung herself while insane.—Mrs. Martha A. Swain, of Boston, has received the degree of M. D. of the Female Medical College, in Philadelphia, and is in good practice in that city.—Last week Mrs. Margaret Pattuck, of Claremont, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor.—A Grammer schoolhouse was destroyed by fire, in Natucket, last week.—Geo. Bradly killed himself by taking laudanum, in New Orleans, on the 1st inst.—C. F. Nichols' store, in Cohasset, was robbed of dry goods, boots and shoes, to the value of \$2000, and Bates' Jewelry store at the same time, of watches and fancy goods, to the value of \$300. These stores were entered by M. D. of the Female Medical College, in Philadelphia, and is in good practice in that city.—Last week Mrs. Margaret Pattuck, of Claremont, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor.—A Grammer schoolhouse was destroyed by fire, in Natucket, last week.—Geo. Bradly killed himself by taking laudanum, in New Orleans, on the 1st inst.—C. F. Nichols' store, in Cohasset, was robbed of dry goods, boots and shoes, to the value of \$2000, and Bates' Jewelry store at the same time, of watches and fancy goods, to the value of \$300. These stores were entered by

Mr. EDITOR:—In looking over your last week's *Journal*, I was astonished and charmed on seeing it officially announced that the "Woburn Total Abstinence Society" had petitioned the Selectmen to have an agent appointed to sell intoxicating liquors! I read over the doings of said Society several times before I could satisfy myself that I was not mistaken,—thinking it could not be possible that total abstinence people, (or those professing to be such,) should be desirous of having grog-selling continued under the new law.

Has it come to this that anti-liquor people themselves cannot get along without liquor! Had this petition for a Town Agency come from real toppers, I should not have been surprised, but I was not prepared to see any move of this kind originate from the source it has.

I feel very confident that a large majority of the people of Woburn are decidedly opposed to having a liquor agency here, and I do not believe the Selectmen will appoint an agent for dealing out ruin to the people, without first receiving instructions from the Town to do so. Should they presume to do it, however, I know a Town Meeting will be immediately called, which will abolish such agency. *Woburn, July 12th, 1852.* *CONSISTENCY.*

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, JUNE 28th, 1852.

I am well aware that I never was intended for a public writer, for I cannot describe the passing events of the day, in such fascinating language, as will please most of your readers, and London presents so many strange scenes for noting, that to make them attractive, it wants a lively and descriptive imagination, and then again the whole "yankee nation" like to know how the rest of Mankind "live and have a being" and none but those who are admitted to the upper classes of Society, are able to figure out the every day mysteries of living without means—a catalogue of which taken from London society, would cover many pages. I, of course, being only a business man, am not admitted to all the privileges of enjoying their little *tete a tete*, where sometimes the secrets of getting on in the world are revealed.

There is every degree of living in London, from the beggar to the Queen, and one is perfectly astonished at the rage of extravagance which encircles a certain part of society, who live by keeping up appearances; how they manage to pay for it, is the mystery that I cannot explain. A man who wishes to pass for a reputation of wealth, can have an equipage complete, with the addition of servants to *sweat* he is the owner, and it will pass him to the "upper ten." I have in my mind's eye a man whom I have watched for weeks and months, who is eternally pronouncing Bond Street, in fine cloths, gold-headed cane, with all the etcceras of a fine gentleman, one day—the next you will find him, in his carriage, with his coat of arms emblazoned on his harness and carriage—driving through Hyde Park like some great Lord of England—follow him at night, he will be either at the gambling house, or in lodgings in a garret—it is impossible in London to tell a man by appearances—when I have any spare time, I stroll to some of the great thoroughfares and try to read in the appearance of the passers by, some of their peculiar histories; I go, for instance, to "Waterloo Bridge," (the name is sufficient in England to mark the place as one of the distinguished spots for the *elite* to congregate) it is really a picture of life, to stand on this bridge, with an observing eye. Thousands of all grades in life, rank and property, are constantly passing, until the eye is wearied with the scene; the history of one, perhaps, would fill all a volume, and who could estimate the remainder.

Beggars are as thick as blackberries in London; go where you may you cannot miss them; there are two on each side of Waterloo Bridge, one of them is a remarkable looking man, with long matted hair, and a countenance indicative of the lowest depths of despair, without it, always something else to do when they are wanted; the dross in the hive of society. In large cities they congregate where they can live on the hard earnings of others, and loiter about the grog shops, waiting for an easy job if they can find one. There is an old saying in these words, "a bird that can sing and wot sing, should be made to sing."

Boston, July 15, 1852. *L. M.*

THE WEATHER.

In my last article under date of Friday, July 2, instead of "between 2 and 3 P. M.," read between 2 and 3 A. M., as that was the time the shower occurred that is spoken of. Under date of July 4, instead of thermometer at "2 P. M., 30," read 2 P. M., 80. These errors will creep into the "best regulated" presses I am aware, but in matters of figures and facts, as much care should be taken as possible to have them correct, as they may be read in the future as references, and if incorrect are liable to mislead.

Tuesday, July 8.—Fine, pleasant, warm; wind S. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 67; 2 P. M., 84; 4 P. M., (highest) 89; 10 P. M., 84.

Friday, July 9.—Sky nearly cloudless, burning hot; wind S. W., with a sultry, languid feeling; thermometer at 6 A. M., 72; 2 P. M., 95; 7 P. M., 82; 10 P. M., 76. This is the warmest day recorded this season.

Saturday, July 10.—Weather clear; wind S. W., heat very oppressive; thermometer at 6 A. M., 70; 2 P. M., 95; 7 P. M., 84; 10 P. M., 72. In the evening the aurora was quite brilliant.

Sunday, July 11.—The heat continued with scarcely any abatement; wind quite fresh from S. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 70; 2 P. M., 92; 6 P. M., 84; 10 P. M., 74.

Monday, July 12.—Temperature much the same as the few last preceding days, only it possible more close and sultry; wind until 5 P. M., S. W., then E. and S. E., during the evening and night, but as it did not stir a leaf on the trees it had no effect on the thermometer, which continued to range as high as with the wind S. W.; it stood at 6 A. M., 75; 2 P. M., 95; 10 P. M., 74. Northern Lights very bright in the evening.

Tuesday, July 13.—Between 5 and 6 A. M., there was a heavy and most acceptable shower

they will never sustain us abroad. I need not tell you, with how much regret we hear that our respected Minister Hon. Abbot Lawrence is wishing to return home—the report must be an error; he is the most popular American, take him all in all, that ever came to London. His son, T. B. Lawrence, who figured in Kentucky in an unfortunate marriage and who some people thought was rather green, has proved himself here a scion from the old stock, and is much respected.

I am thinking of making one of a party for a short tour on the continent, where at some point you may hear from me.

Yours, &c., J. L.

Written for the Journal.

Partially cloudy in the forenoon and frequent threatenings of showers, but only a slight one fell about mid-day; air very dead and sultry; in the afternoon wind more brisk and bracing and weather very clear and fine; wind S. and S. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 74; 2 P. M., 87; 10 P. M., 72.

Wednesday, July 14.—Sky draped with watery looking clouds during the forenoon, and the parched earth and dusty vegetation looked most beseeching upwards for relief. About half past one it came in the form of a shower.

Again at 4 o'clock it rained very heavily. A few thunder claps were heard; wind S. until the second shower when it changed to N. W., cloudy in the evening and the air sultry; thermometer at 6 A. M., 74; 2 P. M., 87; 10 P. M., 71.

The week now closed has been one of extreme warmth. For four days out of the seven the thermometer has gone above 90, and in only one instance (Thursday the 8th,) has it fallen below 70. The warmest day of the series was Friday, but Monday was undoubtedly the most oppressive. Many thermometers have indicated a greater degree of heat than I have recorded, but I have taken pains to have mine placed where it would receive little or no heat from surrounding objects. Placed against or among buildings they are likely to be affected by the heat from them as well as the atmosphere.

The season is unusually dry. No rain fell this vicinity between the 2d, and 13th, inst, during which time the sun shone clearly and with great intensity. Vegetation has suffered severely. The farmers have been very active in securing their crops of upland hay. The weather has been fine for this purpose, but the drought has much dried up and shortened their crops.

FRANKLIN.

The WEBSTER RECEPTION.—There is one incident in the great reception which we must mention; when the procession stopped in front of Amory Hall, a large and beautiful bouquet was presented to him by the ladies composing the "Needle Work Exhibition." A paper was attached to it, on which were written the following beautiful lines:—

TO HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.
We greet thee, nobly gifted one,
With affection pure and deep,
And bow before the name thou'st won,
A name that ne'er shall sleep.

Long as the earth her verd

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

ve this structure, as well as the "Sailor's home" were wholly unavailing, and in half hour's time, both of these costly edifices are in utter ruins.

Besides the twenty-two houses on Purchase Street, exclusive of the Church and "Home," it is stated that there were thirty-five other buildings, including some of comparative trifling value, either destroyed or badly damaged, and all to these the Boylston School House, and a whole number will be fifty-eight.

Of course, the loss by this extensive conflagration cannot at this time be correctly estimated, but it is the opinion of many who are considered to be good judges, that it cannot exceed \$250,000 and may perhaps reach \$50,000.

Among other incidents related as having occurred during the fire, is that of a woman who is brought from the third story of a house in Purchase Street. She was almost unconscious on arrival. She had hardly reached the street before she gave birth to a fine boy!—the novel incident produced quite a "sensation." And another, that a cat, in attempting to seek her home, which lay in ashes, was unning over the bricks, stones, and embers, which were alive with fire. At every step my feet were burnt. Still he jumped in smoking timber to steaming brick, till at last, bewildered and forlorn, he leaped into a gulf of fire and perished.

GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL.

Thursday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock fire broke out in St. Catherine street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, Montreal, originating as are informed, in the outbuildings to the uses occupied by Mr. Waughbourn, St. Dunstane-st. From this it was carried by the ad in a north-easterly direction. The adjoining houses being all roofed with wood and generally built of the same material, and the dry weather having rendered them as dry tinder, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity—there was again no water in the environs where it commenced.

The Mayor is absent at Quebec, and this doubtless somewhat paralysed the efforts of the Corporation. The calamity is, however, so overwhelming, that ordinary human energy almost gives way before it. One thing, however is plain—the citizens must immediately assemble, and no effort must be spared to help these unfortunate.

On the best computation, up to the present moment, from eight hundred to a thousand houses have been consumed, and ten thousand people are left homeless.

Between five and six thousand persons will be without the shelter of a roof to night.

After the above was written, we went to take a last look of the ruins. It was a mournful sight as we drove along the road of Côte Barroux. The large vacant field extending from the main street to St. Denis street, just under the Côte, was filled with men, women and children, and their little piles of furniture and goods, while all around and below them was a smoking wilderness covered with chimneys, like a burned pine forest with its scathed and charred trees. The Champ de Mars and Viger Square were similarly occupied with heaps of goods."

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR THE DIARRHEA.—Parboil half a pint of rice until it is brown, then boil it as rice is usually done. Eat slowly, and it will stop the most alarming cases of diarrhea.

GODFREY'S LADIES BOOK,—for August is on our table, and a splendid number it is. Fowle has it.

DEATHS.—
On Saturday next Gov. Kosuth leaves these shores. His arrangements for the voyage are completed; and the Washington, which was so hospitably offered, but in vain, to bring him hither, will have the honor of bearing him back. The departure, in the nature of things, will excite no visible emotion, comparable to that which attended his arrival; but there are thousands who will watch the event and its sequences with devoutest interest, unforgetful of the orator patriot.—N. Y. Times.

THE LIVING AGE,—is received; get it and read it, you will be amply paid in its perusal.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A lad named Dalton, 9 years of age, resident in East Cambridge, swallowed by accident, a cent the other day, and all attempts to dislodge it have so far been ineffectual. He was removed to the Hospital yesterday in great distress.—Transcript.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY AT WINCHESTER.—On Friday night two burglars who came in a wagon, made an attempt to rob the house of Mr. Chas. P. Curtis Jr., in Winchester, by entering the parlor window; but the gardener, in whose charge the house was left in the absence of the owner, discharged a couple of barrels of a revolver at the villains, which frustrated their evil intentions.

A large rattlesnake was killed on Wednesday last on the Lynnfield road, near the Danvers arms house, by Mr. Levi Curtis. He had seven rattles, and was consequently ten years old.

CARROT BAG.—A version of humor. Every body who likes a hearty laugh, should buy it at Fowle's.

THE watering places are filling up with the elite from the cities; we may expect soon some stirring items of "life at the springs."

Written for the Journal.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

MR. BROWN:—As no one has answered the Enigmas, Charades, Problems, &c., which have recently appeared in the *Journal*, I take the liberty to answer all I am able to, which have not been answered.

I noticed that an answer has never been given to a question by A. B., which appeared in the *Journal*, No. 30. Will friend "A. B." furnish an answer himself, as it seems to be a dilemma with the *Journal* readers. I would like to know if the young gentleman succeeded in winning the farmer's daughter. Will you tell us, "A. B.?"

The answer to "Ann Eliza's" Enigma, in No. 31, is "UNCLE GEORGE FOWLE."

The answer to "Schoolboy's" Enigma, in No. 32, is "WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY."

The answer to "Claude Melnotte's" Charade, in the same number, is "Foy."

The answer to "Eugene's" Enigma, in the same, I am not able to obtain. Will he please furnish an answer himself.

The answer to "Oyer's" Charade, also in the same, is "LONG MEADOW."

Will "Romeo" please furnish answers to his Conundrums which appeared in No. 34.

The answer to "Sea Lark's" Enigma, No. 35, is "MICHAEL MARTIN."

The answer to "Clance Melnotte's" Enigma, in the same, is "THE WOMAN JOURNAL."

The answers to "Cyrus' Enigma also in No. 35, is "A PLEASANT FOURTH OF JULY."

"BONNIE LASSIE," "Aermitt's Cave," Waltham, Mass.

ANOTHER DARNED WHIG LIE.—Under this caption, a correspondent at Woburn gives us the following amusing incident at the celebration of the Fourth of July in Grove, in that town:—"There was a crowd of hearers—the orator being the Rev. Mr. C.—, a popular orthodox clergyman, and with an influential Whig. Among those present was a Methodist deacon, a Loco Foco, and double and twisted Hunker, who had come from another town to hear the oration. He said he had been told there was to be a Whig speech, and he had come to hear the old Whig talk. Upon asking who was to be the speaker, one of the boys told him he would have the pleasure of hearing Old Dan—adding with a peculiar kind,—"I suppose you have heard of the gentleman?" "Yes," said the deacon, "I have heard enough about the old rascals," and drawing on a long face, (he was considerably deaf) he started for a seat near the stage. When the hour arrived for the Rev. Mr. C. to commence his duties, he took out his bible and began reading a chapter from Daniel. The Deacon being deaf, couldn't hear a word, and not observing the book, he concluded of course that Old Dan was getting off a Whig speech. So up he jumps and interrupts the supposed Dan. "I don't believe a word on it. It's nothing but another damned Whig lie." A friend having screamed into his ear that the orator was not Old Dan, but the Rev. Mr. C., and that what he was saying was from a chapter in the good book, he quickly changed color, and was so far pacified as to sit quietly till the close of the oration which followed."

Local Courier.

All fudge Mr. Courier, an old story, in a new dress.

MARRIAGES.

IN this town 19th inst., by the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Mr. Alexander Murdoch and Miss Margaret Fulmore.

In Chelmsford, July 8, by Rev. G. E. Ellis, Richard Mankin, of New York, to Sarah S. Fisk.

DEATHS.

In this town 19th inst., William Higgins, aged 35.

In Charlestown, 6th inst., Mary A. daughter of Mr. Albert Rikenman.

TEMPERANCE.

B. E. WILLIAMS, Rev. Editor of the "Massachusetts Life," will give a Lecture on Temperance and the "Liquor Law," at the Baptist Meeting House, on Sabbath Evening, next, at half past seven o'clock.

ENGINEERS.

At a meeting of the Engineers, appointed by the Selectmen on Wednesday, July 16, the board organized as follows:—

JACOB WEBSTER, *Chair.*

JOSEPH LINSCHOTT, *Clerk.*

JOHN R. RICHARDSON, *Assistants.*

HENRY THOMPSON, *Assistants.*

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS.

DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE offer is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will supply no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted them.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY AT WINCHESTER.—On Friday night two burglars who came in a wagon, made an attempt to rob the house of Mr. Chas. P. Curtis Jr., in Winchester, by entering the parlor window; but the gardener, in whose charge the house was left in the absence of the owner, discharged a couple of barrels of a revolver at the villains, which frustrated their evil intentions.

A large rattlesnake was killed on Wednesday last on the Lynnfield road, near the Danvers arms house, by Mr. Levi Curtis. He had seven rattles, and was consequently ten years old.

CARROT BAG.—A version of humor. Every body who likes a hearty laugh, should buy it at Fowle's.

NOTICE.

EDWARD E. COOPER, *Proprietor.*

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

50 Tickets for One Dollar.

ALSO—Lemon Syrup and Sarsaparilla Mead put up in bottles (one pint) for family use. July 3 of

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which is fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his form the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labours. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favourite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boy-hood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window, the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the House of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and, where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them: they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Edward Everett.*

LIME AND ITS USE IN AGRICULTURE.
Lime is one of the most abundant substances in nature—usually as carbonate, consisting of $56\frac{1}{2}$ parts of carbonate, and $43\frac{1}{2}$ of carbonic acid, in 100 of the mineral. In burning, the acid escapes in the form of steam. It is then quick-lime. After exposure to the atmosphere, it absorbs water, slacks, and falls into an apparent dry powder; it is then hydrate of lime, and is in the form in which it is generally used for agricultural purposes. It is the most valuable, when used directly after it has fallen into powder. If long exposed to rain and dew, before being spread upon the land, it loses a great portion of its fertilizing powers, which principally consists in its action upon vegetable matters, causing them to decompose, and in its neutralizing power upon acids, which abound in some soils.

USE OF LIME WITH PEAT.—The slow decomposition of peat is an objection to its use. By the term, we mean all swamp muck, partaking more or less of that character. All peat contains resinous matter, which prevents decomposition. By adding lime, the resin is combined and forms soap, and the fibre then decays as rapidly as any other vegetable substance.

To APPLY LIME TO THE SOIL.—Spread it evenly upon a crop of clover about to be plowed under, or sow it upon the surface with wheat, and harrow thoroughly. It should never be combined with manure, unless the whole is immediately plowed in.

To what Soil is Lime APPPLICABLE?—Every clay soil, every peaty soil, and every soil in which vegetable fibre does not readily decay because that is a sign that it contains some antiseptic acid, which prevents decay. This is the case in peat beds and swamps. Sandy, or thin soils, may be overlimed and injured; because, in causing the decay of vegetables, it sets free the ammonia, the very substance of fertility required. To prevent this, more food must be given for the lime to act upon. No farmer, who knows what the action of lime is, upon all soils, will ever do without it, as an accessory to his manure. It is a component part of all crops grown by the farmer. When applied to land which had not borne wheat for many years, it has at once restored it to fertility for that crop. Where it has failed once to remunerate the farmer using it, it has proved of the greatest benefit a hundred times.

LIME IN THE SOIL.—Many farms which have once produced good crops of wheat, because there was lime enough in the soil to supply the requisite quantity to the grain, have ceased to be productive. They still produce a large growth of straw, but not a remunerating crop of grain. In some instances, such lands have been restored to their former fertility without applying a bushel of lime. Do you ask how? Simply by plowing deeper. In the hard, untouched and unexhausted subsoil, there was plenty of lime lying hid, which only wanted stirring up and exposing to the action of the atmosphere, and bringing within reach of the roots of the plants, to produce the same effect originally derived from the top soil before it was exhausted. Our constant advice will be to use lime, plow deep, subsoil and drain stiff lands, increase your crops, which you will do if you read and heed.—*The Plow.*

HOW TO PACK FIRKIN BUTTER.—Mr. Josiah King, before the Allegheny County Agricultural Society, gave a few particulars of the manner in which firkin butter was packed for use in the United States Navy. It was put in small firkins, made if possible of bass wood,

that having been found preferable, as freest from pyrolytic acid. The firkins were then placed in a cask, and brine so strong as to float an egg poured over them. It is this way butter could circumnavigate the globe, and yet be fresh at the end of that time.

STRAW AS A COVERING.

Clean straw is an excellent covering for many things; thousands on thousands of sea kales in frames or under hoops have no other blanching material; and how clean they grow in it! Rhubarb, in winter forcing and early spring, grows beautifully pinky. It is well known that early spring frosts destroy rhubarb; but if a six inch layer of straw is put on every crown, as the heads put up, they raise the straw with them, and it not only gives the stalks a better color, and makes them less "stringy," but it keeps the leaves from growing too large. No wind will blow it off, nor will the most intense frost injure the plants. Straw should not be looked upon as a mere litter; it is as good as a frame upon a large scale. What sort of eatable strawberries would we have without straw? In summer, every crop, such as gooseberries, currants, and many other things, should have the protection of straw, which keeps the sun from drying up the surface, and the surface roots damp and cool, while all weeds are kept down. Market gardeners use it for their frames—it matters not whether for cucumbers, melons, or potatoes, straw is their covering—and their crops are more secure than when protected by a thin mat. But some may object to the use of straw, on account of the litter it makes in a garden; but if any of those who object to its use for this reason, will just take a peep into Convent Garden market at any season, they cannot fail to be struck with the quality of the produce, in the raising of which straw plays an important part. Straw is also the best of all manures for a strong retentive soil, when it is dug in fresh, as it decays and leaves worm-holes, which act as drains for the roots.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.
There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SAVING HERBS' GRASS SEED.

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

There are several reasons why every farmer should make it a general rule to save his own grass seed. Much of the seed of commerce, either from age or injury, is incapable of vegetation, thereby producing great disappointment and deranging the best laid plans of rotation; it often contains foul seeds, such as white daisy and other pestilent plants, that when once introduced it is almost impossible to eradicate. It is much cheaper; and when raised on the farm is generally sown with a more liberal hand than when bought at three or four dollars a bushel, as is occasionally the case.

—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

ALFRED A. CHILDS,

19 TREMONT ROW, OPOSITE MUSEUM,

BOSTON,

MARBLE, VIEV AND OVAL

LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY,

HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS,

of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactory at short notice.

Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made.

OIL PAINTINGS,

ON SALE.

OLD FRAMES RE GILT AND PAINTED.

Oil Paintings and Prints Restored.

See 15

T. J. PORTER,

Woburn & Boston Express,



Offices in Boston, No. 128 Washington St., and 46 North Market street. Office in Woburn, at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to. nov 1

ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.

WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, whole sale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

CURTAIN Bands, Fixtures, Rolls and Sticks; various kinds for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

SPRING 17

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends, customers, that he has made a comfortable room above his shop, for the convenience of his old clients, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, in Fowle's Block, nearly opposite his old stand, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be pleased to drop in. He gives to many friends and frequent visitors a comfortable room, and a saloon, and a room for carriage trimmings.

On Wednesdays the Train leaves Woburn, Centre at the arrival of the 6.30 P. M. Train from Boston.

On Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,

Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 3

ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.

WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, whole

sale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

CURTAIN Bands, Fixtures, Rolls and Sticks; various

kinds for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

SPRING 17

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends, customers, that he has made a comfortable room above his shop, for the convenience of his old clients, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, in Fowle's Block, nearly opposite his old stand, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be pleased to drop in. He gives to many friends and frequent visitors a comfortable room, and a saloon, and a room for carriage trimmings.

On Wednesdays the Train leaves Woburn, Centre at the arrival of the 6.30 P. M. Train from Boston.

On Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,

Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 3

ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.

WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, whole

sale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

CURTAIN Bands, Fixtures, Rolls and Sticks; various

kinds for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

SPRING 17

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends, customers, that he has made a comfortable room above his shop, for the convenience of his old clients, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, in Fowle's Block, nearly opposite his old stand, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be pleased to drop in. He gives to many friends and frequent visitors a comfortable room, and a saloon, and a room for carriage trimmings.

On Wednesdays the Train leaves Woburn, Centre at the arrival of the 6.30 P. M. Train from Boston.

On Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,

Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 3

ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.

WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, whole

sale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

CURTAIN Bands, Fixtures, Rolls and Sticks; various

kinds for sale at the Hardware Store of L. THOMPSON, JR.

SPRING 17

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends, customers, that he has made a comfortable room above his shop, for the convenience of his old clients, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, in Fowle's Block, nearly opposite his old stand, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be pleased to drop in. He gives to many friends and frequent visitors a comfortable room, and a saloon, and a room for carriage trimmings.

On Wednesdays the Train leaves Woburn, Centre at the arrival of the 6.30 P. M. Train from Boston.

On Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,

Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 3

ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.

WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, whole

sale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS, \$1.00 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

UNCLE BILLY AND HIS HORSE.

Ever since the unfortunate and deplorable transgression of our first parents, Adam and Eve, whereby death was introduced into our world, his steps have been preceded by grim terror, while the keenest sorrows have been scattered in his pathway. Come when he will, how he will, and where he will, he is terrible. But his presence is peculiarly distressing when, after a long, laborious, well-spent, quiet and unobtrusive life, he appears, not armed with his usual and natural weapon, the scythe, but flourishing in dread and awful majesty the narrow axe and the butcher knife!

These thoughts have been suggested by the late, and much-to-be-lamented death of a worthy member of our little community, to the memory of whom is respectfully dedicated the following—

ELEGY.

Come shed them now, who've tears to shed,
For dead is that old filly,—
Who many a weary step has trod,
In hauling Uncle Billy!

The poor old soul no more will haul,
That wagon old and yellow;
There's nothing left of virtues rare,
Except the hide and tallow.

In going she held down her tail,
And ditto held her head;
Her belly was inclined to pot,
Her color all bright red.

It made no odds; on even ground,
Or where the land was hilly,
She had to bear the often whips
And jerks of Uncle Billy.

She did not reach the age of man,
But lived the age of beast;
Her three score years and ten,
Were one score ten, at least.

She'd move along at steady pace,
With joy and look reflective;
And Uncle Billy, too, would nod,
And think of grace elective.

But, when some knotty point would rise,
He'd whip and jerk and "drod" her;
Though nothing rocked her all the cracks,
Which puzzling questions brought her.

Alas, she's dead, the poor old thing,
Peace with her ashes rest!
She's gone where whips and jerks no more,
Will fret her peaceful breast.

Well by her in the cold, cold grave,
On Uncle Billy's ground,
And o'er her head we'll stick a brick,
To try and keep her down.

And o'er her moulderling clay we'll write—
"Here lies entombed beneath this brick,
The mortal part of our old hope,
The other part's 'ent stuck!'"

Raider, if inclined to fun,
You feel a moral jolly,
In solemn silence hang your head,
For death has numbered Dolly!

Winchester, July, 1852

SAMUEL

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Journal.

EDITH HASTINGS: OR THE SURPRISE.

BY MRS. A. M. E., NEW YORK.

CHAPTER II.

Towards evening one day, as he was traveling on a dark and gloomy road, he observed a horseman riding fast to overtake him, expecting to encounter the leader of some banditti he prepared to meet the enemy, and turning his horse about awaited the strangers approach. To his surprise and pleasure instead of a robber an English gentleman rode up to his side, and William Graham recognized one whom he had met a long time ago in London, Sir Oliver Overton.

They travelled for several weeks together, and when Sir Oliver turned to go back to London, William Graham was persuaded to accompany him. In London Sir Oliver Overton introduced him to a very worthy young lawyer, and an intimacy soon sprang up between them. Sir John Barrington's business was placed in Mr. Wendell's hands, and a few days previous to the commencement of our story, Sir John had written to Mr. Wendell for his attention to some business affairs which would require his attendance at Leland Hall. It being impossible for him to leave London at the time, and being in some perplexity in consequence William Graham offered to be the bearer, of an excuse Sir John, as Mr. Wendell's intimate friend, to offer any assistance that might, at any future time, render his going unnecessary. Accordingly, Mr. Wendell penned a note of introduction, and the purpose of his visit, to Leland Hall. His reception the reader is already acquainted with.

"Uncle," said Edith, about three weeks after our story commences, "do you know that Mr. Graham is going to leave us at the end of this week?"

"Leave us," said Sir John, turning to William Graham, "so soon? Why is this? Do you find it too lonely here to gratify us by a longer visit?"

"No, oh no; but business calls me back to London, Sir."

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

NO. 40.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WENCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STOKEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PEPPINGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAY RICHIE.—The Outwitted Gospellers is a well written article, and is a fair hit at an unworthy curiosity in other people's affairs. Thank you for your wishes and kind promises.

SIDNEY.—The political feelings in Washington must be rather warm, and are not likely to get cooled off till the "Ides of November." Sidney uses fair language, and we have given him a hearing.

ADELAIDE.—Your enigma and puzzle are both solved.

J. E.—We hope our readers will be pleased with these letters from the South; we expect to receive many of them, and have the promise of others from the West.

HERM.—Good, but too late for the week.

TRUE CONSISTENCY.—Our readers must judge for themselves, as to the true meaning of these articles; we are willing to hear both sides when they come within our rule.

EDUCATION.

We all admit the importance of education to carry us through life with any degree of credit, and in the present progressive age we wonder how any person can grow up without a perfect knowledge of all the requirements of a fair education; and yet in our intercourse with the world, how very often we find sad declinencies in these requirements. It is not owing to the want of privileges and opportunities to acquire them; our schools are now perfect, and every child can receive a good education, if proper means are used to teach him at school.

New England has the high character of being the nursery of schools, and a New England man, abroad, is supposed to possess all the elements of a first rate education.—There should not be a hotel or a mansion in New England where are to be found a deficiency of education. Therefore, when we do find instances of ignorance in persons of the rising generation, we are led to enquire the cause, what can it be? and how is it possible that we can find an uneducated child when the free school house meets us in every district of the State? It must be from two causes, either from the bad disposition of a child, which leads him to play the truant, or the neglect of the parents in sending their children to school.

There is sometimes a criminal indulgence by parents in allowing their children to stay away from school; they do not seem to appreciate the advantage of our schools, and rather than see a child cry to stay at home, they indulge him at once, and when 'they give way once, the child is led to believe that he can always prevail.

Our schools are now conducted on the plan of making it a pleasure, instead of a task, for children to learn. It used to be done by force, and we frequently meet with aged people who will describe the manner in which they were educated, if it could be called education.—Some parents send their children to school, as they say, "to keep them out of mischief;" even this is better than indulging them at home.

What a great responsibility rests on parents in educating their children,—how much they should reflect upon it, and know the future welfare and character of their children is dependent on their early education and impressions; and we wish every parent who reads these few lines, would use their influence with all who are careless on these points, and who may be within their observation.

There should be inducements practiced by schoolmasters to gain the love and esteem of their scholars; these things make the school hours pleasant; and when a child learns that a master loves him, and feels for him, how different will be his actions; his school hours pass pleasantly, he learns with avidity, and he obeys his master because he *loves him*, not fear. There is nothing like kind and gentle words to gain the affections of children; and the scholars who go to school through fear will never learn much, but he who is drawn there by his love and affection for the master, will go with a buoyant heart, and with his young mind steady for improvement.

The model schools for education in these days of progress, are the germs from which mature our Statesmen, our Merchants, and our prosperous Farmers. Boston is celebrated for her schools. Chapman Hall School, kept by Mr. A. Baker, is a model institution, and conducted on the plan of kind and persuasive instruction, and successful. The building was destroyed by the fire of Tremont Temple, but it is rebuilding on a new and improved model, and we are told will soon be occupied. We must recommend this school to our friends, especially to Boston parents, as we know that a certificate from Mr. Baker is a sufficient recommendation for a situation in a merchant's counting house. Our Woburn schools need no praises from us.

The streets of Boston are filled with idle children, who are brought up to steal and

practice all manner of vices, and it is a melancholy sight to witness the number who are daily strolling on the wharves in perfect idleness. The parents of these children are ignorant,—are careless and reckless about the future life of their children. Is there any system which can be adopted to induce these poor creatures to attend school? Let those in authority try the Ragged school system of London, and see what a difference there would be. We do not witness these "idle, ragged children" in the country, and very few can form an impression without seeing the reality; it is a melancholy sight, and meets our eyes daily.

WE are told that there will not be such an abundance of fruit as was expected; there is quite a "falling off" in apples, the dry weather and worms has affected them. Most of the trees blossomed very full, but the apples have most all dropped. Peaches will be scarce in this vicinity; the trees in low grounds look very bad.

QUINCY MARKET, BOSTON.—If any one desires to view one of the most splendid sights which the eye can look upon, let him take a walk through Quincy Market, early on a market day. We can enjoy it, for there is a display from nature which art is not capable of approaching, and we venture to assert that no city in the world can exceed Boston, in the beauty and variety of substantials to be found in her markets, and especially at this season of the year.

WE are pleased to learn that the Boarding House on Academy Hill is quite full, and many of the boarders are from Boston. We know that there is not a more desirable situation for pure air and beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Boston, than can be found in Woburn; and nothing, so far as we have seen, to equal Academy Hill. Mr. Kimball is an obliging host, and deserves the patronage of the public.

FIRE ENGINES AND RESERVOIRS.—We hope our Selectmen will not forget these important public securities against fire; they should not be neglected. We are told the drawing off the water from the canal has effected the wells in the centre of the Town, making it doubly important that some immediate measures should be taken, to have always a supply of water.

CHOLERA.—We have many reports of the appearance of the cholera at the West, and some indications of it at New York. It is represented that General Jones, who recently died at Washington, was a victim to the cholera. If it is true, and the disease begins thus early, there is danger of its spreading in our densely populated cities.

THE WHITE SLAVE.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Tappan and Whittemore, of Boston, the "White Slave," or memoirs of a fugitive; a handsome bound volume of 408 pages. The book is well written and will no doubt excite much interest in our reading community, and especially those who are interested for the slave; some of the scenes are highly colored, and approach to fiction. It will no doubt be generally read. The book is for sale at Fowle's Bookstore.

WE are in receipt of copious files of papers from California, Oregon, and Sandwich Islands; many of them are of large size, and filled with advertisements and business notices. The rapid settlement of the Pacific is one of the wonders of the age. We shall send the "Journal" as directed.

THE LOWELL MIRROR.—Is received, and entered on our exchange list. The city of spindles is determined not to be behind the age in news-papers; the "Mirror" is in every respect a creditable paper, and we wish it success.

A BEAUTIFUL EXHIBITION.—We must acknowledge the receipt of a ticket of admission to the "Lady's New England Gallery of Ornamental Embroideries," now on exhibition at Amory Hall, Boston, and we had the pleasure on Tuesday of viewing these beautiful workings of the needle. We were much surprised at the wonderful improvements in the art of embroidery, and we are sure they need only to be seen to be admired; we cannot attempt to describe the many fine specimens which are on exhibition, as our pen would fail us. There are some which we cannot pass in silence; the "Intercession of Queen Esther imploring pardon for her people," a very interesting and beautiful piece; "David and Saul" is remarkably well done; "Christ and the fair Samaritan at the well" is a very impressive piece; the "English Hawking Scene" is a well executed piece and exhibits all the exciting scenes of a departure for the chase; "Charity," very beautiful and life-like; "Samuel anointing Saul," a piece well calculated to awaken christian thoughts and feelings; "A Mother's Blessing," a perfect gem, and we are happy to know that it was worked by our fair correspondent, H. A. K., of Charlestown; "Surrender of Mary Queen of Scots" to the confederate lords on Carberry Hill, 1567, this is the largest picture on exhibition, we cannot do it justice; the figure of Queen Mary, on her charger, her robe and majestic bearing is the finest piece of needle-work, which the eye can look upon. There are many others, the beauties of which we cannot describe, and we can say to our readers, "Go and see them, and you will be well paid for your visit." A pamphlet, descriptive of the pieces, is sold at the door. Prices of admission 25 cents; 6 tickets for \$1.

The model schools for education in these days of progress, are the germs from which mature our Statesmen, our Merchants, and our prosperous Farmers. Boston is celebrated for her schools. Chapman Hall School, kept by Mr. A. Baker, is a model institution, and conducted on the plan of kind and persuasive instruction, and successful. The building was destroyed by the fire of Tremont Temple, but it is rebuilding on a new and improved model, and we are told will soon be occupied. We must recommend this school to our friends, especially to Boston parents, as we know that a certificate from Mr. Baker is a sufficient recommendation for a situation in a merchant's counting house. Our Woburn schools need no praises from us.

The streets of Boston are filled with idle children, who are brought up to steal and

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, has undergone large repairs, and is now worth a long walk to view it.—Ten thousand dollars have been sent to the sufferers by fire at Montreal, by citizens of New York.—They talk of establishing a "People's College" at New York.—Congress will not adjourn till the 1st of September.—There is quite an excitement at Nova Scotia, about gold in Annapolis.—A workman in W. Adams and Co. machine shop, Boston, ran an iron spike through his foot, on the 6th inst., and died of lockjaw last Saturday.—A boy 5 years old, was run over by a train of Ice Cars, in Charlestown, and killed, last week.—A large number of dogs were taken one day last week and complained of by the pound keepers, in New York; the boys who captured them received 50 cents a head, paid by the City corporation.—A Boot and Shoe store, on Main street, in Charlestown, took fire and was damaged about \$300.—The cholera is very bad in some of the towns in Ohio.—The chief of Police, in New York, report 1696 arrests for the last quarter, ending the 30th of June, an increase of 576, over the previous report.—10,000 persons were present at the funeral of Henry Clay, at Lexington, Kentucky.—John Maynard has been appointed City Agent of Lowell, to sell Liquor under the new law; Salary \$900.—L. W. Lovell, assistant, Salary \$300.—Grasshoppers in large numbers at Long Island, have destroyed fields of cabbages, grass, corn, wheat, potato tops, and even peaches.—Brig. Pauline of 400 tons, was struck on her bows by a huge whale and immediately filled; the crew escaped in a boat.—W. V. Mason, of Cambridgeport, insane, escaped from his friends last week, —990 deaths in London during the week ending 26th June.—The Potato disease has appeared in Kilkenny, Ireland.—Mr. Green the balloonist has made 500 ascents.—Military encampments of two days on the Boston Common for Camp duty, 4th and 5th of August.—At the last session of the City council of Roxbury, all petitions for licenses to sell liquor was refused.—There are 500 guests at the Ocean House Newport.—A woman is now living in Philadelphia 108 years old, in good health, and does all her own housework.—There are 10 fountains in Boston, which when playing, consume 572,780 gallons of water in an hour.—The fountain at "Frog Pond," Boston, throws water 98 feet above the coping; the most beautiful jet of water to be seen in the world.—Deaths in Boston for the week ending July 17th, 74.—The strike, at Amesbury, of the factory operatives is settled, and they have gone to work under the direction of the agent.—A land slide at Cape Blanc, Quebec, last week, buried several houses and eight of the inmates killed.—Adjutant General Jones, died suddenly at Washington, last week, of disease resembling cholera.—Several deaths last week at the New York Marine hospital of disease resembling cholera.—There are 14 victims of spiritual rappings in the "Lunatic Asylum" Worcester.—Gov. Boutwell has directed the mayor and authorities of Boston to execute the provision of the Liquor Law.—The friends of temperance are organizing in nearly all the towns in the State.—21,000 emigrants arrived in San Francisco during the months of March, April, and May.—Gold exported from San Francisco, during the months of March, April and May, \$9,533,970.—Amount of tonage arrived in San Francisco during the same months, both foreign and domestic, 76,608.—The Indians are troublesome in California.—Two Mexican murderers were hung by a mob, at Jackson, California.—The police of Washington have arrested a large number of colored thieves; \$2000 worth of stolen property was recovered.—335 slaves have been emancipated and sailed for Liberia since February 1851.—The grand funeral services in New York, in memory of Henry Clay, were very imposing.—There were 29 cases of cholera in New Orleans, during the week ending 10th inst.—Hill's silk factory, at Northampton, was nearly destroyed by fire last Monday.—The Pine plains, at Concord, N. H., are on fire.—Picnics are all the rage this hot weather.—Fats arrivals from Europe, bring nothing of importance.—The elections for Parliament, in England, occupy the public attention.—The result of elections thus far is not favorable to the Government.—George Thompson, who was recently in this country, agitating the slavery question, has lost his election; his constituents being dissatisfied with his staying here.—France is quiet; the President is about making a grand tour, and declines all parades; heavy rains had much improved the crops, and a fair prospect of an abundance.—In Prussia the harvest is very promising.—The Hungarian chiefs are still at war, as to each other's patriotism.—The Emperor of Russia is travelling through his dominions.—Kossuth's sister, and her husband, arrived in New York last week, —22 steam vessels have been built in New York during the last 6 months.—Craig's bridge will be opened for travel on 1st October.—Thomas Hicks, of Virginia, shot himself because his dinner was not ready in season.—"Surrender of Mary Queen of Scots" to the confederate lords on Carberry Hill, 1567, this is the largest picture on exhibition, we cannot do it justice; the figure of Queen Mary, on her charger, her robe and majestic bearing is the finest piece of needle-work, which the eye can look upon. There are many others, the beauties of which we cannot describe, and we can say to our readers, "Go and see them, and you will be well paid for your visit." A pamphlet, descriptive of the pieces, is sold at the door. Prices of admission 25 cents; 6 tickets for \$1.

consumption of Croton water, in New York, for twenty four hours, or thirty five millions of gallons, and during the recent warm weather, was inadequate to the wants of the city.—The hay crop in Northampton is very light; the price of hay has risen to \$12,00 per ton.—We have nothing from Congress worth noting.—Late accounts from California are favorable; business was improving, and mineral interest about as usual.—The last week has been a warm one, and farmers are now the most busy part of the community, and we hope are reaping a rich reward.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

MOULTRIE HOUSE, Sullivan's Island, S. C., July 8th, 1852.

J. A. FOWLE, Esq.:—This Island is the ocean watering place of South Carolina; it is situated at the entrance of Charleston harbor, and entirely open to the sea. The Moultrie House is a very large establishment, built by a Stock Company, who rent it to the present occupants. Steamboats run several times a day from Charleston, which makes it easy of access, and many of the merchants and business men of Charleston, with their families, board here during the summer months; the more wealthy part of the inhabitants have their cottages here, which, like your Nahant, they reside in during the warm season. I must say I am charmed with the situation of this Island, and wonder how the citizens of this State, can leave this delightful spot for the Northern watering-places; it cannot be for cooling sea breezes or salt water bathing, for these are to be found here in perfection; it must be for the want of variety and Northern Society.

I have conversed with many of the pleasure-seeking folks here, and have frequently expressed surprise that they could neglect this Island, and seek for cooler weather North. They admit all this, but give as one reason, that the society at this Island is one and the same as at Charleston, and they, like the rest of us, are fond of change, and it is so delightful to make a Northern tour, to Newport and Saratoga Springs—all the gay world is to be found there; here it is our own people, and we have nothing new. We find life in all its varied forms and people from all parts of the world at the Springs, and it is there we must go. Besides, there are our sons and daughters who must "come out" in the world, and how could they make a sensation here! No, we cannot find the spice of life at the Moultrie House; the United States, or Pavilion, at Saratoga, and the Ocean House, at Newport, are the points where are gathered from the four quarters of our habitable globe, the *beau ideal* of social society, and we of the South must be represented. We like your Northern climate, admire your cities and towns, your Mount Auburns and Bunker Hills, and we like your people, and freely spend our money with you, and there is only one "bitter cup" to run over, and that is the everlasting slavery agitation.

I have conversed with many of the pleasure-seeking folks here, and have frequently expressed surprise that they could neglect this Island, and seek for cooler weather North. They admit all this, but give as one reason, that the society at this Island is one and the same as at Charleston, and they, like the rest of us, are fond of change, and it is so delightful to make a Northern tour, to Newport and Saratoga Springs—all the gay world is to be found there; here it is our own people, and we have nothing new. We find life in all its varied forms and people from all parts of the world at the Springs, and it is there we must go. Besides, there are our sons and daughters who must "come out" in the world, and how could they make a sensation here! No, we cannot find the spice of life at the Moultrie House; the United States, or Pavilion, at Saratoga, and the Ocean House, at Newport, are the points where are gathered from the four quarters of our habitable globe, the *beau ideal* of social society, and we of the South must be represented. We like your Northern climate, admire your cities and towns, your Mount Auburns and Bunker Hills, and we like your people, and freely spend our money with you, and there is only one "bitter cup" to run over, and that is the everlasting slavery agitation.

I assured my friend that the institution of slavery was regarded in New England as one of the greatest of evils—against the dictates of religion, and forbidden by the laws of God—and I did not think the agitation would subside till every bondsman on the country was free, and while upon this point I could say that the people of the North would always agree with friendly feeling our brethren of the Union, and that they would not find on their arrival in any Northern city, notice at the Exchange, as was the case in Charleston, as I was told, when the Hon. Trueman Smith, of Connecticut, passed through the city, on his way to Georgia to be married. The soil here is sand, and "soil deep;" of course there is not much green grass to be seen. The houses, generally, are built of rough pine, and as they are only occupied during the summer, not much taste is displayed in their erection. Fort Moultrie is quite a warlike-looking place, and commands the entrance of the harbor—it has a beautiful parade ground in the fort. I find many Southern planters here, and now and then we have quite a talk. The idea of secession is fast dying away, and I hope a better state of feeling will prevail.

Charleston is a beautiful city, and before I leave I will note some of its attractions.—My stay at Savannah was a short one, and I shall have something to say about that growing city in a future letter. I am called for a ramble on the sea shore—Adieu. Yours, &c., J. E.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—In your "Journal" of last week, was an article over the signature of "Consistency," containing strictures on certain reported action of the Woburn Total Abstinence Society, in which they are said to have "petitioned the Selectmen to have an agent appointed to sell intoxicating liquors." There are some things in this article which claim a particular notice. And first, its evident design. While its ostensible object is to rebuke certain inconsistencies, which its writer affects to perceive in the above action of the Society, its real design evidently is, to give a blow to the new Anti-Liquor Law, and harass its friends.

This law provides for the appointment by Selectmen, in their several Towns, of an agent to sell alcoholic liquors, for mechanical and medicinal purposes. Whether this provision is a wise one or not, is a question which I do not propose at present, to discuss. It is certain, however, that the friends of temperance in the legislature regarded it as a wise provision, and it is my belief that it is so regarded by a very large majority of the friends of tem-

perance, whose practice is in accordance with their avowed principle of total abstinence from the use and sale of all intoxicating liquors.

Now the action of the T. A. Society, at which "Consistency" was so "astonished and chagrined," consisted in a vote to request the Selectmen, in executing the above provision of the law, to appoint to the prescribed agency a "true friend of temperance," and not any person who might first apply for such agency, and whether the person thus applying were one who had already proved himself a traitor to the temperance cause, by unlawfully and unscrupulously selling the poisonous draught, or had in other ways given reason to suspect his fidelity to this cause. I think it need not be argued that the Society recommended a wise warrior does not commit the magazines of a conquered enemy to the hands of one of that enemy's most devoted servants, for safe keeping. Moreover, at the time the Society voted the above recommendation to the Selectmen, they had, or supposed they had, reason to believe, that the Selectmen desired that the friends of the law should give some expression of their views, in reference to the agency in question. I have no doubt that the enemies of the new liquor law would be highly gratified, if they could push its active friends to the adoption of such ultra measures, as would bring the law into disfavor with the people, and endanger its future existence. Such a measure I regard the one advocated by "Consistency," viz: the non-appointment of an agent to sell alcoholic liquors, for purposes provided for in the law. The absence of such a lawfully appointed agent would render it impossible for people to obtain spirituous liquors for justifiable purposes, without encouraging the violation of the law, and would make the law appear to be vexatious and unjust.

I leave the reader to judge how much of candor and of logical reasoning "Consistency" exhibits in those artful inferences or insinuations of his, that the "total abstinence people (or those professing to be such)," who took the action which seems so much to vex him, give evidence, by such action, that they are "desirous of having grog-selling continued under the new law"—that the "anti-liquor people themselves" by thus acting, show that they "cannot get along without liquor;" and that the Selectmen, in executing that provision of the law respecting the appointment of an agency, for the purpose, and in the manner recommended by the society, would thereby be "appointing an agent for dealing out ruin to the people."

I would commend to the consideration of "Consistency," the fact, that no small proportion of those "total abstinence people" and "anti

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 12, 26, 20, 28, 6, 15, 18, 2, 24, 3, is a town in Mass.
4, 2, 15, 27, 13, 20, 28, 23, 7, 34, 14, 32, is a town in Mass.
24, 14, 9, 18, 31, 17, 3, 33, 27, 12, 15, is a town in Mass.
24, 5, 26, 7, 11, 29, 16, 19, 27, 2, 24, 4, is a town in Mass.
25, 10, 28, 1, 15, 3, 13, 21, 30, is a town in Mass.
28, 8, 22, 6, 15, 13, 11, 26, 7, is a town in Mass.

Yet his heart may be lonely and sad all the while.

He cannot forget her, his long cherished wife,
His friend and companion, dearest life;

Then sympathy with him, and help him to bear,

His burden of sorrow in this world of care.

Woburn, July 1852. ELLA OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Edmon:—Below is a copy of a resolution adopted by the Woburn Association of Congregational Ministers, at their meeting at Melford yesterday, which I would thank you to insert in your paper, if you think it will subserve a good cause.

Yours, &c.

Woburn, July 21, 1852. R.

Resolved, That the Woburn Association of ministers cordially and unanimously approve the law recently enacted in this Commonwealth, concerning the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors; and recommend to our people the earnest maintenance of its provisions.

L. WHITNEY, Moderator,

WM. C. WHITCOMB, Scribe.

Mr. CLAY'S WILL.—Cincinnati, July 16.—The will of Mr. Clay was presented in Court on Monday last, and admitted to record. It is drawn by his own hand, and bears date July 16, 1851. It relates almost entirely to the disposition of his estate among the members of his family, the only exception being that which relates to his slaves, providing that children of his slaves born after the 1st of January, 1850, be liberated and sent to Liberia, the males at the age of 28, and the females at 35, three years' earnings prior to their emancipation, to be reserved for their benefit for the purpose of fitting them out; and prior to removal, they are to be taught to read, write and cipher. Slaves in being before 1850 are bequeathed to his family.

Ashland is left to Mrs. Clay, for her sole benefit, during her life, and after her death to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among his children. The only specific devise outside of his family are to Dr. D. W. Dudley the gold snuff box presented by Dr. Hunt, late of Washington; to Henry T. Duncan, a ring containing a piece of the coffin of Washington; to Dr. W. N. Mercer, a snuff box, said to have belonged to Peter the Great. Mrs. Clay is appointed executrix and Hon. Thomas A. Marshall and James O. Harrison executors to the will, with a provision that no security shall be required from either.

FATAL TEMERITY.—An instance of recklessness, resulting in death, occurred during the celebration of the national anniversary, on Monday the 5th inst., at Leavenworth, in this county. At the close of the day, the persons who had charge of the cannon used on this occasion, determined to see how loud a report they could produce. The cannon was accordingly heavily loaded with powder, bricks, salts, &c., and then rammed down as hard as possible. Those engaged in firing were preparing a slow-match for the purpose of discharging the cannon, when a young man named Morgan, about 21 years of age, stepped up and touched off with his cigar. The cannon exploded, and the young man was instantly killed.—*Madison Co. (N. Y.) Observer.*

FIRE.—A barn belonging to Mr. Hale, in the west part of this town, filled with hay, was entirely consumed by fire on Wednesday afternoon about 2 o'clock. We also learn that his house was somewhat damaged.

DANGEROUS POSITION AND DARING RESCUE.—Buffalo, July 19.—Late last night a boat with one man in it was discovered in the rapids near the brink of the Niagara Falls, and stuck fast in the rock. This morning at day break the boat was still there, when a fisherman named Joel Robinson, at the peril of his life put out in a small skiff to his relief, and succeeded in rescuing him. He proved to be a fisherman named Johnson, and was fast asleep at the time he was rescued. A purse of \$200 was made up by the visitors at Niagara for Robinson.

THE new Insane Hospital at Taunton, Mass., is to cover an area of 26,520 square feet, not including the two courts formed between the wings. The front will be 358 feet long by 40 wide; the main projection from the centre 50 by 60 feet; and there will be three wings running back north, 200 feet 40 wide. A large dome is to be placed over the centre of the main building, and two smaller ones from the centre of either wing. The whole building is to be three stories high, and from the top of the spire of the large dome to the ground it will be 116 feet.

THE HAY CROP.—The principal topic of conversation at the Cambridge Cattle Market this week, was the prospect of a short crop of hay. The universal opinion of the drivers and others, from all parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, was that the crop would not amount to more than one-half of the usual average yield, for the last ten years—an unpleasant prospect for stock farmers. The crop of wool has been taken at a fair advance in price.

15

Written for the Journal

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 12, 26, 20, 28, 6, 15, 18, 2, 24, 3, is a town in Mass.
4, 2, 15, 27, 13, 20, 28, 23, 7, 34, 14, 32, is a town in Mass.
24, 14, 9, 18, 31, 17, 3, 33, 27, 12, 15, is a town in Mass.
24, 5, 26, 7, 11, 29, 16, 19, 27, 2, 24, 4, is a town in Mass.
25, 10, 28, 1, 15, 3, 13, 21, 30, is a town in Mass.
28, 8, 22, 6, 15, 13, 11, 26, 7, is a town in Mass.

My whole is the name and residence of the author.

THE S. S. S. S.

A. H. W. C. M. E. A. N.
M. T. E. S. R. I. L. N.
M. L. V. T. E. S. E. O.
A. A. A. L. H. S. I. B.

SHOCKING DEATH.—A promising and interesting child, grand-daughter of Mr. Elbridge Tenny, at Pearson's Mills, came to its death yesterday in a shocking manner. It was asleep on a bed, and being left by the family, slid down between the foot board and the bed clothes, where catching by the neck, it was strangled.—*Newport Union, 19th.*

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LIQUOR LAW.—The Suffolk County Temperance Convention, met in Convention at the Melodeon last week to consider the exigencies of the temperance cause in view of the approach of the time when the law goes into effect. B. B. Muysey was appointed President, and T. Mair, Esq., Francis Tukey, R. Cowdin, J. Sleeper, W. R. Stacey, Rev. Mr. Dexter, J. H. Osgood, Rev. J. Porter, and Samuel W. Hall, for Vice Presidents; Secretaries, B. W. Williams, Rev. J. N. Sykes, and Joseph Dennison. Rev. Mr. Clark reported a series of resolutions upon the duties of temperance men in supporting the law. The meeting was large and spirited.

STEALING A PIN.—A young girl named Jane Elliott, having been convicted of larceny, in the Court of General Sessions, was brought up for sentence on Monday, but her counsel moved an arrest of judgement, on the ground that the article stolen was not sufficiently described in the indictment. It was merely alleged that she stole "a pin," without setting out whether it was a breast pin, a clothes pin, or a brass pin,—as pleadings must always be construed strictly in favor of the prisoner, it was argued that for aught that appeared on the face of the indictment, the pin stolen might have been of trifling value. The Court, therefore, acting on the maxim *de minimis non curat lex*, discharged the prisoner. It is said that in point of fact the pin stolen was a diamond one worth about \$100.—*N. Y. Cons. Ad.*

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, the 1st inst., by the Rev. H. B. Stacey, F. W. Hedges, Esq., to Margaret, young daughter of the Charles Bins Esq., Barrister at Law, Charlestown, Cross Jr., to Charlotte M. Fitzgerald.

DEATHS.

In Woburn, July 15, Daniel McIntire, Esq., 63, in Cambridge, July 16, Julia Ann, daughter of Mr. Ed. Ward, 10 yrs. old.

MISS BIRKIN, 10 yrs. old.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

Come friends of temperance attend,
We all have something to do,
Drop in at our meeting, and lend
Your aid, to a cause good and true;
For the law that is given is naught,
If we show we have a faint heart,
For the battle now must be fought,
Let each one act well his part.

Let no one be so absurd as to think,
That the enactment of a decree,
Will prevent men from selling a drink,
That's ominous to you and to me;
Unless those that have spoken,
Shall act as well as speak,
This good law will often be broken,
And rum power reign complete.

Then the work we have before us,
Is a work that must surely be done;
Come good friends join in the chorus,
And make the foe of humanity run.
For success let all of pray,
That we may be guided aright;
Let the flag of temperance display,
Justice and Truth, in their might.

Woburn, July 1. BAND OF CRISPIN.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the Plough would thieve,
Himself must either hold or drive."

AGRICULTURE IN EUROPE.

Crowded as England is with a hungry population, forty-five per cent of her soil is not under cultivation. Yet the proportion of cultivated to uncultivated land, is higher than in any other country in Europe. In Russia, less than one-fifth of the soil is under cultivation; in Sweden, only one-seventh; in Austria and Holland, one-fifth; in Switzerland one-fourth; in France, fifty-four hundredths. There is really no need of emigration. In England, as appears by a parliamentary report, there are sixteen millions of acres, wholly unproductive, that might easily be made productive. The reason why these acres are permitted to lie unimproved is that as soon as they are enclosed, and before they can be sufficiently reclaimed to produce a paying crop, they become subject to tithe and tax. Hence only men of large capital dare undertake the task, and they prefer to invest their capital where the return is more speedy and certain.

THE WEATHER.

Spiders are good barometers. They carry on their operations conformable to the impending changes of the atmosphere. If the weather is likely to become windy, rainy, or otherwise disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments on which their web is suspended unusually short, and in this state they await the influence of weather which is usually variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made commonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene and continue so for ten or twelve days. Should the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though if they are active during rain, it is certain proof that it will be of short duration, and be followed with fair and very constant weather. If we observe spiders making any little alterations in their webs just before sunset, it is proof positive of a clear and pleasant night. Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a purple tint, portend fine weather. The reason is that the air, when dry, refracts more red, or heat-making rays, and as air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain, but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water, and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and therefore the more ready to fall. The old proverb is often correct:—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

FRUIT TREES FOR ROADS.

We like the advice contained in the following remarks from the Am. Phrenological Journal. After treating of cherry trees, the writer adds,—

"We hope to see the time when this beautiful tree shall have supplanted many fruitless shade trees, and in tens of thousands of instances, occupying positions where no tree has stood to break the force of a summer sun, or rude winter blast, since the primeval forest fell before the pioneer's axe. Let fruit trees line the road-sides, for general and gratuitous enjoyment, to satisfy the appetite of the weary wayfarer, and silence the complaint so prevalent against the 'school urchin fruit thieves.' Let fruit trees be plenty in pastures, on vacant and waste places, every where; nor let the orchard and the garden be neglected, but doubled in number of choice varieties, and then we shall hear less of forbidden fruit, and realize more of the spirit of an Eden regained."

A few dollars expended in planting the borders of our less frequented streets with cherry trees, would in the course of ten years not only supply all the children in the town with fruit in its season, but would secure the gardens from their depredations, and in a great measure from the depredations of birds. Neither boys nor birds would choose to steal fruit when they could obtain plenty of it in an honest way.—*Belfast Journal.*

SUCCESS IN FARMING.—ITS SECRET.—Universal success in agriculture often dooms the farmer to the envy of his fellows. It has even called down upon him the wrathful superstitions of a whole neighborhood. The great diffusion of light and knowledge, however, is dispelling the horror of "book" or scientific farming.

THE PEEL OR RIND OF FRUIT INDI-GESTIBLE.

This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public. It applies to all fruit without exception, and includes also the pellicle, or skin of kernels of nuts, of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is particularly delicate, and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere; it is, therefore, a provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it, as a protection against accident, and to prevent insect enemies from destroying the seed within. The skin of all the plum tribe is wonderfully strong compared with its substance, and resists the action of water in a remarkable manner. If not thoroughly macerated before taken into the stomach, the rind of plums is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juice. In some cases, pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach, the same as wet paper clings to bodies, causing sickness and other inconvenience. Dried raisins and currants are particularly included in these remarks, shewing the best reasons for placing the fruit upon the chopping board with the seed in making a pudding of them, for if a dried currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all. When horses eat oats or beans that have not been through a crushing mill, much of this food is swallowed whole, and in this state, being perfectly indigestible, the husk or pellicle resisting the solvents of the stomach, there is so much lost to nutrition. Birds being destitute of teeth, are provided with the apparatus for grinding their seed, namely, the gizzard through which the seed passes, and is crushed prior to digestion. The peels of apples and pears should always be cast away. Oranges we need not mention, as this is always done. Oranges, greenages, damsons, and all plums, should be carefully skinned if eaten raw; and if put into tarts, they should be crushed before cooking. Nuts are indigestible as we could desire, if the brown skin be not removed or blanched, as almonds are generally treated.—*Exchange.*

CUT FEED.—The question is often asked, whether much is gained by cutting up hay, straw, &c., to feed neat stock. Something depends on circumstances. If your hay is of the best quality, your cattle will eat the whole without cutting and save you the labor. But if your fodder is mostly poor, or it has been injured in making, you will do well to cut it short, and mix something with it to make it more palatable.

We have had coarse fodder cut fine, and sprinkled with water, and by adding a little meal, and mixing the whole together, our cattle have been wintered at less expense than merchantable hay. Cows in milk live well on it, and it seems to be the way of disposing of a quantity of hay that is not good. Straw also may be disposed of in this mode. We make it saving, as we do by hashing meat that is not fat enough for eating without the addition of butter, or something that will improve the meat.

Husks and corn tops, when well saved, have much virtue in them; and most of it goes into the manure heap, unless particular attention is paid to foddering. Cattle find it difficult to bite off the stems, though they place one foot on a part of them, while they pull with the teeth and gums. Some farmers cut them up fine for their cattle, and say they would do it even though the stems should be worth nothing for fodder, because of the trouble they make in overhauling the manure. When all the coarse fodder is cut short, there will be no longer manure; a shovel will enter a heap and when spread, a harrow will bury it sufficiently.—*Ploughman.*

KNOWLEDGE IN AGRICULTURE.—In no department is Bacon's celebrated maxim, "Knowledge is power," worth more than in agriculture. Hence, no farmer can be accounted skilful in his profession, who does not avail himself of the information to be derived from the experience of others, and who does not improve his knowledge of husbandry, by the perusal of the ablest works which have been written on that subject. It is absurd to imagine, that the communication of knowledge which has promoted the advancement of every other art, should be no use in agriculture. Endeavor to raise good grain, for it will always sell, even in years of plenty; whereas it is only in dear and scarce seasons, that there is a demand for grain of an inferior quality. Let your stock of cattle, horses, &c., be of the best sorts, and more remarkable for real utility than for beauty or fashion. Be not above your profession, and always consider it the first that any man can follow. Admit no guest into your house, who cannot live upon the productions of his own country. No farmer ought to undertake to cultivate more land than he can manage to advantage. It is better to till twenty acres well, than one hundred in a slovenly manner. A man's owning a large farm is no excuse for imperfect tillage. What he cannot improve, he need not undertake to cultivate. A large farm without skill, capital, and industry is a plague to the owner. It is like somebody said of self-righteousness, Besides more you have of it, the worse you are off.

SALT YOUR HAY.—About as much salt applied to the hay on placing it away, as the cattle would naturally eat during the time they are consuming the hay, gives it a relish that is very agreeable to the stock. Besides hay keeps better with two or three quarts of good salt applied to the ton. Hay that is not cured thoroughly is much improved by it.—Try it alongside of that not salted, and observe whether there is a difference. You will then know next year whether it is a waste of salt or not to apply it to hay.

SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.—Plain Books, Bibles, and Testaments, of various sizes, Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Print Board; Steel Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Plain Cards, Pens and Leads, Seats, Waters, and all the varieties of STATIONERY, besides a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily Weekly and Monthly, all which will be sold as low as can be obtained elsewhere.

EDWARD YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Lyceum Building, WINSCHETON, Mass.

DR. YOUNGMAN, recently informed the inhabitants of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office an extensive Apothecary & Co., where will be found a variety of Drugs and Medicines, usually called to give the best quality of Builders' Hardware, Carpentry Tools, Tin Ware, &c., for sale at the Hardware Store, Knight's Building.

Mrs. EAGLE TRIPOLI and BRICK DUST, Day & Martin's, and other Blacking. Also, all varieties of

SALT YOUR HAY.—About as much salt applied to the hay on placing it away, as the cattle would naturally eat during the time they are consuming the hay, gives it a relish that is very agreeable to the stock. Besides hay keeps better with two or three quarts of good salt applied to the ton. Hay that is not cured thoroughly is much improved by it.—Try it alongside of that not salted, and observe whether there is a difference. You will then know next year whether it is a waste of salt or not to apply it to hay.

SUCCESS IN FARMING.—ITS SECRET.—Universal success in agriculture often dooms the farmer to the envy of his fellows. It has even called down upon him the wrathful superstitions of a whole neighborhood. The great diffusion of light and knowledge, however, is dispelling the horror of "book" or scientific farming.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

Come friends of temperance attend,
We all have something to do,
Drop in at our meeting, and lend
Your aid, to a cause good and true;
For the law that is given is naught,
If we show we have a faint heart,
For the battle now must be fought,
Let each one act well his part.

Let no one be so absurd as to think,
That the enactment of a decree,
Will prevent men from selling a drink,
That's ominous to you and to me;
Unless those that have spoken,
Shall act as well as speak,
This good law will often be broken,
And rum power reign complete.

Then the work we have before us,
Is a work that must surely be done;
Come good friends join in the chorus,
And make the foe of humanity run.
For success let all of pray,
That we may be guided aright;
Let the flag of temperance display,
Justice and Truth, in their might.

Woburn, July 1. BAND OF CRISPIN.

THE PEEL OR RIND OF FRUIT INDI-GESTIBLE.

This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public. It applies to all fruit without exception, and includes also the pellicle, or skin of kernels of nuts, of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is particularly delicate, and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere; it is, therefore, a provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it, as a protection against accident, and to prevent insect enemies from destroying the seed within. The skin of all the plum tribe is wonderfully strong compared with its substance, and resists the action of water in a remarkable manner. If not thoroughly macerated before taken into the stomach, the rind of plums is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juice. In some cases, pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach, the same as wet paper clings to bodies, causing sickness and other inconvenience. Dried raisins and currants are particularly included in these remarks, shewing the best reasons for placing the fruit upon the chopping board with the seed in making a pudding of them, for if a dried currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all. When horses eat oats or beans that have not been through a crushing mill, much of this food is swallowed whole, and in this state, being perfectly indigestible, the husk or pellicle resisting the solvents of the stomach, there is so much lost to nutrition. Birds being destitute of teeth, are provided with the apparatus for grinding their seed, namely, the gizzard through which the seed passes, and is crushed prior to digestion. The peels of apples and pears should always be cast away. Oranges we need not mention, as this is always done. Oranges, greenages, damsons, and all plums, should be carefully skinned if eaten raw; and if put into tarts, they should be crushed before cooking. Nuts are indigestible as we could desire, if the brown skin be not removed or blanched, as almonds are generally treated.—*Exchange.*

PLINY gives a case among the Romans, where Crescinius was cited before the people to answer to a charge of sorcery founded upon the fact of his gathering greater crops than his neighbors from a small spot of ground. In answer Crescinius produced his efficient and superior instruments, his well fed oxen, and a pale young woman. Pointing to them, he exclaimed—"There, Romans, are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot here show you my labors, sweats, and anxious cares." Reader, skill and energy are the witches that now bring success to the husbandman.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER, respectfully gives notice to his friends and customers that he has "cut" the acquaintance of his former shop, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, at Fowle's Block, nearly opposite the old store, where he will be found at all hours, and placed to advantage. He hopes to see many friends at his new saloon, and he will serve and shave them to the best of his ability.

Hair Cutting, Curling and Champooing, and Razors Honed neatly.

Medicines, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. WALDO HIGGINSON, Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Frog Leeches constantly on hand.

april 27 ff. EDWARD E. COOPER, DEALER IN

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

The following poetic effusion was composed, not long since, by a very respectable clergyman in Maine, 76 years of age, who has been physically blind for several years, but his mental vision and moral perceptions being strong and vigorous, appear almost ready to burst forth into a world of light and bliss, where darkness or obscurity can never enter.

L. W.

RETROSPECTION.

Whene'er I take a retrospective view,
And glance at life with all its varied hue,
From early childhood, life's gay vernal bloom,
E'er clouds portentous shed their sullen gloom,
It seems a dawning vision of the night,
That disappears before the morning light,
Or else a dream—a long continued dream
Of griefs and joys, with here and there a
gleam.

Of fulgent hope, but yet 'tis real, I know,
My life has been a scene of weal and woe,
Reading with care, and conning every page,
Of life's brief book, from youth to hoary age,
Ten thousand ills present themselves to view;
Cluster around my heart, its wounds renew,—
With sadning recollections full of grief,
While moistening tears refuse to give relief.
The rugged path on which I softly tread,
With thorns and piercing sorrows has been
spread.

My bitter cup has sometimes overflow'd
When transient joys were fled, like Jonah's
gourd.

What sorrows, perils, disappointments too,
With trials, losses, crosses, not a few,
Have mark'd my path, and oft my heart op-
press'd.

Expel repose and banish sacred rest.

But peace be still, let each impatient sigh,
Be hushed in silence, every murmur die—
It is my Father's hand, the will of God—
Then bow submissive, meekly kiss the rod;
Reviewing life in sad and sombre mood,
Too oft I think on ills, forget the good,
Ungrateful, wholly wrong, life's chequer'd
road,

With fairest, sweetest flowers has oft been
strew'd,—

A thousand mercies rise to view
With blessing's real, substantial, rich and true.
The cup of life which God has kindly given,
To cheer and strengthen on the way to Heaven,
Has oft been full of purest oil and wine,
Sustaining power, and solace all divine.
Thus far the Lord has gently led me on,
Through life's afflictive scenes, His will be
done,

And now with sandals shod, my staff in hand,
I'll journey still towards the spirit-land;

With faith and hope to guide me on the road,
To Canaan's flowing fields, that bles'd abode.
Now let me raise my humble, gladsome song,
To Him to whom all might and praise belong,
And may my grateful thoughts as incense
rise.

Before Jehovah's throne, beyond the skies;
Now, oh! my soul, rejoice, give thanks, and
sing.

To thy salvation's rock, my God, my King.
Wiscasset, Maine. L. W.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

NO. 41.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISED IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TAUTERLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new types throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

1706.

Wyman Ebenezer, s. of Timothy and Hannah, b. Mar. 21st.

Snow John, s. of Zerubbill and Jemimah, b. Mar. 30th.

Knight Hannah, d. of Joseph and Martha, b. Apr. 12th.

Thompson Simon, s. of Simon and Hannah, b. Apr. 4th.

Dean William, s. of John and Mary, b. May 7th.

Wright Ruth, d. of Josiah and Ruth, b. Apr. 4th.

Converse Hannah, d. of Robert and Mary, b. May 10th.

Peirce Samuel, s. of Samuel and Abigail, b. June 3d.

Procter Hannah, d. of James and Hannah, b. July 24th.

Read Susannah, d. of John and Abigail, b. Sept. 13th.

Wyman John, s. of Thomas and Mary, b. July 6th.

Jaquith Mary, d. of Abram and Sarah, b. Sept. 1st.

Richardson Josiah, s. of James and Elizabeth, b. May 16th.

Sawyer Mary, d. of Joshua and Mary, b. Sept. 14th.

Converse Pain, s. of Samuel and Dorcas, b. Nov. 25th.

Peirce Abigail, d. of Daniel and Dinah, b. May 18th.

Tompson Martha, d. of Joshua and Martha, b. Dec. 7th.

Kendall Phebe, d. of Jacob and Alice, b. Dec. 19th.

Tompson Sarah, s. of James and Sarah, b. Dec. 4th.

Buttler John, s. of John and Elizabeth, b. June 22d.

Fox Mary, d. of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary, b. Oct. 26th.

Johnson Martha, d. of Josiah and Martha, b. Nov. 3d.

Kendall Tabitha, d. of Samuel and Mary, b. Jan. 22d.

Johnson Mary, d. of Samuel and Mary, b. Jan. 8th.

Fowle Jacob, s. of Jacob and Mary, b. Feb. 24th.

Richardson Hannah, d. of William and Rebekah, b. Aug. 28th.

Read Elizabeth, d. of Timothy and Martha, b. Dec. 1st.

Richardson Oliver, s. of Joseph and Mary, b. Aug. 15th.

Kendall Abigail, d. of Thomas and Saah, b. Aug. 10th.

Flegg John, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b. Sept. 7th.

Knight Edward, s. of Edward and Johannah, b. Apr. 7th.

Richardson Hannah, s. of Joshua and Han- nah, b. Jan. 8th.

Snow Timothy, s. of Timothy and Lidiah, b. Feb. 19th.

Wyman Benjamin, s. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 13th.

Richardson Thomas, s. of Samuel and Susan- nah, b. Nov. 19th.

Coggins Josiah, s. of John and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 26th.

Fowle Rebeca, d. of John and Elizabeth, b. Nov. 21st.

Wyman Sarah, d. of Jonathan and Hannah, b. Aug. 18th.

Brooks Nathan, s. of John and Mary, b. Nov. 1st.

1707.

Wyman Increases, s. of Nathaniel and Mary, b. Mar. 1st.

Baldwin Benjamin, s. of Daniel and Hannah, b. Mar. 30th.

Brooks Samuel, s. of Jabez and Hepzibah, b. Apr. 18th.

Converse Patients, d. of John and Abigail, b. May 1st.

Johnson Seth, s. of Benjamin and Sarah, b. Apr. 23d.

Stevens James, s. of Joseph and Elizabeth, b. Mar. 25th.

Fowle Easter, d. of James and Mary, b. May 29th.

Belknap Samuel, s. of Thomas and Jane, b. May 24th.

Walker Isaac, s. of Isaac and Margery, b. July 12th.

Kendall Hannah, d. of Isaac and Hannah, b. July 24th.

Reed Susannah, d. of Joseph and Phoebe, b. Aug. 18th.

Totinham Arminell, d. of Elijah and Mary, b. July 30th.

Bateman Ruth, d. of Eleazer and Elizabeth, b. July 25th.

Dean Edward, s. of John and Mary, b. Sept. 14th.

Farrar Anne, d. of Isaac and Mary, b. August 13th.

Wyman Jabez, s. of John and Rebeca, b. July 24th.

Walker Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel and Rebeca, b. Sept. 23d.

CORRECTIONS.

1704. For Thompson John read Joshua.

of excitement. They at length concluded to send for Constable Doane—a relative of Mr. Brown; accordingly, the legal gentleman was summoned, and upon his arrival at once sought the dwelling of his friend. He found no difficulty in obtaining ingress to the interior, for the doors were unbarred, he then proceeded to search for the inmates of the dwelling, but found them not! He was filled with consternation and astonishment, and at once commenced a critical examination into the state of affairs. Each apartment was inspected, the floors of which bore traces of blood! he traced the main stream to the door that fronted the street; here quite a pool met his view; then throwing open the door, which was not only unlocked, but ajar, as he still held spots of blood, and as he followed the bloody track, the group of villagers, who stood a short distance from the cottage, eagerly observing the examiners strange movements, saw them at the request of constable Doane, entered the cottage, and began to inspect the apartments, that the legal gentleman had not, as yet, entered. As they threw open the door of the sleeping apartment, oh, horror! what a sight met their view! The couch wardrobe was fairly saturated with blood! "Premeditated murder," was instantly declared by the horror-stricken group. "But which was the victim?" was the next query. One female, noted for her exceeding forthrightness, rushed to the clothes-press; here was found all the wardrobe that Mrs. Brown had ever been seen to wear, in an undisturbed state, while that of her husband was in a state of the greatest confusion: inspecting each article spots of blood were found on his common apparel, while his best clothes were no where to be seen.—He, then, had been the murderer—his poor wife the victim!

The town was all alert;—officers were sent to find the murderer, who was soon found, for he had taken up his quarters at a hotel in a neighboring town. He was instantly seized, and would have at once been dragged to prison, had not his wife and a young couple, who were also at the hotel, the latter of which were privy to the intended plot, appeared in his behalf.

The joke was soon explained; they had determined to silence the gossips, and, as a means, had exterminated the lives of two troublesome animals of the feline race, whose blood served for the occasion, and had purposely left their apartments, particularly the clothes-press—in the disorderly state in which it was found. Mrs. Brown had procured and donned a new suit, and a clandestine departure had been prosecuted.

When the truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me. It was as if a bullet penetrated my heart, and all the blood in my heart had gushed through the wound. Never, never can hell be more terrible than the sensations of that moment. I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness broke forth from every part of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable, and so strong at length became this impression, and so bereft of hope appeared my situation, that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge in the depth of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation marked out to that of others: I had no monstrous crime to repent of. Hundreds of criminal men were in the full reality of their memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover, so that the slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well nigh into madness. I was fevered. My temple burned and throbbed, my tongue became dry, light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled around. I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irredeemable horror. Who could depict the frenzy, the unceasing anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes might start from my head. Burning tears flowed down my cheeks. My heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling, without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper to me that if I had been buried, and the earth closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respirate, which I could now do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated, inevitably, such is the inconsistency of the human mind that I, who had just resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable. The idea that I was not yet buried increased my desire to be heard from without. I called aloud, and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A still silence reigned around me, amid the unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony. I shrieked with horror. I plunged my nails into my thighs, and wounded them. The coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore my nails to the quick, and soon became motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name. I prayed, and I fear I blasphemed, for I knew not what I said, and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment in temporary insensibility.

At this time I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it was one, and not a glance, as I am induced to think it was, between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless—Images of men and women, often numberless, in a sort of shadowy outline, came before and around me. They seemed as if limbless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital, in figure-like bodies which I have seen drawn forth from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous, mis-

shapen mass than human resemblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awaken again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation. Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with difficulty I could turn over on my side, and then on my belly. I tried by lifting my back and by a violent strain, to burst open the coffin-lid, but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should have otherwise made to bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose for my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them. While thus at rest—if inactive torture can be denominated rest—I slept like a child when I thought of the sunshine, blue skies, and fresh air which I should never enjoy—how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands round me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures. Why was my fate differently marked out to that of others? I had no monstrous crime to repent of. Hundreds of criminal men were in the full reality of their memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover, so that the slight shift of position brought no relief. My temple burned and throbbed, my tongue became dry, light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled around. I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irredeemable horror. Who could depict the frenzy, the unceasing anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes might start from my head. Burning tears flowed down my cheeks. My heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling, without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position.

"Pull the line." How many hours I lay in this state of active and passive torture, I cannot tell. My thirst however, soon became intolerable. My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock-bell, of no small magnitude, judging from its deep intonation. No cranny which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light—though I well knew there must be some fissure for fresh air, for the continuance of life so far. How else had I existed? It was night perhaps when I first awoke, and I was then in my prison of "six dark boards." I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach. I could find no chink, could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, which tended to increase my fearful agony.

For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering—or at least for a long time it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over—my limbs were excessively sore—the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling—my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side—I had never before turned but on my left—when I felt under me a hard substance which I had

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

ED The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ED A B.—We think you must have passed the sunny side of life, or been in the predicament of the "fox and the grapes," or you would not have been so sceptical in your remarks about the young man obtaining the farmer's daughter; it is well a fair business transaction.

ED PROOF'S SNUFF BOX—This will answer for a Caudle lecture, and about as rank a piece of sentimental old-madism as we have ever seen; we shall give her a hearing next week. We think Miss Peggy may wake up some hornets' nest.

ED H. G. C.—A letter from one of our respected towns-men abroad, and quite descriptive of rural scenes, and will be read with much interest; we are much obliged for it. At the time for this week.

ED CECILIA—Our young correspondent has gone abroad with high expectations of pleasure; he writes under a significant signature. There is many a slip between the cup and lip, and he may return as he left, single-handed.

ED W.—We must decline your article, as it is too rank, and political controversy, with personal allusions, is what we cannot consent to publish; it is well written, and we only wish it was on some other subject.

ED BONNIE LASSIE—We have not exhausted our stock of enigmas; our reason for not publishing them is the want of room. Thank you for your favors.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

We have reports of a deep conspiracy amongst the Creoles, for a revolution to throw off the Spanish yoke, and become free. There can be no doubt about the truth of this, and the only wonder to us is that it has slumbered so long, for the seeds of freedom have been sown on that beautiful Island; they have taken deep root, and as sure as the world progresses, that Island will, ere long, become free. It may be a fearful struggle, and may cause much blood to flow.

Any one who watches carefully the signs of the times, must see strong indications that men are determined not to suffer the coercive power of tyrannical governments, and the more enlightened we become, the stronger do we oppose the oppressions of those in power.

The American Republic is holding out a beacon light, which bids fair to cast its reflecting influence over every dark spot made gloomy by the hand of oppression, and we might as well try to stop the rays of the sun from penetrating to the earth, as to prevent the march of free discussion, which is sure to open the prison doors, and loosen the chains which now bind many nations on this beautiful globe.

We do not speak of Cuba alone, for there are other nations and tongues on the American Continent, now bound by oppressive power, to whom every day brings some progress, some harbinger of improvement in the human mind, severing another thread from the power which binds their freedom. Tell an ignorant man, who is bound in slavery, that there are enjoyments beyond his reach in his present condition, and that by changing that condition to freedom he can attain that enjoyment, and if he possesses a mind capable of comprehending your meaning, a seed will be sown in that man's bosom which will never perish, but will struggle until all efforts to be free are subduced by death. Nations are like individuals; and the age is constantly progressing, new ideas and theories are constantly rising before us, and developing the resources of the human mind.

The Press, the most powerful lever in moving onward the great progress of reform, spreads these doctrines far and wide. Despotisms and Popish Bulls cannot arrest its course, it will find its way into every avenue to the human mind, and the greater the attempts to stop it, the more sure it is of success. It leads the people to think, and thought is to the mind like the grain of mustard seed sown on good soil; that seed is sown in Cuba, it will germinate and mature, and then the harvest. We are firm believers that all men are born "free and equal," and the disseminating of free and moral principles is tending to the freedom of mankind.

ED The "Peak Family" or singing notoriety are to give a concert at the "Town Hall," next Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. For full particulars we refer our readers to the Bills that are distributed in Town.

We think it almost needless to speak of this talented family, as they are well known to the public, and are deservedly popular as Vocalists, and also as "Swiss Bell Ringers." We hope they will be greeted by a full audience, and we feel assured that all who attend will feel amply repaid, and will pass a pleasant evening.

ED SEA SHORE RESIDENCE—We would call attention to an advertisement in another column, of a house at Woods Hole, on the cape; if any of our readers desire a delightful spot for a

summer residence on the sea shore, they will do well to look at this house. Woods Hole combines many advantages, being situated at a point, at once bold and beautiful, about 3 miles from the town of Falmouth. From a recent visit to this town, we are enabled to speak in the brightest terms of this spot, and to recommend it to the favorable notice of any one desiring a cheap and retired residence.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

The growing importance of the trade between the British Provinces and the United States, is beginning to attract much attention, and we hope the present difficulties, arising out of the treaty clause respecting the Fisheries, will be speedily adjusted; we see no cause for alarm, as the present age are for peace, and we have no doubt but the two governments will amicably adjust the matter.

STONEHAM—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

ED THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

WINCHESTER—We observe a number of new buildings being erected in Winchester; it is indicative of prosperity, and we are pleased to see it. That Lyceum Hall—but never mind we in Woburn are thinking about one.

ED BERRIES.

WINCHESTER—Berries are as thick as "blackberries," just the time for an early morning walk to pick them.

ED STONEHAM AND BURLINGTON.

STONEHAM AND BURLINGTON—An advertisement is something like a guide board, it informs us the right road for our wants and interests. We should be glad to notice the many business spots which we suppose are to be found in Stoneham and Burlington.

ED WOBURN FIRE ENGINE COMPANIES.

There are no class of persons more deserving of praise than our firemen; they peril their lives to save our property, and face the devouring element to the very last hope. We are told the Washington Engine Co., No. 3, started for the fire at Somerville, and proceeded half way, and at the recent fire near our town, they were on hand. Our citizens, we are sure, will feel additional security from fires, when they know that our fire companies are so faithful in the prompt discharge of their duties, and it is a pleasure to notice them.

ED THE MAN WHO NEVER ADVERTISES.

The man who never advertises, thinks all the world and the "rest of mankind" fools, because they don't come and buy his goods.

ED THE HERMIT.

I have been running over in my mind today, the great and varied changes for the last fifty years, and it is to me a history of strange and interesting events, when memory brings before me those youthful days, in which I acted my part, in the scenes, and celebrations, resulting from the many circumstances which have occurred in our country, I am almost inclined to the belief, that this life is but a dream, and the reality is yet beyond the grave. Old men have strange ideas at times. He who has been active in the busy marts, where the prominent men of the age are daily engaged in their avocations in life, and who has a keen eye and retentive memory, will store in his mind all that in his lonely hours, affords him food for reflection. So it is with me. I have not lived in vain; the records of many a kind act of friendship, extended without selfishness, are not yet obliterated, and I have many a moment, which reminds me of the gratitude of those who have enjoyed my friendship and kindness, when perhaps the world looked coldly at distresses, which I have made brighter and happier by the good christian rule, to "do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you," and let me say to you, Sir, that I have enjoyed real pleasure, and my old heart has beat with genuine happiness, when I have reflected on those bright and glorious days when I extended the hand of friendship to a fellow being, whom the world called poor, and passed him by without recognition, because he had no gold, when his heart beat with as pure emotions, and his mind was as clear and strong as the streams which flow into the ocean, but he was poor. The poor are always friendless,—the rich and prosperous are too much addicted to look upon the poor man with scorn, and the hand is not always ready to meet the wants of merit when clothed in poverty. I have seen and visited all degrees of poverty, and know how to feel for the orphan's cry and the widow's moan; but now I am far removed from all the cares and troubles of life, and beneath the shades of the forest oak, with the small voice of the crystal waters of my winding stream, as it ripples over its pebbled bed, I pass hours of calm reflection, and experience all the old man's comforts of memory, from a calm and untroubled mind.

My father was a soldier of the revolution, and how often have I sat on his knee, while he related the story of scenes in which he was an actor. The first impressions of my young mind are still fresh, and I remember well with what a thrilling interest I listened to his

praises of Washington. I was early taught to speak that name with feelings of gratitude and pride, in those days when there was but one heart, and that high and strong for our native land. There was no North and South.

Washington was our polar star, and as true as the needle to the pole was the affection of the American people centred on him. You must excuse, Sir, these ebullitions of feelings; I am not rambling on politics, as I have long since retired from that field, and should not now give you these reflections, had I not, with regret, read in your journal that means could not be realised to complete the monument

erecting for the memory of Washington. It is the last act of ingratitude which I thought the people of America would be guilty of. I do not expect my feeble voice will ever aid it, because the warnings and advice of age, at the present day, are unheeded, yet I would ask my fellow-countrymen to remember the days

of Trenton and Valley Forge—of Washington crossing to Delaware, and then ask themselves, "Who in those days sustained that little army, and carried us through all the perils and dangers of a seven years war, almost without money and without price?" Look upon that picture; then cast your thoughts over the vast expanse from the Penobscot to the shores of the Pacific, the noble towns and

splendid cities—the spread of commerce with the mighty steam, the rise and progress of this mighty nation, and then remember the half-finished monument to the memory of the man to whom we are indebted, under Providence, for all the liberty we now enjoy. I have read your appeals, Sir, and I blush for the ingratitude of my country.

In the year 1739, I remember well the tolling of the bells; I could observe the sad countenance of my father, and with youthful feelings I asked him the cause. I shall never forget the sudden check to my anxious looks, as he answered "Washington is dead!" I have passed Mount Vernon several times during the last 40 years, and never without the tolling of the steamers bell, and the profound reverence of the passengers, and yet the

Woburn Journal says—"The monument erecting to the memory of Washington languishes for the want of means."

ED HERMIT.

appeared in Ireland.—200 or 300 acres of wood land was burnt over in Groton, last week; took fire by persons hunting in the woods.—

John Rand died in Boston, last week, aged 76 years; being confined to his house 20 years by palsy.—20 buildings were burnt last Saturday at Peekskill, New York; loss \$100,000.

The "Sea Serpent" has been seen in the vicinity Halifax, N. S.—The wheat crops at the West are being gathered, and exceeds in quantity and quality the crops of former years.

There are said to be 10000 vagrant children in New York city.—There were 16,000 criminals committed to the prison in New York city last year; 4,000 under 21 years of age.

THE HERMIT.

I have been running over in my mind today, the great and varied changes for the last

50 years, and it is to me a history of strange and interesting events, when memory brings before me those youthful days, in which I

acted my part, in the scenes, and celebrations, resulting from the many circumstances which have occurred in our country, I am almost inclined to the belief, that this

life is but a dream, and the reality is yet

beyond the grave. Old men have strange

ideas at times. He who has been active in

the busy marts, where the prominent men

of the age are daily engaged in their avoca-

tions in life, and who has a keen eye and

retentive memory, will store in his mind all

that in his lonely hours, affords him food for

reflection. So it is with me. I have not

lived in vain; the records of many a kind act of

friendship, extended without selfishness, are

not yet obliterated, and I have many a

moment, which reminds me of the gratitude of

those who have enjoyed my friendship and

kindness, when perhaps the world looked

coldly at distresses, which I have made

brighter and happier by the good christian

rule, to "do unto others as you would wish

others to do unto you," and let me say to you,

Sir, that I have enjoyed real pleasure, and my

old heart has beat with genuine happiness,

when I have reflected on those bright and

glorious days when I extended the hand of

friendship to a fellow being, whom the

world called poor, and passed him by without

recognition, because he had no gold, when his

heart beat with as pure emotions, and his

mind was as clear and strong as the streams

which flow into the ocean, but he was poor.

The poor are always friendless,—the rich and

prosperous are too much addicted to look upon

the poor man with scorn, and the hand is not

always ready to meet the wants of merit when

clothed in poverty. I have seen and visited

all degrees of poverty, and know how to feel

for the orphan's cry and the widow's moan;

but now I am far removed from all the cares

and troubles of life, and beneath the shades

of the forest oak, with the small voice of the

crystal waters of my winding stream, as it

ripples over its pebbled bed, I pass hours of

calm reflection, and experience all the old

man's comforts of memory, from a calm and

untroubled mind.

My father was a soldier of the revolution,

and how often have I sat on his knee, while he

related the story of scenes in which he was

an actor. The first impressions of my young

mind are still fresh, and I remember well with

what a thrilling interest I listened to his

praises of Washington. I was early taught

to speak that name with feelings of gratitude

and pride, in those days when there was but

one heart, and that high and strong for our

native land. There was no North and South.

Washington was our polar star, and as true as

the needle to the pole was the affection of the

America people centred on him. You must

excuse, Sir, these ebullitions of feelings; I am

not rambling on politics, as I have long since

retired from that field, and should not now

<p

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent "Bonnie Lassie," I perceive, wishes the solution of a question given by the writer in your paper of No. 30, and if it be any gratification to him (or her) "Bonnie Lassie," to know that the young man was so unfortunate, or perhaps he may call it fortunate, as to succeed in winning the farmer's daughter, he can consider the deed as having been performed; for altho' he was foolish enough to fall in love, he still no doubt had enough wit left to solve the question proposed, which, I presume, he did in the following manner.

From the orchard he started with 15 apples, leaving on his way 8 thereof at the first gate, which was one half the original number started with and half an apple over, there were then 7 remaining, 4 of which he left at the second gate, being half an apple more than half the number carried from the first gate: he then had 3 to dispose of, 2 of which he deposited at the third gate, being half the number he brought from the second gate, and half an apple over. He then, as you will perceive, without cutting any, had one left, which he no doubt felt quite as much pleasure in presenting to the old gentleman, as does the writer of this in giving the answer to "Bonnie Lassie," as well as to your other readers of the "Journal."

And that you, Mr. Editor, may enjoy fully as much happiness as fell to the lot of him, and that (so soon) bride, which I trust was no small portion, is the wish of

Boston July, 1852. A. B.

MILITARY.—The 4th Regiment of Infantry, under command of Col. J. Durrell Greene, will encamp at Waltham on the 30th and 31st of August next. The ground selected is a point of land on the north shore of Charles river, near the station house at Roberts's crossing, on the Fitchburg railroad. The 1st Regiment of Artillery, under command of Col. John S. Keys, will probably encamp on the 9th and 10th of September, on the same ground, or on the border of Sandy Pond in Lincoln.

REFUSAL OF LICENCES IN ROXBURY.—At the last session of the mayor and aldermen of Roxbury, a report was submitted upon the petitions of the druggist and others to sell intoxicating liquors for medicinal purposes only. The report represents that such a sale is unnecessary. It was adopted. The city physician was included among other petitioners.

The "Albany Journal," whose editor has just returned from Europe, says in conclusion of an article on Kosuth:—

"We agree with the *Courier* that there is no probability of any immediate revolution in Europe. Desots have it all in their own way. The sad failure of Republicanism in France gave Desots advantages which it is improving."

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—The Cincinnati Commercial gives an account of a beautiful and affecting scene which occurred as the steamer Ben Franklin passed the town of Rising Sun, Indiana, on its way to Louisville, with the sacred remains of Henry Clay on board. Thirty-one young ladies, representing the different States of the Union, stood in conspicuous view on the wharf, in front of the crowd of citizens that had assembled. All, save one, were dressed in virgin white, their heads covered with black veils. The one excepted was robed in deep heavy mourning, and represented Kentucky, and occupied the centre of the line. The whole scene was rendered more impressively solemn by the deathly silence that universally prevailed on board of the steamer and on shore, as the vessel floated noiselessly, by bearing its precious charge onward to its last repose.

NEW HAVEN and NEW LONDON RAILROAD.—This important extension of the sea shore line of railroad from New London to New Haven, connecting the Norwich and New York and consequently forming a new complete line of railway between Boston and New York, is now finished. We learn from the *New London Chronicle* that the President and Directors of the Company passed over its whole length on Tuesday, and that the running of the regular trains over it will begin to-day.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—The Boston *Transcript* tells a story of a merchant who, after having been in business a year or so, found that he was running behind. On consulting with his friends they advised him to join the church and an engine company to make himself known. He did both but failed in a few months. He commenced again, and this time took to advertising in the newspapers, and succeeded perfectly.

SINGULAR CASE OF RESTITUTION.—The Lawrence *Courier* states that Dr. J. H. Morse of that town, was waited upon by the Rev. Mr. Taft, rector of the 1st Catholic church in Lawrence, on Monday morning, who handed him \$15, which he had received as a restitution from an individual who had done Mr. Morse an injury to that amount. The Dr. has no knowledge of such a loss.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. John Fernald, an engineer on the New York and Erie Railroad, was killed near Coney, N. Y. on Tuesday, by the rebound of the reverse lever of the engine caused by the loss of a bolt. A terrible gash was cut through his throat to the bone, causing instant death. He was a native of Maine, has been employed in Boston, and at the time of his death resided at Susquehanna, N. Y. He was thirty years of age and leaves a wife and one child.

IN King's county, Ireland, a prisoner threw a large stone at the presiding judge, which came very near injuring him seriously, and received, in consequence, eighteen months additional imprisonment.

A VICTIM FROM THE COUNTRY.—A few weeks since, a trader from the North came to this city to purchase goods, having in his possession between \$600 and \$700. With the money still in his possession he commenced a general drinking tour about the city, and was speedily in a state of intoxication. He was taken in charge by a Constable, his money put in a safe place and he put in the lock-up to get sober. Upon a return of sobriety his money was given back to him. He proceeded to despatch the business for which he came to the city, and parted with all his funds but about \$200. With this sum he went upon another spree, got among gamblers, who won nearly the whole amount, leaving him only sufficient to return to his home. Such cases are by no means rare in this city. There are always rogues and blacklegs on the look out here for just such victims.—*Tracer*.

PHALANX—ATTENTION! THE members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx are requested to meet this (Saturday) evening at 8 o'clock, at the Armory, to make arrangements for a Battalion drill.

Per order of the Commander. A. S. WOODS, Clerk. Woburn, July 31, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

IN Bristol, N. H., July 19th, Mr. Calvin Cass, to Miss Adeline Fornes.

IN Lebanon, N. H., July 22d, Mr. Charles S. Dean, of North Woburn, Mass., to Miss Caroline Bowen, of Lebanon.

DEATHS.

IN Woburn, July 28th, Moses F. Jones, aged 2 months.

24 days son of Charles and Clarissa.

IN Burlington, July 14, Mrs. Mary R. Bell, aged 90 years.

49 days.

WANTED: FIRST RATE Wood turner. Apply to E. L. W. COOPER, July 31. ff

FOR SALE: 1000 FEET Iron pipes with Brass fixtures, by E. and L. W. COOPER, July 31. ff

NOTICE: A LADY has a girl which she wishes to have some one to take as their own, as she is not able to support her. Apply to LEVI MAXFIELD, July 31. ff

FOR SALE.

A Large two story Dwellinghouse.

And Out Buildings, situated near the central part of the village of Woods Hole, and within a few rods of the water. The place affords an excellent prospect of the surrounding bay and sound. The village is becoming a popular resort, and those who are wishing to obtain a desirable seat, at one of the most delightful points on the coast, a chance here is offered.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber, or to the editor of the "Woburn Journal."

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector, July 31. ff

MEN'S KIP BOOTS.

JUST received from the Manufactury a prime lot of Grained Boots, at the New Boot and Shoe Depot.

TO LET OUT.

THE FILLING UP of a Canal Bridge, requiring eight or nine hundred yards of grates, which is within a few rods of the bridge, of good account and easy shoveling.

Apply to LUTHER HOLDEN, Lowell Street, Woburn, July 31. ff

GAITERS !!

IN ADVIS, Miss's and Children's Gaiter Boots of all the various shades and qualities, for sale by the New Shoe Store, corner of Main and Railroad Sts.

CELLAR STONES FOR SALE CHEAP.

100 TO 150 per cent of the very best quality. Also a quantity of Split Stone. Apply to LUTHER HOLDEN, Lowell Street Woburn, July 31. ff

TO THE LADIES.

Lady's Buckin Ties and Slippers, "Pampico stock,

" " " " " Constantly on hand Buckins and Ties,

For sale at the Boot, Shoe and Hat Store, corner of Main and Railroad Sts.

WIRE Dish Covers, just the thing for dry time, at W. WOODBURY'S.

QUILTS, a large assortment at WILLIAM WOODBURY'S.

PIANO FOR SALE.

A grand carriage, from a famous manufacturer, is offered for sale at the residence of the subscriber.

This instrument has been thoroughly proved, and is perfect in every respect; while it is so delicate in its construction, the power of expression can be produced here also that brilliancy and sweetness of tone found only in the choicest instruments.

A good opportunity is here offered to any wishing to purchase, especially to those who do not feel competent in themselves to select a Piano, perfect in all its parts.

No. 2 Canal St, Woburn. J. A. GOULD, July 31, 1852. ff

AUCTION!

WILL be sold at Public Auction on Tuesday the 31st day of August next, the old SCHOOL HOUSE, situated near the house of Capt. EDWARD PARKER, in Woburn.

Terms made known at sale.

By order of the Selectmen.

EDWARD YOUNGMAN, Town Clerk, Woburn, July 21st, 1852. 2w

PUMPS! PUMPS!

WOODEN PUMPS of all kinds can be had by calling at the Pump Factory on Union Street, opposite Jones' Blacksmith shop. Also Copper and Iron Pumps and Lead, Tin, Gutta Percha, Iron and Glass-Pipe, July 23. ff

JOHN ASH.

Notice.

WE AREAS the passing and repassing of children under my roof at the present time, is great that my fence has become entirely useless. I am hereby advised to me for Probate by CATHARINE STILES, the Executrix thereof, that

she has been appointed to appear at a Court of Probate to hold at Charlestown, in said County, on the third TUESDAY of AUGUST next, to show cause, if any she has, either for or against the same.

And the said Executrix is ordered to serve this Citation by giving written notice to all persons interested in said Estate, whose residence is within the County, 7 days at least, previous thereto, and by publication in the Woburn Journal, printed in Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least, before said Court.

Bated at Cambridge the 16th day of July, A. D. 1852. S. P. P. FAY, J. Probate, July 24. ff

Notice.

THIS & BAILEY, to STEPHEN CUTTER, would inform him that they have taken the old stand, and will carry on the Painting business in all its various branches.

Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.

BLACK DRESS SILKS at low prices at W. WOODBERRY'S. May 15. ff

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAYLEY & CO
Dealers in Coal, Wood,
Bale Hay, Plaster,
Cement, Lime, Hair, &c.,
Near the Depot, Winchester.

SIMONDS & CRAM,
Manufacturers and Diversified
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,
Winchester, Mass.

WILLIAMS, CHARLES CRAM,
MURKIN, ff

J. C. JOHNSON,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND
ADULT AND JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES,
Lessons given at his Room, 80 Tremont Street, Boston,
at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and at the
Woburn Inn.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical
Education, in this country and in Europe, and having
taught, on the Piano and Organ, more than three hundred,
and in Singing, some thousands of Pupils, from most of
whom he has received testimonials, and from testimonials
of such, he feels justified in promising to all those who
will practice faithfully the most rapid progress.

Wishing to devote a portion of his time to giving lessons
in the vicinity of Winchester, Mr. J. will be happy to see
any one who will let his services, at home, in the evening,
or in the Cura, during the day at 80 Tremont St.,
at his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music
Store.

* * * * *
On account of the late fire, I have removed from my
Room for a few weeks.

HENRY W. HOWE,
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, WINCHESTER.

DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPOONS,
SILVERWARE, &c.,
RICH SILVER WARE MADE TO ORDER.
Coffin and Carriage Plates Engraved.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Jewelry, required in the best possi-
ble manner.

OLD GOLD and SILVER taken in exchange.

ALSO,—MELODIANS TO LET.
APRIL 3 ff

TO THE TRADE.

100 CASES

CHEAP DE LAINES

GEORGE W. WARREN & CO.

RE PREPARED to offer to "The Trade," and at RE-
TAIL, more than ONE HUNDRED CASES NEW
DE LAINES, from 12¢ to 25 cents per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each luster, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard.

500 PDS. Wide Black Silks,
each

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

STANZAS.

I saw her in her beauty,
When she was but a child;
And she was naught but sweetness,
Her looks were soft and mild.

I saw her in her girlhood,
When she was young and bright;
And there seemed shed around her,
A pure and holy light.

Again in womanhood I saw her,
And she was for her bridal dress;
A robe of snowy whiteness was around her,
fragile form,

And one white rose upon her breast.

Once more I saw her yet again,
But two short years their annual round had made;
And now her weeping friends around her stood,
And she was in her coffin laid.

W. M. P.

Woburn, June, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

'He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

GARDEN ECONOMY AT MIDSUMMER.

From almost every kitchen there is a large amount of slops, soap-suds, and other waste liquids thrown away, disfiguring by a fetid puddle some half concealed spot of the kitchen yard. It is always as pleasing as it is rare, to see the back yard kept in as clean, neat and finished condition as those portions of the premises kept specially for exhibition to the eye. Happily there are a few, who by a well managed economy in this particular, not only avoid all offensive odors about their dwellings, but contribute towards the vigorous and healthy growth of their garden vegetables and fruit trees, by the timely irrigation thus given them. We should like to exhibit to some who have been neglected, the kitchen court of an acquaintance, which will challenge for neatness and cleanliness any of the front yards of his neighbors.

Irrigation simply in itself is highly beneficial to most garden plants; the benefit is increased by the fertilizing matter often contained in waste water. On light or gravelly soils, for example, a free supply of water doubles the growth of the raspberry, and greatly improves the size and flavor of the fruit; and strawberries, as the fruit approaches maturity, are almost incredibly benefitted. A cultivator in one of our villages applied water freely to his vegetables during the last summer. "In ten days," he says, "early potatoes grew two thirds in size." He had never obtained good potatoes before. Other crops were greatly benefitted.

In applying water to fruit trees it will be of little use to pour it on the narrow spot just at the foot of the trunk, where but few of the young roots can receive it, but it must be dashed on broadcast, as far as the circle of roots extends. An acquaintance has procured a wheelbarrow, furnished with a broad tire, that it may pass, without sinking, over mel low ground, and a barrel with a hinge lid, into which all slops are thrown, and wheeled on the garden as often as necessary. If the odor of the barrel becomes too offensive, a quart or two of charcoal dust thrown in at once corrects the evil.—*Cultivator.*

SAVING MANURE.—The Michigan Farmer gives the practice of a Scotch farmer, in the saving and management of his manure, which we cannot but regard as eminently economical of its fertilizing qualities, and worthy of general adoption except in the depth of winter, when it may be delayed. To prevent dissipation by evaporation and washing, he draws it away as fast as it is thrown from the stable, piles it up in some convenient place on the farm, first placing a layer of the fresh manure, to depth of 8 or 10 inches, then a layer of common soil about four inches thick, which presses the coarse down to about the same thickness, then another layer of manure, which in like manner is followed by another layer of earth, and so on till the pile is completed. In this way the volatile portions are preserved, and he asserts the manure is of 'double value to what it would have been lying in the yard.—*Scientific American.*

BORERS.—*A Sure Prevention against their Injuring Trees.*—Take a sheet of common brown paper and pass it round the tree, quite down to the ground; this must be done by the 15th or 20th of June, before the eggs are deposited; draw up a little earth so the insect cannot deposit eggs below the paper, and if the tree is rough, scrape off the rough bark. No danger of injuring the tree, as in good time the paper will drop off of itself. I have used this prevention for years, and I have never known it to fail to keep the borer from injuring the tree. One foot width of paper is sufficient.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A MARYLAND FARMER.—The Easton (Md.) Star says that Col. Edward Lloyd, of that country, with his own servants—numbering near four hundred—some nine or ten farms—about 6,000 acres of land, including timberland, raises annually between 30,000 and 40,000 bushels of wheat, and a much larger quantity of corn; besides various other valuable product. Besides these extensive operations in Talbot, he has a plantation carried on in the State of Mississippi, worth several hundred thousand dollars, and his annual income cannot fall short of \$50,000.—His residence is one of the most splendid in this country, and has been the home of the Lloyd family since their first settlement in Maryland.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR WORDS.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence, it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words, as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting out in language.—Never utter a word anywhere, which you would be ashamed to speak in presence of the most religious man. Try this practice a little, and you will soon have command of yourself.

HARD BISCUITS.—Four pounds of flour, three ounces of butter, four eggs, salt to taste, milk enough to form a dough. Take out a teaspoonful of the flour and set it aside. To the remainder add the butter cut up small, the eggs well beaten, a little salt, and milk enough to form a dough. Knead the dough well, then roll it out, sprinkle over it a portion of the reserved flour, roll it out again and sprinkle on more flour till all the flour is used. Roll it out thin, cut out your cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.—*National Cook Book.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HORSE: HIS MEMORY AND SACRACY.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our eastern sea-board, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse; illustrating in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal.

At the close of the revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from the stable in the night. Great search and inquiry was made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could ever be discovered.

Almost six full years had now elapsed, and the recollection even, of the lost animal, had nearly faded from the mind. At this period a gentleman from the east, in the course of business was travelling on horse-back on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveller was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on horse-back, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in pleasant desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveller's horse. And every glance of the eye cast towards him seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before; and soon established in his mind the impression, for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost six years ago. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveller,

'You have a fine horse sir.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal.'

'What is his age, sir?'

'Well I supposed him to be ten or eleven years old.'

'You did not raise him then?'

'No, I purchased him of a stranger, nearly six years since.'

'Do you reside in this part of the country?'

'No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business. How far is it to New York?'

'Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in your possession a horse that I must claim.'

The traveller looked with surprise and amazement and replied:

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago, the past autumn a valuable young horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In color, appearance, and movement, it seems to me he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you, that will place the matter in such a position, that the result will be conclusive, and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. We are now within a mile of my residence which is on the road, in the center of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door. The horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off—and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, and pass over, and go round to the east side of the barn, and pull out a pin, and open the middle door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you with conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the time you say you purchased him.'

The traveller assented to the trial. The

horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—The bridle was taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down the street, several times then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door as described, and with his teeth and lips drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered his old stable. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveller lost his title to the horse.—*Rural Newspaper.*

A RUSE.—Charley—no matter about his surname—was as queer a genius as ever the queer town of Newburyport produced. Like most of his species, he would occasionally moisten his clay; and oft time he would be put to his traps to raise the wherewithal. Such is usually the case with the erratic. Twas a powerful warm day—the streets, lanes and alleys of the old settlement were dry and dusty as the old volumes of theology in the library of the North Orthodox Society. Charley's throat was dry and parched as a lime-kiwi—he had a cotton wheel he might have spun out a dozen skeins of thread from his thick, glutinous saliva! He turned his pockets inside out a good round dozen of times in the faint hope of cornering a stray bit of silver but to no purpose. What shall he do? His credit had long been chronicled among things that did once exist! At last a gleam of hope flitted through his nearly despairing and parched brain. He immediately took his two quart brown jug—his old and well known companion through weal and woe—poured into it a quart of pure water—then hid him to the store of one Peter, surnamed Morse, where spirituous liquors were wont to be dealt out. "Just put a quart of your best St. Croix into that jug, Mr. Morse," said he as he entered the grocery; "there is a quart already there, but I'm going down the river fishing to dry with some friends, and we thought my supply a scant pattern for so warm a day."

Peter drew a quart of "the pride of the West Indies" and transferred it to Charley's brown jug, which he held by the handle for security till his slippery customer should come down with the dust."

"Really, Mr. Morse," exclaimed our hero, as he fumbled his pockets, "I thought till now I had some money; I must have lost it, surely. You will have to chalk it down till to-morrow."

"No Sir!" ejaculated the invulnerable shop man emphatically, "I'll do no such a thing."

"Take your rum, then, and be d—d," returned our hero; "but look out, mind you don't take but a quart from that jug, or by Jupiter! I'll have old Budge after you."

A quart of the delectable spirit was then measured from the jug, leaving to Charley a quart of half-and-half good West India grog; and didn't it have a good time that day with an old crony, "smiling" over it, and "in the telling on?"

CYMON.

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known in New England that a single word in their favor seems needless. We would merely remind the public that we still continue to manufacture them in all sizes, and that our stock of Gold Pens, Pens, Pen Cases, Pen Holders, Gold and Silver WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of every description, of which we warrant and make, are now procurable at WILMAR'S BROTHERS,

9 Court St., Boston, 14 hours from Washington street, P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.



The readers of this paper are respectfully informed that I have in store one of the largest and best selection of HATS and CAPS, for GENTLEMEN, YOUTH and CHILDREN—from the lowest to the highest prices—at wholesale and retail.

Persons may participate in the profits of all the business of the institution WITHOUT INCURRING ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

At the time of the sale, the sum will be paid at the end of a month, or two months, thus combining the advantages of a Savings-Bank and Life Insurance.

Rates moderate, and Premiums payable annually or otherwise.

CALENDAR EMIGRANTS, Ship Master, Seamen, Engineers, and all deserving Individuals, will receive all information gratis, at the Room of the New Exchange, near State Street, or at G. W. FOWLE'S Book Store, W. F. SHELDON, President, W. WOODBURY'S, all widths for sale at W. WOODBURY'S.

STRAW MATTINGS—White and Plaid Straw Mats, all widths for sale at W. WOODBURY'S.

Savings Bank and Life Insurance COMBINED!

The U. S. Life Insurance Company

UNITS a cash Capital of \$100,000, and consequent

ample responsibility with the principle of Mutual Protection.

Persons may participate in the profits of all the business of the institution WITHOUT INCURRING ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

At the time of the sale, the sum will be paid at the end of a month, or two months, thus combining the advantages of a Savings-Bank and Life Insurance.

Rates moderate, and Premiums payable annually or otherwise.

CALENDAR EMIGRANTS, Ship Master, Seamen, Engineers, and all deserving Individuals, will receive all information gratis, at the Room of the New Exchange, near State Street, or at G. W. FOWLE'S Book Store, W. F. SHELDON, President, W. WOODBURY'S, all widths for sale at W. WOODBURY'S.

Office in Boston, No. 125 Washington St., and 40 North Market street, Old Town, Woburn, at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to now 1.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO., BOSTON.

feb 28 3w10w

T. J. PORTER, Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

feb 28 3w10w

GEO. W. WARREN, LICENCED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

FRIENDSHIP:

For a Ladies' Album.

When God stretched forth his wonderous hand,
And formed from darkness this bright land,
Clothing its hills with fields of verdure fair,
Decking its vales with flow'rets sweet and rare,
Causing the sparkling streams o'er golden sands to glide,

Bearing low music on their flowing tide;
He placed as lord, o'er all his power had formed;
A being with his maker's stamp adorned;
This being, man, he made with powers to
know,

The sweets of bliss, the bitter pangs of woe,
With power to view, as o'er the earth he trod,
The works of wonder, of his Maker, God.
But here he paused not, for in wondrous depth of mind,
He saw the need of some soft chain, to bind
Man's wayward heart,—some pite, undying power,

To cheer him in afflictions trying hour,
That he might know, in part, that heavenly love.

That reigns forever in the realms above.

* * * * *
The gates of heaven were opened wide,
And 'neath the portals stood;
A band of bright, angelic ones,
The blest among the good;
'Twas Friendship's band, whose radiant smiles,

Cast a sweet spell around;

Whose holy influence, pure and wild,
All heavenly creatures bound.

And one among that train appeared,
Whose robes of spotless white,
Outshone the stars in brilliancy,
As doth the day the night.

She was the one God's will ordained,
To leave her home above;

And give to mortal man below,
The light of heavenly love.

Nearer around that holy one,
Approached the angel band;

While gentle winds from perfumed groves,
Their radiant faces fanned.

She spoke: the accents of her silvery voice,
Tell soft as evening dew;

Though, like a trembling harp it seemed,
When came the word, "Adieu."

She bade each one a sweet farewell,
While wept that angel train;

Then on a ray of light came forth,
From sacred heaven's domain.

* * * * *

To that bright one, who left her happy home,
On this our earth in humbleness to roam,
This book is sacred; may its pages prove,
Gems, in the undying coronet of love.

Let not vain flattery here take place or part,
No thoughts find room, but pure ones from the heart;

'Tis Friendships casket, sacred, to her shrine,
May none intrude, to break the charm divine;
And ye who treasures bring to swell the store,
Bring not earth's dross, of base and worthless ore;

This offering make, or pass, and offer naught;
A slip for memory, from the bower of thought!

Woburn, May 30, 1852. W. D. S.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Behold the young man, as he stands upon the scaffold, see his distressed look; he is reflecting that in a few moments his spirit will return to God who gave it. He feels his situation to be awful, no arm can save him from the strong arm of the law. He feels as his moments are rapidly passing, that he has a duty to perform, that he must now say whatever he feels a duty to, and the cause of his sad fate. With eyes raised to heaven, and with the distressed look of a troubled soul depicted on his countenance, he breaks out in the bitterness of his soul, "my mother, oh my mother! had you but instilled into my mind when young, and tender, the important lessons of virtue and truth, had you not given me in infancy the poisonous draught, had you counseled me when I forsook the path of honesty, had you not sanctioned my wickedness as I grew up to manhood, I might have escaped the gallows."

Now the multitude gaze upon me, some are filled with grief for my unfortunate end. Others who like myself are hardened in crime, make the air ring with shouts of blasphemy. But oh, I am not as I was, I am not wholly dead to feeling as in times past. The prison chains, the simple diet, the godly council of the man of God, all combined, have brought me to my natural feelings. I am a human being, a wreck of man. My soul is filled with horror at my situation, few are the moments for friends to gaze upon me, and few for those heartless ones to mock my cries. Oh, cries the wretched one clasping his hands in agony, "oh if but one face were now before me, I would ask why I was left to do the awful deed for which I did? My mother, you have long since been sleeping in the grave, yet ah, why did you not when I was under your instruc-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

NO. 42.

VOL. I.

tions, when you saw me sin why did you not punish, and point me to virtue and God? Oh my mother, my mother! how can I meet thee in eternity?" Here you see the fate of an erring child, and the whole, the result of a mother's indifference in regard to the culture of the mind of her offspring. Mothers think of it ponder over it and be wise. Oh let it not be said, that the neglect of a mother, has brought ruin upon the child, and above her ashes he bemoans his wretched lot. But the contrast.

Behold the young man who has had a virtuous and pious mother; see as the giddy throng him, and press him to partake in their amusements, see as they present the cup of poison, how resolute he seems, a silent monitor within, and guardian angel near, he refuses to join in their revelry. He leaves them, and as he wends his way homeward he pauses at the entrance of the churchyard, to reflect upon his past conduct, to see if ought he had done which would have been contrary to his angel mother's wishes, were she living. Had he gone with those inconsiderate ones, he knew he should sin, and that eye which he felt was ever upon him, would turn in grief away. He enters the churchyard he bows in solemn reverence over the ashes of the dead, while with a conscience free from guilt, he feels to rejoice that the follies and sins of earth cannot draw him away from his God. That the cup of poison cannot allure, nor its companions compel. And as he kneels above the dust of his sainted mother, he feels the sweet consolation of having done his duty. Every leaf that moves upon the tree that shades her grave, seems like the wings of departed saints, hovering near to protect and save him. Through the thin cloud that floats above his head, he fancies he sees her approving smile; every spire of grass that shoots up from her grave seems like her angel finger pointing him up to God. In the low sweet breeze, he hears her gentle voice urging him on to duty.

Such then is the lasting effects of the teachings of a pious mother. The noblest, most talented, the brightest stars in our country, men of heroic and noble minds, Philosophers, Statesmen, and Divines, all have attributed their virtues to the teachings of good and pious mothers. John Quincy Adams, "all that is good in me I owe to my mother." How important then it is that mothers should use all their endeavors to throw around their childred such influences that will not only cause them to regard their mothers while with them, but even after the grave closes over them, they can say as they go on from grace to glory, "all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

North Woburn, 1852.

From the *Friend*, published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, we take the following graphic description of the eruption of a volcano, on the Island of Hawaii. Mr. Fuller is a brother of our respected townsman, R. W. Fuller.

GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

During the last few weeks, there have been the most remarkable volcanic eruptions on the Island of Hawaii. Several parties have visited the island for the purpose of witnessing the terrific scene. Numerous eye-witnesses agree in confirming the statement, that this is the most remarkable which has occurred since the discovery of the island. Lava-jets have been thrown up from five to seven hundred feet; but our readers will no doubt prefer for the testimony of an eye-witness, to any remarks we might offer upon the subject. We take the liberty of publishing the following familiar and life-like description of the scene:

Waiohinu, March 12, 1852.

BROTHER DAMON:—On my arrival at this place I was exceedingly interested in the account I received of a great eruption which had recently taken place on the base of Mauna Loa. It so happened that the vessel in which I sailed was forced by a "Kona" round to Honuaupo, within six miles of brother Kinney's, than which nothing could be more opportune to me,—on landing, I found brother Clay, standing on the rocks near by to receive me. He had been part way to the new volcano, and returned for want of water and food. Talking the matter over together, we concluded to set out again on Monday, better equipped for a tedious journey. We accordingly started on Monday, March 1st, having two natives to carry our food and baggage. At Keaiwa, Jakoba joined us with his boy. He had been up the week before with another party, and could therefore guide us through the best course. Being somewhat acquainted with Hawaiian travelling, you can judge of the tediousness of our route when I tell you it is one of the worst on the islands; one minds it but little, however, when he has made up his mind to endure its hardships with patience, and has equipped himself accordingly. A good food bucket, filled with bread, butter, cheese, dried meat, pickles, sardines, tea, sugar, cups, knives and forks, &c.,—then a change of clothes in case you get wet, which you are sure to do, and a warm blanket to sleep in.

During the first night, at the distance of 40 miles, we heard the rumbling of the volcano

no, like the roar of the heavy surf breaking upon the shore—and saw the sky brilliantly illuminated above the crater and the flowing lava. An immense column of vapor and smoke arose from the crater, and formed a magnificent arc, reflecting the red and purple light of the fiery masses below. Animated by sights and sounds so grand, we quickened our pace in order to gain a nearer view of the scene, believing that in this case distance did not lend enchantment to the view.

On the second day towards night we came to a hut built by a party of the previous week—being wet with the rain, we concluded to spend the night here—we enlarged the house, built a fire in one part of it, put on dry clothes, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and passed a comfortable night.

J. FULLER.
P. S. We spent Thursday night at Kileuna and reached the valley of "Shining Water," (Waiohinu,) on Saturday.

NEGRO PREACHING.—The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken, actually was preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years ago. The reverend divine, who was a colored gentleman, and we believe a sincere and humble Christian, we have forgotten; but the Judge Harper to whom he refers we remember well. He was, at that time, we believe, presiding Judge of the 12th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas—has since represented the district in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and brought in by the preacher, by way of illustration of a certain position then and there taken by him. But to the passage.

"My dear friends and brethren," said the preacher, "de soul of ob de black man is as dear in the sight ob de Lord as de soul ob de white man.

"Now you see Judge Harper a settin' dar, leanin' on his gold-headed cane—ye all know de Judge, brederen, and a werry fine man he is, too. Well, now I is a-goin' to make a little comparism. Now supposin' de Judge, some mornin' puts his basket on his arm, and goes to market to buy a piece of meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece of mutton, and buys it, and puts it into his basket, and trots off wid it. Do you 'spose de Judge would stop to quire wheder dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a black sheep? No; nuffin' ob de kind. If de mutton was nice and fat, it would be all de same to de Judge. He would not stop to ax wheder de sheep had white wool or black wool.

"Well, jis so it is my friends, wid our hebenly Master. He doesn't stop to ax wheder a soul longed to a white man or a black man, or no odder man—wheder his head was kivered wid straight hair or kivered wid wool. De only question he would ax will be, 'is dis a good soul?' and if so the master will say, 'Enter into de joy of de Lord, and sit down on de same bench wid de white man; you is all now on perfect 'quality'!"

THE BURNING OF STEAMBOAT HENRY CLAY.
CORONER'S INQUEST.

A Coroner's Jury was empannelled at Yonkers on Thursday, before which the following testimony was given:

Norman W. Collins, sworn.—Claims body of John Hoosier; my place of business is 131 Nassau street. I recognize the body of the young man, John Hoosier; he resided at 214 Wooster street, New York; he was clerk with Mills & Co., in Courtlandt street; he came on board at Poughkeepsie; his age is about 18; a lady, Miss Verveland, of Poughkeepsie, was with him; she is now at 214 Wooster street; drowning appears to have been the cause of the young man's death, in consequence of the accident to the boat; I knew the deceased well, and recognize his body.

Jacob W. Bailey, (Professor at West Point,) sworn.—I recognise two bodies as those of my wife, Maria Bailey, and Maria W. Bailey, my daughter. I suppose drowning to be the cause of death, in consequence of the accident to the Henry Clay, yesterday; they resided at West Point, where I am a professor; my wife was about 40 years of age, and my daughter in her 16th year; I was with them; we got on board at Cozen's dock; I cannot tell when anything went wrong; it was after 3 o'clock; we had just passed Forrest's Castle; I had not noticed anything unusual in the speed of the vessel; I did not notice any competition with any other boat; I was on the main deck, near the ladies cabin, larboard side; when I first discovered the fire, my wife, daughter and son were sitting by me; my son was saved; I heard a confused cry of fire after the smoke became visible; I saw no effort to get out boats; the only officer on board I knew was the clerk; the fire first appeared on the starboard side, near the wheel-house; I cannot say how many there were on board; the boat was crowded; however, the boat was quickly rounded for the shore; no directions were given to the passengers; there was a cry to keep quiet, in which I joined; we all got through the windows of the promenade deck upon the guards of the boat; this was before she struck; there was near me on the guards two Misses Kinsley, daughters of Mrs. Kinsley, a widow lady of West Point; I heard nothing of them since; we remained on the boat until driven off by the approach of the flames; the boat had then been run on shore; my son jumped off first; my nose was

burned and my hat scorched; I didn't think my wife and daughter were burned; I tried to save them; I seized one by one arm, and then pushed them along towards some ropes, which I saw hanging near the guards; I heard my daughter say, "I've got it," meaning the rope, and I saw my wife so near a rope that I think she also got hold of it; at that instant I was seized round the neck by a young lady from behind, and snatched her; while in the water I rescued myself from her grasp, and on rising the flames poured from the boat, and I believe my nose was then scorched; I could then neither see nor hear anybody; there was a dense flame and smoke issuing from the boat; we were near the front of the ladies' cabin; I cannot say how far from the shore, perhaps half the length of the boat; my son says he was saved by clinging to a chair until he was picked up by a boat; I was not present when my wife and daughter were brought ashore; my wife was found yesterday afternoon, and my daughter was found near the wreck this morning; I saw Mr. A. J. Downing of Newburgh, with his wife and some ladies who appeared to be in his charge, on board; I saw Mr. D. near the ladies' cabin, at the time I went to the window to get out; I have not seen any of them since; I know nothing of any circumstances on board that led me to consider the accident to be the result of carelessness or recklessness on the part of the officers of the boat.

Jacob Hillman, of Troy, being sworn, said—The deceased Elizabeth Hillman was my sister. She was a single woman, about 68 years of age. The deceased and myself were passengers on board the steamboat Henry Clay, on her trip to Albany, which place we left at 8 o'clock this morning. We reached the point where she was destroyed about half past 3 o'clock. The first intimation I had of the fire was while in front of the boat. I perceived a great deal of confusion on board, but being hard of hearing, it was some time before I learned the cause of the confusion, which I finally discovered to be that the boat was on fire. I then tried to get to the after part of the boat, where I had a short time before left my sister, to save her, but the fire had broken out so bad that I could not get to the rear end of the boat.

The flames appeared to come out of the engine rooms, and spread very fast. The confusion on board increased, and somebody I took to be an officer of the boat told the passengers to be quiet. Finding that I could render no assistance, I jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the shore; some time afterward I found my sister ashore, dead. I do not know anything as to how the fire occurred. The Armenia started from Albany ahead of the Henry Clay, and the two boats raced for a number of miles, side by side. The Armenia fell back, previous to which there was great alarm and excitement on board of the Henry Clay, especially among the ladies, on account of racing between the two boats; and a person whom I supposed to be the captain of the boat ran through the cabins and endeavored to pacify the ladies.

Stodart R. Colby, of Montpelier, Vt., being sworn, said—The deceased now viewed by the jury was my wife. Her name Harriet E. Colby; her age, 32. She and myself were passengers on board the Henry Clay. When I last saw her on board she was sitting in the ladies cabin. This was a few minutes before the occurrence. She said that she preferred to be there, being alarmed on account of the boats racing. Before the racing commenced she went upon the promenade deck. The boats while racing, came together so as to touch, and caused the greatest alarm and confusion on board; some of the ladies fainted.

The witness was allowed to depart to Vermont with the body of his wife.

Mr. S. B. Bancroft testified as follows:—I

am a merchant, residing in Philadelphia. The deceased was my wife. Her age was 55. We were passengers on board the Henry Clay, which left Albany about 7 o'clock this morning for New York. We arrived off here about half past 3 o'clock this afternoon. I thought the boat was racing with another called the Armenia, until we reached a place which I understood was Kingston. After leaving there I thought the racing ceased. While the boats were racing, I spoke to a passenger about it and objected to it. He went and spoke to a person whom I thought was an officer of the boat. My wife was very much excited at the time. Several ladies shed tears on account of the racing. I think that the alarm had almost subsided after leaving Kingston, and that the speed was afterwards less rapid.

I think all racing had ceased before dinner,

and there was no excitement on board just before the fire broke out. I cannot say whether

there was any collision of the boats while racing, but, if they did not come in contact, they

came very near it. I observed one of the

hands put the fenders down between the two

boats. The first notice I had of the fire was

when I was at the bar getting something for

my wife; I discovered the smoke and consider

able bustle. I then went to look for my

wife, and took her over to the larboard side of

the boat, where we waited until we thought

that our chance for safety was to jump into the water. I told my wife I would jump first,

and then be ready to receive her; but she did

not follow as I expected.

When I came up again in the water, after jumping,

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENT'S.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXIE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAY RITCHIE.—"The 'Exiles Farewell,' we receive with pleasure. Must we repeat our request for all your Poetry and Stories for the Journal. You have no reason to ask us if we wish them, we claim them."

HYDRANT.—If the statements of Hydrant are true, and we suppose they are, immediate measures should be taken to place our fire departments in a position to protect the property of our citizens.

Mrs. MARY W. WELLMAN.—We have read your several articles with much pleasure, and thank you for your kind wishes. We are always gratified in hearing from you. Your lines to the "Hermits" will no doubt be acceptable to him; the "Influence of Mothers" we insert to day.

CEOLEBS.—Our young correspondent is somewhat bewildered in his ideas about finding that "diamond," and he will have a winding path to travel before he finds a resting place. It is a very uncertain business this searching for pure "diamonds," without first knowing where they are to be found.

A. L.—We cannot answer your questions, and it would not be consistent for us to make any inquiry on the subject.

S.—To your request we would answer no.

THE FISHERIES.

The subject of the fisheries is creating quite a sensation, and if we may judge from the language of some of our exchanges, the people are eager for a brush with John Bull. It is very natural for people to talk loud about their own rights, and to pour out strong language against their invaders, but we think the true policy is to think twice before you speak once, for we all know there is, and may always be, a rivalry between England and America, and let the subject be little or great, we must expend just so many words, to let our transatlantic neighbors know that we are wide awake, and ready for the emergency, if any should arise.

On the subject of the fisheries, it is well to look at both sides of the question; we are not disposed to give an inch of ground when fairly taken, and we will never be found in the rear rank in defending our stars and stripes when invaded; but we must take the responsibility of saying, that on this all-exciting subject we mean to weigh well the bone of contention between the parties, and then give our opinion freely; it will be satisfactory to us, if no one else. Since the year 1818, the American fishermen have taken their own time and place to fish in, and the British Provinces have permitted them to fish in harbors and in the Bay of Fundy, without disturbance, altho' contrary to the terms of the treaty. Matters have gone on peaceably until last fall, when the overbearing conduct of many of our fishermen, when permitted to land, was so bad that the inhabitants entered complaints to the authorities, and it is in part owing to these occurrences that the British Government have adopted stringent measures to enforce the strict interpretation of the treaty. Our fishermen have been in the practice of landing in different places, where the inhabitants are much scattered and without protection, bringing with them rum, and after getting these people drunk, have committed all sorts of depredations, and even crimes. We are told by those who reside on the spot, and they are responsible men, that as one instance, which took place on Prince Edward Island, a party of fishermen landed at a farm house, occupied by a farmers family, consisting of himself, his wife, and three daughters; after getting the old folks drunk, they enticed the daughters on board of their vessel, and kept them there for three or four days; other instances have been related, where rum has been freely given to the men, and when drunk the women were handled as they pleased. These reports came from reliable sources, and is one great cause of the prompt measures of the British authorities.

Now, if these things are so, we should not be quite so ready to use violent language, and holding up the measures of England as just cause for war; let us look upon both sides, and see who is to blame. England says her citizens complain of the harsh conduct of these men, and call for protection; she is bound to give it, and instructs her officers not to molest any party unless they are found infringing the rights of their subjects, and they must prevent these fishermen from landing, or fishing in waters not allowed by treaty; this appears to be the true history of this much vexed question. We regret this interruption of good feeling, but we do not apprehend any serious difficulty; Brother Jonathan should not get his dander up, unless he is right. We hear that one or two vessels have been taken, and carried into Halifax and Prince Edward Island, but these vessels were on the forbidden ground, and the owners made no defense. President Fillmore says, "all will be amicably settled"; we think so too.

RICH MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.—A new edition of this biographical work has been recently issued, and we have received a copy from the publisher S. B. HOWARD, Boston. Over 400 names and sketches have been added to the edition of last year, and among these some of the O. F. M. of Woburn, the editor is at last discovered are worthy a place in his old-bachelor-abusing, wealth-exposing, benevolence-praising book. There are about two thousand persons, in all, sketched, and we should judge quite correctly. The publisher should be remunerated handsomely for so large a collection of facts, even if some error has crept in, which could not well be avoided. The work is for sale at FOWLE's Bookstore.

We hope the communication of "Hydrant" will not be passed over without some immediate action by those interested, to have our Fire Department put in complete order; this is an important subject, and one in which all are interested, and should not be neglected. Hardly a day passes but we hear of incendiary fires in our neighboring towns, destroying much property, and surely the citizens of Woburn should look well to the protection of their homes. Let our citizens adopt some measures, and bring the matter up at the next Town Meeting and not wait till a destructive fire may have destroyed half the Town. We are in favor of economy in public expenditures, but in the Fire Department there must be protection, cost what it will.

MIDDLESEX COMMON PLEAS.—At the criminal term of the Court of Common Pleas, recently closed at Concord, for Middlesex County, there has been an unusual amount of business disposed of. There were 100 cases examined by the Grand Jury, and 73 indictments found. During the term there were 36 trials before the traverse juries, 24 convictions, 3 disagreements, and 9 acquittals. The longest sentence was that of John A. Kenney for burning Stephen Sweetser's (his brother-in-law) barn at South Reading—9 years in State Prison.

Almira Wyman of Framingham, was convicted of arson, but exceptions were taken to the ruling of Judge Mellen, on a question of law, and the case goes to the Supreme Court. The question is a curious one, and it is said should be a caution to legislators. By the law up to May 20th, 1852, arson was punished with death. On that day a law was passed punishing the crime with imprisonment for life, but omitting to make any provision for cases then pending or crimes before then committed. Mrs. Wyman's offence was committed May 12. Mr. Train, her counsel, objected that inasmuch as the law which was in force at the time of the committing of the offence had been repealed before her trial, and no provision made in the new law as to offences before its passage committed, there was now no law by which she could be tried and punished.

THE POTATO CROP.—Potatoes are likely to be cheap this year, if the rot does not get into them; and by the way, we notice that some of the new potatoes which come upon the table exhibit decided indications of that disease, being soft and black in the centre, and unfit to eat. Whether this is only accidental, or to be taken as an evidence that the rot is still at work, we know not; but even supposing the latter, the amount of potatoes in the ground will prevent any such scarcity as there was last year. The *Trotton Gazette* says, the increase in the production of the potato this year in that State is very great. Last year the number of acres planted was exceedingly large; but it bore no comparison with the number planted this year. Those farmers who raised this crop largely last year and year before, made a great deal of money. Single farmers sold in the Spring large quantities, ranging from 4000 to 16,000 bushels. They commanded prices varying from 95 cents to \$1.20. Nothing like these prices must be expected this year, and they are not necessary to pay the farmer well for his trouble. Half these prices would yield the farmer a good profit.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The past week has been a sad one; the burning of the Steamer *Henry Clay* has cast a deep gloom over the country; it is supposed near 100 persons were drowned and burned.—The annual Camp Meeting at Eastham will commence the last week in August.—Mr. W. D. Witington, of Atleborough, lost his arm in the Falls Factory, by being caught in a belt, which carried him over a shaft, severing his arm from his shoulder.—A barn was struck by lightning at Newtonton, and destroyed.—A son of Robert Howe, of Pittsfield, aged 11 months, was drowned by falling into a butt of water.—G. W. Pierce got entangled in a belt at the Old Colony Railroad Machine Shop, and was carried round a shaft 125 times in a minute, crushing him to death.—In the Deer Island Hospital, last week, 620 inmates.—A boy 8 years old, was drowned in the Blackstone river, while bathing.—Mr. Brazier, the farre take, on the new line of Omnibuses from Boston to Cambridge, was thrown from the top of a coach on Cambridge Bridge, and fatally injured.—A new fountain is being erected on the Boston Common, near the head of Carver Street.—Prosecutions under the Liquor Law have commenced in Cambridge, New Bedford, and several other towns.—92 deaths in Boston last week.—Boston appears to be overstocked with thieves and robbers.—Every traveler should not fail to get a life-preserver.—Thanksgiving in New Hampshire, November 11th.—Ann Hoag and Amelia Poe were hung at Poughkeepsie last week, for murder.

The house of Mrs. Brooks, of Brighton, was struck by lightning at Newtonton, and destroyed.—A son of Robert Howe, of Pittsfield, aged 11 months, was drowned by falling into a butt of water.—G. W. Pierce got entangled in a belt at the Old Colony Railroad Machine Shop, and was carried round a shaft 125 times in a minute, crushing him to death.—In the Deer Island Hospital, last week, 620 inmates.—A boy 8 years old, was drowned in the Blackstone river, while bathing.—Mr. Brazier, the farre take, on the new line of Omnibuses from Boston to Cambridge, was thrown from the top of a coach on Cambridge Bridge, and fatally injured.—A new fountain is being erected on the Boston Common, near the head of Carver Street.—Prosecutions under the Liquor Law have commenced in Cambridge, New Bedford, and several other towns.—92 deaths in Boston last week.—Boston appears to be overstocked with thieves and robbers.—Every traveler should not fail to get a life-preserver.—Thanksgiving in New Hampshire, November 11th.—Ann Hoag and Amelia Poe were hung at Poughkeepsie last week, for murder.

The house of Mrs. Brooks, of Brighton,

was twice struck by lightning last week; one injured.—There are 807 churches in New Jersey, the whole population of the State is 489,333.—S. F. Sawyer, of Cambridge, fell from a ladder while gathering pears in his garden, breaking his ribs and collar bone; he is 78 years old.—The 7th Regt. of Infantry will hold two days of encampment on 19th and 20th of August, on Cowdrey's Hill, South Reading.—152 Salmon Trout, weighing 2282 lbs., were taken from Lake Superior by some fishermen this season.—Nathaniel Stevens, of Providence, was fined \$20 last Saturday, for selling a glass of brandy.—The barn of D. F. Morton, in Whately, was struck by lightning last week, and destroyed.—Mr. J. Morrison, of Leicester, died last week, from being bitten by a spider.—A colored woman in Wisconsin, recovered one hundred dollars, against the captain of a Steamboat, for turning her out of the common cabin, on account of her color.—The light house on Staten Island, N. Y., is to be lit with gas.—Capt. E. Williams, of Cape Cod, died a few days since, of Hydrocephalus.—It is said that one million five hundred thousand pairs of shoes will be manufactured in Milford this season.—A spring has been discovered in Cummington, Ohio, to equal Saratoga; it will take some time for this spring to get a name.—There are 14 Protestant congregations, 11 organized churches, and an average attendance of 2865, in San Francisco.

A quantity of Liquor was seized in Salem last week, under the Liquor Law.—Accidents from fast driving are becoming numerous.—The many incidents in the burning of the Henry Clay are very heart-rending; there were 400 passengers on board.—The Army Worm has appeared on the Mississippi line, making sad ravages with the crops.—The War Steamer Mississippi sailed from New York for the fishing grounds last week.—Several fishing vessels have been seized by British Cutters for fishing on the wrong ground.—The Cholera has broken out in Buffalo; several deaths occurred last week.—Two cows were killed by lightning, in Roxbury, last week; they had taken refuge under a large tree.—A new house was destroyed by fire in Malden and Melrose last Saturday; both set on fire.—Deaths in New York during the month of July, 1852.—The Cholera has broken out at Rochester, and much alarm exists.—Congress will adjourn 31st of August.—176,051 emigrants have landed in New York, within the last seven months.—Mr. Webster returns to Washington this week.—Five negroes were hung in Georgia, by the citizens, for murdering a Mr. J. Houston.—\$15,000 have been remitted from New York to the sufferers by the late fire at Montreal.—A British Barque, with 1900 bales cotton, was burned at New Orleans last Saturday.—The owners of the Steamer *Henry Clay* have been arrested, and held to bail in \$10,000.—The City of Lowell appears to be full of rowdies and drunkards.—A fire occurred at Chicago, destroying property to the amount of \$25,000.—The number of sheep in the States and Territories of the United States is 21,571,305, yielding 52,471,287 lbs. of wool.—Deposit in Philadelphia Mint, during the month of July, \$4,300,000 in gold and silver.—A fire broke out in Friend Street, Boston, last Tuesday night, in which three children were burned to death; their ages were five and three years, and the youngest six months old, all girls.—The encampment of Artillery on Boston Common, last Wednesday and Thursday, was a creditable affair.—Pie Nies are all the fashion with the religious Societies.—Receipts for the Washington Monument during the month of July were \$3,167; the monument is now 113 feet above the surface of the earth.—The Cape Cod Association will have a grand celebration next Wednesday.—The population of Marysville, California, is 4,500.—The charcoal vendors sell coal by a false measure; they should be watched.—There was 16 fires in Boston in the month of July.—572 deaths in New York last week.—Eggs from China, put up in pickle, are sold in California, for \$1 per dozen.—There 500,000 people in Constantinople; they have no names for the streets, or any Post Office.—There were 22 cases of Cholera in Rochester on the 1st inst., and 19 the day before.—Two workmen were severely injured on Cragie's Bridge, last week.—A new bridge is being erected across Charles River, from Cambridgeport to Brighton.—Several new houses are building in Woburn, and we are at present a little ahead of our neighbors.

PRANKS OF A LUNATIC.—Some days since a lunatic, who has been in nearly all the asylums in New England, escaped from the Insane Hospital at South Boston. Conceiving that the Superintendents of the other institutions where he had resided were indebted to him, he walked to Worcester and demanded of the Superintendent the payment of all he owed him. He was refused his demands, and went away. He then went on foot to Hartford, Conn., and made the same demand. The Superintendent, to get rid of him, gave him a note directed to the South Boston Bank, requesting it to pay \$7000 to the bearer.

Back the lunatic came on foot, and at an early hour one morning aroused the cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, South Boston, at his residence, and made a modest demand for \$7000. The cashier, of course, refused to answer his request, and immediately sent word to the Hospital, and in an hour the man was again in his old quarters, having walked, probably, during his absence of ten days, at least two hundred and fifty miles. His feet were badly blistered, but he has now recovered from the effects of his jaunt.—*Traveller*,

Written for the Journal
MARRIED WOMEN.

Soap-suds and dish-water! I should like to know what there is about the men that fascinates the women so? I've bothered my head long enough about it alone, and now I'm going to make enquiries. To hear a young girl exclaim, I've got my affections placed on this fellow, or that fellow, and that before she's got her pants off. Jerusalem! if a girl ain't married now-a-days, as soon as she is fifteen, why, she is considered totally ruined. Well, she gets married, and that's a forerunner of what? why, half-a-score of brats, before she is twenty-five! Children, "the flowers and poetry in pathway of life"! I'd like to know the perpetrator of that sentence; I'd knock him farther into "wood-hill" than the children of Israel got into the wilderness in forty years! that I would. And then if she wants a few cents, or a dollar to spend, perhaps for children's clothes, or something of that sort, why she must sit down on bended knees, and implore and entreat of her "liege lord," my adorable husband, to let her have the sum required; gracious! don't I go in for women's rights, a little! yes, and enjoy them, too, to their fullest extent. Now I am an Old Maid, on the bright side of forty, (towards fifty,) and am as blithe as a bee, and don't care for nobody, and earn what money I have, and when I want anything that the butcher or baker don't carry in their cart, why I just seize my Porte Monnaie, and make a rush for Nichols, Winn & Co's., or some other West India and Dry Goods association, and can generally get what I want. Now, Mr. Editor, I've said enough for this time, and if any of your married correspondents see fit to take up anything I've said, by way of argument, they'll find me *true blue*, or else my name ain't

PEGGY SNUFFBOX.
North Woburn, July, 1852.

AURORA, N. Y., July 24th, 1852.

MR. EDITOR.—It is a common thing for gentlemen leaving the City for a short sojourn in the country, to give some account of their rambles and of the many objects of interest which they may chance to see.

I take the liberty, therefore, of sending you a brief description of myself, as well as of my adventures, since I left Boston, which is scarcely two weeks since. On the morning of the 7th inst., I took the express train of cars for Albany, which arrived in that city in little less than 8 hours. The day was oppressively warm, the road dusty, and on the whole ride would have been extremely fatiguing, but for the almost endless variety of objects which one is forced to see as the "Iron Horse" winds his way over and around the hills and mountains of Berkshire. A lover of bold scenery, of mountain crags and precipices, could not fail to be interested in a considerable part of the journey from Boston to Albany. If he looks out of the cars at all, he must see many of the grand and wonderful works of God.

We stopped at Albany just long enough to take a "hasty plate of soup," (*alias*) cup of coffee, and birds-eye view of the city, which is the Capitol of the State. On leaving Albany by the express train for Buffalo, we passed through Schenectady, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, and Auburn, all fine, flourishing cities, which indicated the enterprise and thrift of the people, as the tall forest trees and the waving wheat fields indicate the strength of the soil in which they grow. On arriving at Cayuga, a village ten miles West of Auburn, we left the cars and took a steamer for Aurora, where I am now rustication, (I ought to say luxuriating,) amongst scenes and objects of peculiar interest and beauty. I had heard much of the beautiful village of Aurora, and of the bright waters of the Cayuga, upon whose shore it is situated, but I can say without exaggeration, the half had not been told.

Cayuga is one of a cluster of fine lakes, situated in the centre of the Empire State. It is forty miles long, and averages about two and a half miles in width, and it is navigable for the whole distance, a steamer plying between Ithaca and Cayuga, connects the Erie with the Great Western Railroad, and thereby furnishes travellers with an opportunity of seeing some of the most charming lake scenery in the world. The landscape views upon the sloping banks of Cayuga are extremely beautiful, surpassing, if possible, anything that can be seen on North River. The scenery is not bold, but beautiful; as you approach Aurora it is picturesque in the extreme. Indeed, this village is so situated upon the lake shore, so surrounded and embowered in shade trees and shrubbery, that it some time since acquired the sobriquet of sleeping beauty.

Aurora is not a business place, nor is it a place of ignoble ease and dissipation. It is one of those places which enterprise, taste, and substantial wealth have so improved that it has become a favorite resort for gentlemen of fortune and quiet habits. The cottages, gardens, and stately mansions of the place remind one of oriental luxuriance and refinement. Some gentlemen cultivate over two hundred different kinds of roses. Indeed, the people have a passion for flowers, and when they are in blossom, the place is fresh, fragrant and beautiful as the daughter of the morning. The sunset and moonlight views from this place are fine, they are beautiful beyond description; to an artist's eye and imagination, they must be enchanting, but I must not eulogise. Suffice it to say, this beautiful place is blessed with good church privileges, with a good academy, and a hotel which furnishes every convenience and luxuriance of first class houses in the city, which, on the whole, makes it a favorite sojourner for those who wish to spend a few weeks

or months in the summer in refined retirement, amidst scenes of quiet beauty.

Yours, &c., H. G. C.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Phila. 3
July 3, 1852.

FRIEND FOWLE.—This is called the *crack* hotel, and there is no mistake about the truth of this remark; and I am delighted with every thing I see, and I should like to take board by the year. There is nothing like "putting up" at the best house; and a man feels his oats when he tells the driver to set him down at the U. S. in Chestnut St; and besides this it looks well to book your name in a No. 1.

I do not think it best for me to give you my opinion of New York, for the public eye, for from what I saw and hear, my impressions were very much against the moral character of the fashionable Broadway promenades. There are strange rumors about the general state of society; but I am in doubt whether I should judge *at all* by what I hear and see of those who make it the study of life to appear gay and fascinating, at the expense of all those moral and commendable principles which should adorn an exemplary character. I thought, at first, that Broadway was the great *platform* on which all the beautiful and virtuous, talented and worthy were to be seen, and "thinks I to myself," I will mingle with them; observe their manners; read if I can the *wrinkles* on their countenances, and learn something by what I shall discover; and it may be I shall find the *diamond* I am in search after; but the more I looked, the more I was confounded. I found it was useless to judge from appearances. As to the male part of the promenaders, I did not care a fig for them. They might strut and twirl their rattans, and pick their teeth on the steps of the "Astor" —it was all the same to me—my attraction was, of course, the silks and satins, and what was enclosed within them. I have been somewhat bewildered in my ideas of beauty and the female form, and I am very certain I should never be set right by what I saw in New York. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are, as far as I could judge, rare—very rare.

Gaiety and dress are the prominent features of society in New York, and for a young man like me, who is just setting out in life, with limited means, to enter into partnership for life with any member of such "upper tendon" society, it would not pay. It might turn out to be one of those *ships* whose rigging costs more than her hull. I paid a flying visit to Hoboken, where I saw the outpourings of the city in all its forms and pressure. Hoboken is of itself a delightful spot. It is the resort of all the multitudinous classes of the city, who congregate there on afternoons and Sundays, for pleasure and recreation. I could not

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 11, 12, 14, 13, 7, 4, 17, 6, 19, a country
noted for some of the first scenes of the Revo-
lution.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

12, 5, 16, 24, 8, what is pleasant in Woburn
to do.

8, 19, 5, 11, many of the owners of the Mid-
dlesex Canal were at last.

15, 14, 22, 13, what some ought to do to
subscribers for the Woburn Journal.

24, 4, 19, 12, 20, 10, 22, fine ones for sale at
Fowle's Book Store.

3, 16, 6, 24, a performance which we soon
expect to see stopped by the M. L. Law.

8, 23, 5, 3, 18, 22, 20, 16, a pleasant town of
Massachusetts.

My whole is an adieu to that by whose
banks many have loved to dwell, and many
have delighted to walk, but which now seems
dreary and unattractive. MARY.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN RHODE ISLAND.—Two
trials have been had under the new liquor
law of Rhode Island, in Providence. In the
first, the witnesses would not swear to any
act of sale, and the Court discharged the de-
fendant, who it is said, is about to commence
legal proceedings in the U. S. Circuit Court,
to test the validity of the proceedings against
him. The second case was a complaint against
Ellen Cummings, which was fully proved, and
she was adjudged guilty and sentenced to pay
a fine of \$20 and costs, in default of which
she was committed. The *Providence Journal*
gives the following statements as showing the
operation of the new law: Commitments to the
watch house for drunkenness and other
causes connected therewith, during the week
ending Sunday, July 4th; 22; week ending
July 11th, 78; week ending July 18th, 34;
week ending July 25th, (the first in which
the law was in operation) six.

Ho! All Ye That Hunger!
Woburn Market House.
THE SUBSCRIBERS having rented the Market
House formerly occupied by Mr. JAMES PARKER,
Market Street, in next to the PEAGLASS' dry
goods store, would respectfully solicit a share of the
patronage of the citizens, and by strict attention to
business, and selling a *good article for a fair price*, to
merit that patronage.

Our motto is, to

live and let live."

and we do not intend to do business without a profit,
but calculate to keep the best market affairs of Fruits
and Provisions of all kinds, in their proper season, charg-
ing a fair, living compensation for our endeavors to
please.

Parents sent to any part of the town free of charge,
and as our team is always in readiness, our customers
can be assured of having their orders promptly executed.

W. PAGE & CO.

Woburn, Aug. 1st, 1852.

2 m.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
A small house on Oakley Court. Said house
will be sold at a great bargain. Apply to S. B.
CUTTER, 50 Congress Street, Stellay's Building.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.
COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 59
Congress Street, Stellay's Building.

CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY,

April 5th, 1852, Train will leave as follows:—

UPPER RAILROAD TRAINS

Leave Boston at 7, and 9:30 A. M., 2:30 and 6:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 7 and 10 A. M., 2 and 5 P. M.

Leave Woburn at 6:30, 7:10, 9:35 A. M., 1:15,

4:15 and 7:15 P. M.

Leave Boston at 8 and 11:30 A. M., 3, 5:30, and 7:30

and 9:30 P. M.

Leave Woburn for Woburn Centre

at the arrival of the 6:30 P. M. Train from Boston.

* On Wednesdays this Train leaves at 11, P. M., and on

Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON,
Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

April 3. 2 m.

WANTED:

A FIRST RATE Wood turner. Apply to E. and L.
W. COOPER.

July 31. 2 m.

FOR SALE.

1000 FEET Iron pipes with Brass fixtures, by E.
and L. W. COOPER.

July 31. 2 m.

NOTICE.

A LADY has a girl which she wishes to have some
one to take as their own, as she is not able to support
her. Apply to LEVI MAXFIELD.

July 31. 2 m.

FOR SALE.

A Large two story Dwellinghouse,

And Out Buildings situated near the central part of
the village of Woods Hole, and within a few rods of the
village.

The property affords an excellent prospect of the
surrounding bay and sea. The village is becoming a
favorite summer resort. To those wishing to obtain a
desirable seat, at one of the most delightful points on the
coast, a rare chance is here offered.

For particular particulars apply to the subscriber, or to the
editor of the "Woburn Journal."

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

July 31. 2 m.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber will be at the Collector's room, (Town
House) for the purpose of receiving taxes, on each TUES-
DAY, during the month of August and September, from
2 to 9 o'clock P. M., and on each SATURDAY, from 6 to
10 P. M.

Also at the store of Nichols, Wm. & Co., Woburn, from 1 to 6 o'clock P. M., August
18th and 25th.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

July 31. 2 m.

MEN'S KIP BOOTS.

JUST received from the Manufactury a prime lot of
Grained Boots, at the New Boot and Shoe Depot.

TO LET OUT.

THE FILLING UP of a Canal Bridge, requiring
eight or nine hundred yards of gravel, which is within a
few rods of the bridge, of good access and easy shoveling.

Apply to LUTHER HOLDEN,
Lowell Street, Woburn.

July 31. 2 m.

GAITERS !

I ADVY'S, Miss' and Children's Gaiter Boots of all the
various shades and qualities, for sale at the New
Shoe Store, corner of Main and Railroad Streets.

CELLAR STONES FOR SALE CHEAP.

100 TO 150 perch of the very best quality. Also a
quantity of Split Stone. Apply to LUTHER

HOLDEN, Lowell Street Woburn.

July 31. 2 m.

TO THE LADIES.

Lady's Buckin Ties and Slippers, Fannings stock,

Curcous,

Constantly on hand Buskins and Ties,

For sale at the Boot, Shoe and Hat Store,
Corner of Main and Railroad Streets.

July 31. 2 m.

PIANO FOR SALE.

A SPLENDID ROSEWOOD PIANO, with four
round corners, four, and three medals, is of
course, the best instrument that can be had.

This instrument has been thoroughly proved, and is
perfect in every respect; while it is so delicate in its
action, that the softest shade of expression can be
produced, there is also that brilliancy and sweetness of tone
which is in the character of the instrument.

A good opportunity is here offered to any wishing to
purchase, especially to those who do not feel competent
to themselves to select a Piano, perfect in all its parts.

No. 2 Canal St, Woburn. J. A. GOULD.
July 31. 2 m.

NOTICE.

O TIS & BAILEY, successors to STEPHEN CUTTER,
will inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity,
that they have taken the old stand and will carry on
the Painting business in all its various branches.

Patrons of the Public respectively solicited.

Pumps! Pumps!

WOODEN PUMPS of all kinds can be had by calling
at the Pump Factory on Union Street, opposite
Jones' Blacksmith shop. Also Copper and Iron Pumps
and Lead, Black tin, Gutta Percha, Iron and Glass Pipe.

July 23. 2 m.

NOTICE.

W HENEVER the passing and repassing of children
over my farm, at the present time, is so great that
my fences have become entirely useless. I do hereby
bid all trespassing upon my premises for the space of
several days from this date. LUCIE POWELL.

July 23. 2 m.

PLACE DRESS SILKS at low prices at W. WOOD-

BERRY'S. July 15. 2 m.

SUFFERING FROM DROUGHT.—Accaunts from
the Winward Island state that almost all
of them had been suffering from a long con-
tinued drought. Antigua, St. Kitts, St. Louis,
Anguilla, and Curacao, were particularly des-
titute. In Anguilla, the drought, which had
prevailed for several months, had reduced the
poorer classes of the inhabitants to a state of
absolute destitution and misery. The people
were dying from want.

Somebody say "physicians are the nut-
crackers used by angels to get our souls out of
the shell which surrounds them."

LIQUOR LAW.—The Constables of Cambridge
have received orders from the Mayor to notify
all dealers in intoxicating liquors, in the city,
to stop forthwith. The temperance people
will hold a meeting this week in City Hall,
and it is expected they will transmit an ad-
dress to the City Council in reference to the
enforcement of the law.

On Saturday evening last, a Watchman's Club
was organized in Roxbury. Their object
is to obtain information in regard to violation
of the liquor law, and to make complaints
theron.

POLITICAL.—The two great contending
parties now in the Presidential field, are raking
up all the incidents in the lives of the nomi-
nated candidates for President, and parading
them before the people. The political papers
would lead us to believe that both the candi-
dates are unfit for the office; it may be so, and
perhaps they have waked up the wrong pas-
sengers.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

8, 19, 5, 11, many of the owners of the Mid-
dlesex Canal were at last.

15, 14, 22, 13, what some ought to do to
subscribers for the Woburn Journal.

24, 4, 19, 12, 20, 10, 22, fine ones for sale at
Fowle's Book Store.

3, 16, 6, 24, a performance which we soon
expect to see stopped by the M. L. Law.

8, 23, 5, 3, 18, 22, 20, 16, a pleasant town of
Massachusetts.

My whole is an adieu to that by whose
banks many have loved to dwell, and many
have delighted to walk, but which now seems
dreary and unattractive. MARY.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our
California widows say, little thinking it to be
the last.

1, 23, 3, 18, 5, 4, 8, 15, is what many of our<br

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

PASSING AWAY.

I saw a gay and festive hall,
And all was mirth and gladness there;
Joy reigned within the hearts of all,
And banished far away dull care.

Again I passed that hall was lone!
No sound was heard of all its mirth,
Nor beauty's form, nor minstrel's tone,
Cheer'd the deserted, lonely hearth.

I've seen the fair, the young, the gay,
Snatched from the midst of all most dear;
And as the breeze they pass away,
And leave us lonely, joyless here.

And can it be that things so bright,
Which shed around a cheering ray,
Are given but to mock our sight,
And then forever pass away.

Now, there must be a world above,
A fairer, brighter world than this;
There shall we meet with those we love,
And dwell in never ending bliss.
Charlestown, Mass.

M.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

FARM WORK FOR AUGUST.

The Roman senate complimented the emperor Augustus by naming this month after him; and through the Romans it is denominated by us *August*. Our Saxon ancestors called it "*Armanon*," (more properly *baron*), intending thereby the then filling of their barns with corn.

The harvest in England was principally gathered in *August*; the rye, oats, barley, wheat, peas, beans, &c.; while our great harvest, the Indian corn, is extended into October, and even November.

Although another month of summer is left, its former beauty, youth and freshness have departed, and the withering touch of age may be seen through all the late gay parterre. The number of flowers is sensibly diminished. But that the change may be more gradual, as in all things else, there are some still springing into blossom—the polyanthus, mignonette, capsicums and china-asters. And as a compensation for the loss of our lovely friends, the quantity of fruit is greatly multiplied, the apricots, the peaches, pears and grapes; the wild berries are abundant, and the garden raspberries, currants, thimbleberries, gooseberries and blackberries.

But we must restrain our Pegasus, and speak for a moment upon what is with most farmers.

A COMMON ERROR.—Haying is an exciting, as well as an interesting business. All hands turn out early with bright morning faces and cheerful greetings, for it is understood that everybody is to be good-natured while haying lasts! The mower times his sturdy strokes to the blithest notes of the lark, or if near enough to hear them, to the merry plashings of the dasher of the churn. The women catch the inspiration, and sing while they serve up the hot rolls and coffee for the hungry haymakers. Ah! there is real enjoyment in this delightful occupation. A good man lives a long while in haying time. And this enjoyment is the reason why he neglects some other things. While the men mowed, the women sang over the rolls and coffee, and the boys were milking and raking, the weeds—knowing they were not watched—grew tremendously. The garden, the corn and potato field, and even the strawberry patch, have been transformed, if not as by Midas' touch into gold, by some other potent power into a forest of weeds. Haste then, to exterminate them; if they seed, there is a crop sown for ages. But this after crop is not the only evil; these weeds make immense drafts upon the soil, and thus deteriorate your crop. Better suffer the meadow to remain uncultivated a day or two, than let the weeds triumph.—N. E. Farmer.

TILLING MUCH GROUND WITHOUT MUCH PROFIT.

If an American travels through Wales or England, and observes the manner in which the people of those countries cultivate their soil, and the vast amount of produce which they get from the comparatively small parcel of ground, he must be at once convinced that, as a general thing, the American farmer ploughs to much ground for his own advantage. A small farm well cultivated, is four-fold more profitable than a large one tilled in the "skinning manner," that is, ploughing four inches deep, taking off every thing the soil will produce, and returning nothing in exchange for that of which you have robbed the land. Now, I know many so-called farmers who have adopted the "skinning manner" of farming for a series of years; and I would ask, What has been the result of their mode of agriculture? The question is easily answered. We can sum up the result in a few words thus:—Their soil becomes impoverished; it refuses to yield to the farmer, who so abuses it, the amount of produce necessary to make it profitable. Those substances which gives life and fertility to soil have been drawn from it, and is not in a fit condition to plough, sow or anything else. The disappointed farmer complains much and often, because he has not derived more benefit from his land. Now, every one must or should know, that the soil is not in fault in such instances, for not affording the necessities of life in abundance. The man who has exhausted it of the constituents of fertility is the one who should bear the blame, for he has taken from it those substances which go to make crops. He has tilled too much ground, and has not returned to it sufficient fertilizing matter to render it suitable for cropping purposes.

We do not use grass and clover seed enough; we should be more liberal in the use of these seeds, and take as much pains in sowing them as we would in sowing wheat or barley. It is entirely wrong to sow a twenty acre field five times in succession with oats or barley, and not feed that field either with grass-seed or manure. It would be much better for the farmer, and much more profitable to the soil, to cut such a field into three parcels. One-third of it might be made to produce more than the whole field under the ordinary management.—*The Plough, Loom, and Aviary.*

away, we are enabled to perceive how cruelly its people have been misrepresented. We find the educated African mind as comprehensive as our own; and as we learn more of the interior of the country we find much in the internal economy of their great towns to convince us that the African people are not the stupid savages they were once supposed to be, fitted only for beasts of burden, and possessing no subtilty for social, moral, or intellectual advancement.—*Church Missionary Gazette.*

ARREST OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Passing up Orange street the other day, our attention was attracted to a boy who was climbing up a lamp post, endeavoring to pass the end of a rope, which was attached to the neck of a terrier dog, over the horns on which the lamp-lighter rests his ladder when lighting a lamp. There was some half dozen ragged urchins around cheering him. An old gentleman present, supposing foul play, asked the little fellow what he was going to do to the dog.

"Hang the——sucker, he's bin a murderer," said the excited boy.

"Murdering what?" asked the old man.

"Why, Jakey Babcock's pet rat, what he catched when they tore down the old buildin."

"Oh, don't hang him for that," pleaded the old man; "it's his nature to kill rats; besides he looks like a good dog; if you wish to get rid of him I'll take him along with me."

"Oh, it can't be did, daddy; he's an infernal scoundrel, and the jury brought him in guilty, and he's got his sentence, and you can't have my life I'll hang him!"

"Jury! what jury?"

"Why, our jury; them fellers sittin there on that cellar door. They tried him this mornin', and Bob Linkets sentenced him to be hung. That's right, ain't it daddy? It was all on the square, I was the lawyer against the dog and Joe Beecher was for him, but his argument was knocked all to thunder when I brought the murdered body inter court. I took 'em all down. They all givin in that I was right. He ain't worth a rusty nail now, but as soon as he's dead he's worth fifty cents, according to law, at the City Hall, and we want the money for the Fourth of July."

The old gent seemed surprised at the logic of the boy, but was about entering another plea for the condemned, when the scene was interrupted by the owner of the dog (a stout Irishman,) who soon dispersed judge, jury, and executioner, and rescued the trembling culprit.—N. O. Pic.

BUDDING.—This month is the suitable time for budding apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, &c. High and clean cultivation is as necessary in the nursery as anywhere else. The process of budding is familiar to most persons, and has been fully described in our former volumes. It is simple and easy, and all boys on the farm should practice it. Select the best kind of fruit.

LABOR HONORABLE.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despised. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone, and eats a substance he does not earn. Perhaps he thinks it is not genteel to work. His kind of gentility is the most worthless and contemptible of all gentility. Had not those before him, near or remote, toiled hard, the degenerate son or daughter would be compelled to earn their bread instead of being a bogus aristocracy upon property they never earned. Our generation labors hard to accumulate dollars and cents, for a generation of simpletons to squander.

RICE BLANCMANGE.—This forms an excellent accompaniment to preserves of any kind, or to baked apples. It is made as follows:—Put one teaspoonful of whole rice into half-a-pint of cold water; when the rice cracks or begins to look white, add one pint of milk, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Boil it until the rice has absorbed the whole of the milk, stirring it frequently the whole time. Put it into a mould, and it will turn out when quite cold. If preferred hot, it may be again made warm by being placed in the oven for a short time. It may be flavored with lemon, cinnamon, &c.; but it is most wholesome without, and forms both an elegant and very economical dish at any time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFRICA.—ITS CLIMATE AND PEOPLE.

There is little doubt that both the climate and people of Africa have been generally misrepresented by the slave-traders. The climate has been described as pestilential, in order to fright the lawful trader from its shore. Now we are inclined to think that the African climate is not, on the whole, as unhealthy to the European as many other parts of the world which might be mentioned. There are, of course, unhealthy spots and unhealthy seasons there as elsewhere; but we do not find that the loss of missionary life is greater at Abbeokuta than in India or Ceylon.

The Negro tribe have been branded with dullness and stupidity, and a position the lowest in the scale of humanity has been assigned them. Indeed, they have been treated as if they did not belong to the human family, and have been dealt with by the slave dealers as if they were included amongst those inferior creatures over whom man was given dominion. They have been shamefully and inhumanly bought and sold, as if they had no rights of their own. Thankful we are in being enabled to state that this wicked traffic, at the present moment, is being rigorously dealt with, as it deserves; and as the clouds which have for ages overshadowed Africa with gloom, clear

THE readers of this paper are respectfully informed that we have one of the largest and best selection of HATS and CAFFS, for GENTLEMEN, YOUTH and CHILDREN, from the lowest to the highest price—*at wholesale and retail.*

2. Should any article not prove equal to the recommendation, satisfaction will be promptly made.

3. Our Showrooms, 175 Washington street, Boston, oct 18 " W. M. SHUTE.

4. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

5. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

6. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

7. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

8. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

9. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

10. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

11. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

12. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

13. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

14. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

15. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

16. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

17. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

18. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

19. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

20. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

21. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

22. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

23. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

24. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

25. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

26. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

27. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

28. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

29. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY. Traveller Journal Times Herald Commonwealth Herald.

MONTHLY. W. M. SHUTE's Periodicals.

30. LD. Books re-bound, and periodicals bound in order many style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

31. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY. New York Herald Tribune Commonwealth Rambler Banner Museum MAGAZINES. Waverly Harper's Magazine Graham's Saturday's Evening Post London Art Journal Living Age.

WEEKLY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE

TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Farewell ye green trees, ye soft meadows, farewell,
Ye rocks, and ye mountains, loved river, and dell;
No more shall my eyes your beaties embrace,
As I linger at eve, your outlines to trace.

No more shall the sweet birds, each verdant spray,
Have power to twitter my troubles away;
For never again can the cares of my breast,
Be lulled to repose by soft music or jest.

A wanderer lonely, 'th a distant shore,
Must henceforth be my lot, 'till life's scenes are o'er;
For fate hath decreed that my future must be
Passed in a strange land, beyond the darkling sea.

So farewells loved scenes, once more, fare ye well,
I go from your loved haunts, forever to dwell;
Yet one fond regret--will relieve my sad breast--
Oh! would I'd been gathered, ere this, to my rest!

For the thought appals me, that from scenes so dear,
I must be soon to seek an unhailed bier!

Oh! friends of my bosom! how your hearts swell
With woe, as I murmur my last sad farewell!

Woburn, August, 1852.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

STRIVE TO BE USEFUL.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

In every condition in life,—in all places and under all circumstances,—let us strive to be useful. Though fortune frown upon us and deprive us of the filthy lucre, or what the world calls the one thing needful; though in this life we meet with disappointment and trials; though penury's cold grasp has seized us; though we may at times feel that the dark shades of ignorance has compressed us around; though our confidence in some erring mortal has been betrayed; though we live and move among those who may never, who can never see and feel, love and admire as we do, yet let us never forget that in whatever situation in life it has placed us, there let us *strive to be useful*.

And in looking about us, how often do we find those who are less fortunate in the world's goods, the most useful. I have seen the youth, the young man of industrious habits; I have seen him toiling at his daily task, striving to gain by assiduity some mechanical art, struggling through poverty, yet determined to come off conqueror. I have seen him at eve, as he wended his way with hurried steps to his home; there, after his frugal repast, to apply himself to a more delightful task, though wearied in body by his daily labor. 'Tis his delight to study—to cultivate the mind is his chief joy. But circumstances compel him to perform manual labor in order to support and supply himself with the necessities of life, and to enable him to prosecute his studies.—His is a hard but useful life. His conversation at the workshop proves to his companions that his leisure hours are not spent at the bar or ball-room; neither spent in reading the novels, the light trash of the day, found in so many (which would otherwise be valuable) papers and periodicals. His time and talents are devoted to studies that will at some future day be appreciated by all sound and intelligent men. With "onward" for his motto, he goes on from the poor apprentice to the master-mechanic; from the workshop to the halls of legislation, there to show that he has ever striven to be useful.

Thus we see that in order to be useful, we must begin a useful life when young, and though we have many obstacles in our way, let us go on step by step, slow but sure, and we may surmount all difficulties.

Again, let us glance at a young man, surrounded with all that makes life easy. Indulgent parents lavish their wealth upon him; they have hopes of their son's becoming a useful man, yet their eyes are blinded, for his conduct in early life shows too plainly it must be otherwise. His time, (setting aside a few studies that is urged upon him,) is spent in the ball or billiard rooms; his leisure hours, and he has many, are spent in that which tends to weaken the intellect and lessen his understanding. Studies, which should be his great delight, are indeed to him an injury; he applies himself to a few studies, not that he desires to, but because he is compelled to by others; when away from his studies they are forgotten, out of sight, out of mind. If found at all at home during the day, he may be seen upon a lounge, with novel or newspaper in hand, all absorbed in some love and murder tale, which should a school girl a dozen years of age be caught reading, would deserve a good lecturing, on the waste of time. I often meet with young men who appear to have every advantage for improvement, yet they choose to ruin their minds with what weak heads pen for the idle and ignorant to feast upon. And thus we are led to see that unless the mind is naturally given to soundness, wealth is of no use, and the poor student who is often found toiling at midnight, is far richer than the wealthiest man whose life is spent in vanity, and never had the thought enter his mind, that in order to be truly great he must strive to be useful. And in conclusion should these few thoughts meet the eye of one who is, as I well know, already useful, yet who is

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

NO. 43.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Show Bills, Notices, &c.,
FROM FIFLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superb style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

1708.

Johnson Abigail, d. of Josiah and Martha, b.

Apr. 4th.

Butter John, s. of William and Rebecca, b.

Oct. 22d.

Snow Richard, d. of Richard and Elizabeth

b. Jan. 5th.

Brooks John, s. of Jabez and Hepziba, born

Jan. 14th.

Converse Ebenezer, s. of Robert and Mary, b.

Nov. 1st.

Reed Ruth, d. of John and Ruth, b. August

—

Richardson Ebenezer, s. of Samwell and Susanna, b. Jan. 18th.

Beard Thomas, s. of Thomas and Hannah, b.

Aug. 22d.

Snow Isaac, s. of Timothy and Lidia, b. Feb.

26th.

Dean Ebenezer, s. of John and Mary, b. Jan.

28th.

Kendall Benjamin, s. of Thomas and Sarah, b.

Feb. 25th.

Wynan Isiah, s. of Jacob and Elizabeth, b.

Feb. 28th.

Richardson Sarah, d. of Francis and Sarah, b.

Jan. 25th.

Coggins Abigail, d. of John and Elizabeth, b.

Sept. 6th.

Winn Rebeca, d. of Joseph and Martha, b.

March 15th.

Winn John, s. of Edward and Mary, b. Feb.

23d.

Baldwin Phoebe, d. of Daniel and Hannah, b.

Dec. 28th.

Reed Mary, d. of Timothy and Martha, b.

Feb. 25th.

Flagg Gershom, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b.

July 29th.

Kendall Ralph, s. of Ralph and Abigail, b.

Dec. 15th.

Fox Edward, s. of John and Mary, b. Oct.

26th.

1709.

Fowle Martha, d. of James and Mary, b. March

12th.

Farrar Jonathan, s. of Isaac and Mary, b.

April 25th.

Richardson Abigail, d. of William and Rebeca, b.

April 18th.

Green William, s. of William and Mary, b.

March 8th.

Johnson Sarah, d. of William and Sarah, b.

May 3d.

Pierce Phebe, d. of Joseph and Ruth, b. May

24th.

Proctor Esther, d. of James and Hannah, b.

May 13th.

Fowle Abigail, d. of Jacob and Mary, b. March

6th.

Johnson Sarah, d. of Sarah and Benjamin, b.

March 19th.

Stevens Elizabeth, d. of Joseph and Elizabeth, b.

July 27th.

Sawyer Ruth, d. of Joshua and Mary, b.

March 6th.

Reed Abigail, d. of Joseph and Phebe, b.

July 29th.

Belknap —, d. of Thomas and Jane, b.

—.

Walker Benjamin, s. of Nathaniel and Rebecca, b.

Aug. 4th.

Lock Joshua, s. of Ebenezer and Hannah, b.

Aug. 21st.

Wyman Mary, d. of John and Rebeca, b. Aug.

1st.

Pierce Sarah, d. of Daniell and Dinah, b. May

39th.

Bruce Rebeca, d. of William and Elizabeth, b.

Sept. 26th.

Richardson Enoch, s. of Jacob and Hannah, b.

May 26th.

Kendall Isaac, s. of Isaac and Hannah, b.

July 4th.

Richardson Hezekiah, s. of John and Unice, b.

Oct. 19th.

Vinton Mary, d. of John and Abigail, b. Aug.

15th.

Walker Israel, s. of Henry and Ruth, b.

Nov. 6th.

Wyman Aaron, s. of Thomas and Mary, b.

Dec. 6th.

Snow Sarah, d. of Daniell and Rachell, b.

Nov. 2d.

Wright Jacob, s. of Jacob and Elizabeth, b.

Jan. 1st.

Blodget Daniell, s. of Daniell and Mary, b.

Jan. 19th.

Skilton Anna, d. of Thomas and Marey, b.

Jan. 11th.

Winn Josiah, s. of Joseph and Martha, b.

Feb. 11th.

Whitmore Isaac, s. of Joseph and Sarah, b.

Feb. 4th.

Richardson Adam, s. of Stephen and Bridget,

April 10th.

Pierce Deborah, d. of Ebenezer and Mary, b.

Nov. 4th.

Johnston Josiah, s. of Josiah and Martha, b.

Feb. 24th.

Lock Phebe, d. of James and Sarah, b. Aug.

15th.

Wyman Prudence, d. of Timothy and Hannah, b.

March 8th.

Walker Ezekiel, s. of Isaac and Margery, b.

May 29th.

Buck Hanah, d. of Samuell and Hanah, b.

Feb. 1st.

endeavoring to rise above his present condition in life, who says he can well realize what Kosuth meant when he said he felt within himself "something nameless."

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

FACTORY DESTROYED.—We regret to learn that the herring factory which has been in such successful operation at Woodbury, Vt., for the last four years, was on Saturday last entirely destroyed by the dam giving way. Captain Swazey, the superintendent, sustains a heavy loss. We are happy to state that no lives were lost, although some fifty girls were employed on the premises; they had, however, barely time to make their escape with what they stood in. It is believed that some emissaries from Nova Scotia caused the destruction of this valuable property, on account of the injury it occasioned the Provinces by coming in competition with their fisheries. Insured for \$10,000 in the Swazeyville Hors and Marine Insurance Company.

LARGE SNAKE FAMILY.—The Nashua *Gazette* states that while Mr. Perkins of Hollis, was moving a day or two since, he was attacked by a huge water snake, which sprang towards him; following him to some distance, lashing the ground with his tail, and hissing fearfully. With some difficulty Mr. P. succeeded in transfixing the snake with his scythe and finally dispatching it. The snake measured four feet in length and fifteen inches in circumference. After removing the scythe, 56 young snakes crawled from the wound, averaging something more than six inches in length.

A DOG STORY.—A gentleman residing in Chelsea own an English terrier, who has a remarkably intelligent face, but is otherwise undistinguished from the common herd of dogs. The gentleman visited Somerville a short time since, and the dog accompanied him. There the dog made the acquaintance of another dog, and was so fascinated with the sociability of his new companion that he missed the cars and his master came away without him. But the dog was at the station early the next train of cars. Since that time the gentleman noticed that his dog was absent once a week during the entire day, and has discovered the fact that on these occasions he goes direct to the Lowell depot, takes his place in the passenger car, jumps out at Somerville, spending the day with his canine friend, and returns at night. This same dog will, if his master leaves home without him, run down to the coach office, jump into the omnibus and come to the city in search of him, and if he does not succeed in finding him, returns by the same conveyance. He appears to prefer the omnibus to the ferry boat, and his fidelity ensures him a "free pass."—*Herald*.

DEATH BY CHLOROFORM.—A young man eighteen years old, a German, at work in Carlisle's cooper shop, on Tuttle's wharf, East Boston, had his fingers caught in the machinery, yesterday, and badly jammed. He called upon Dr. Fols to dress it, who administered chloroform. While engaged in the operation, an unusual paleness was observed in the face of the young man, and the sponge was taken away. Efforts were made in vain to restore him to consciousness, but he soon ceased to live.

MUSTER OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT.—The Lowell *Vox Populi* says that the time and place of holding the annual muster of the Fifth Regiment, (Col. Watson's) which was fixed for the 11th and 12th of August, has been changed, and it will probably take place near the Groton Junction, on the 13th and 14th of September.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The locomotive on the first section of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway, was put in motion on Friday last. This was the first locomotive ever set in motion in that Province, and of course it attracted much attention.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—In Caldwell Parish, La., a slander suit was lately tried, in which Mrs. King was plaintiff, and Dr. Ballard defendant, and which lasted a week. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$14,000.

Speaking of the cholera in Rochester, N. Y., the *Democrat* says the mortality in a single block in the north part of the city, was greater than on any previous day. Eighteen persons died in the building from Saturday to Monday morning, but an examination of the premises explained the cause. The basement was damp and closely shut up. The wonder is that people could have lived there so long.

FOR SALE.—**A Large two story Dwellinghouse.** And Out Buildings, situated near the central part of the village of Woodbury, and within a few rods of the water. It contains an excellent parlor, a large dining room, bay and sound. The village is becoming a favorite summer resort. To those wishing to obtain a desirable seat, at one of the most delightful points on the coast, a rare chance is here offered.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber, or to the editor of the *Woburn Journal*.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHIG CAUCUS.

THE WHIGS of Woburn are requested to meet in the Vestry of the First Church, on MONDAY Evening next, Aug. 19th, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the State Convention, for the nomination of Governor, &c. Also for the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS in favor of sustaining a night watch in this Town, are requested to meet at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, August 17th, at 8 o'clock.

A CARD.

WE TAKE this method to acknowledge the kindness of our friends in aiding the M. E. Church in furnishing their Little Chapel; and particularly the Editor of the *Woburn Journal* for the gift of a nest and appropriate Clock, for the same.

Woburn Aug. 12, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

In this Town, August 6, by Rev. J. B. Holman, Mr. Joseph R. Morton of Woburn, to Miss A. Green of Reading.

DEATHS.

In Woburn, August 9th, EDWARD C. BRAGG, son of Joseph Bragg, aged 3 years. Diseases, scald fever, &c. Also, JOHN R. WHITTEM, son of Moses and Sarah Whittem.

In Lexington, August 7th, of consumption, ELIZA MUNROE, wife of Mr. George Munroe, aged 29 years. In Marlboro, August 10th, Mr. SAMUEL ABBOTT, aged 63 years, 1 month and 5 days, formerly of Andover, Mass.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my rooms for a few weeks.

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAYLEY & Co
Dealers in **Can. Wood**,
Bale Hay, Plaster,
CEMENT, LIME, HAIR, &c.,
Near the Depot, Winchester.

SIMONDS & CRAM,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,
Winchester, Mass.

WILLIAM SIMONDS, CHARLES CRAM,
Mfr 6

ff

J. C. JOHNSON,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO, UPRIGHT, ORGAN, AND
ADULT AND CHILDREN'S SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 88 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and at the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the enter, through Musical
Academy, in Europe, and taught in Europe, and taught
on the Piano and Organ, more than three hundred, and in Singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonies of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will pay him faithfully the most rapid progress in the vicinity of Winchester, Mr. J. C. Johnson, will be happy to see those who wish his services, at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my rooms for a few weeks.

TO THE TRADE.

100 CASES CHEAP DE LAINES

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.
RE prepared to offer to "THE TRADE," and at RE
ATA, more than ONE HUNDRED CASES NEW
DE LAINES, from 12¢ to 25 cents per yard.

500 pos. Wide Black Silks,

gh lasted, from seventy-five cents to a dollar per yard

Crape, Cashmere and Printed

SHAWLS,

OF ALL KINDS,

together with more than unusual variety of Rich Goods just imported, in

Silks, Shawls, Dress Goods,

MOURNING GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, GLOVES,

HOSIERY and FANCY ARTICLES.

192 Washington Street, BOSTON.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.

mar 29

5w

W. M. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

ff

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pensils,

Table, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladles,

Butter Knives &c.

Silver and Plated Ware of all kinds, made to order.

Silver Combs, Spectacles, Fans, Steel trinkets and

Also, a variety of

Musical Instruments,

such as VIOLINS, MELODIANS, ACCORDIONS, and MUS.

Bands.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired in the best posse

maner

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.

ALSO, MELODIANS TO LIT.

april 3 ff

SCYTHES! SCYTHES!

BEST steel Scythes, Lances, Snares, Hay Forks,

Grass Hooks, Snow's Rakes, &c., for sale by

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ff

Farming Tools.

SCYTHES! SCYTHES!

EST steel Scythes, Lances, Snares, Hay Forks,

Grass Hooks, Snow's Rakes, &c., for sale by

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ff

NEW BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED Operative Surgery by R. U. PIPER,

M. D.; Bittelde, by HAWTHORNE; White Slave

are for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

ff

FOR SALE.

1000 FEET Iron pipes with Brass Fittings, by E.

and L. W. COOPER, July 31 ff

CONGRESS WATER, fresh from the spring, for 5¢
dollars and a quarter a box of dozen, or twenty-five cents per bottle, at E. E. COOPER'S Drug store.

PARASOLS & SUN SHADES, A fresh supply at H.

FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store, may 15 ff

SUPERIOR BLACK TEA.

25 CENTS Oolong Meocheng TEA, a very fine

article.—Also, best cheap old and young Hy-

TEA.—Also, best cheap old and young Hy-

</div

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
The Editor, at Woburn, or to No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

LINES TO THE HERMIT.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Mr. Editor—I read with much delight
the articles in your Journal from the pen of
the Hermit. The following lines I have
sent you, which, (if worthy your attention, and you think the Hermit will not feel
that I have intruded upon his retirement,) and are at your service.

Oh! yes, dear art happy, thy home so deep;
Afar from the world's jarring bustle and strife;
Surrounded by all that makes earth so delightful,
Ah! happy, thrice happy, must be such a life.

The old forest trees throw a shade round thy dwelling,
At morn on their branches the wild bird sings free;
At noon the sweet flowers shed perfume round thy cot-
tage.

At noon the zephyra come voices to thee.

Off in fancy I see thee, thy white locks so thinly,
Scattered over thy brow by the swift hand of time;
And I gaze on thy face,—there read many changes,
That have left their impress on each feature of thine.

Mid birds, trees and flowers to live is thy glory,
There is language in each tiny flower you meet;
Oh! yes, dear art happy, for something assures me,
Thy home so situated is a fairy retreat.

But far above all the beauties of nature,
Yea, richer, far richer than gold from the mine;
Yea, more to be prized than earthly possessions,
Is the grandeur that dwells in that spirit of thine.

North Woburn, 1852.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

D. W. BARTLETT.

A few months since, while wandering over Europe, we saw in a cemetery, which is well known to foreign travellers for its solitary beauty, the grave of an American. The sight was one full of sadness, for it brought to our memory sorrowful scenes and hearts. We thought of these touching lines of Mrs. Hemans :

"The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

"One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble stain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

"And one—o'er her the myrrh showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded mid Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band."

The grave was grassed over, and some stranger's hand had planted a bunch of violets at its head. It was a breezless morning of June when we rested upon a rustic seat near the grave, and while we strayed there, thoughts of one who was once dear to us, were busy at our heart.

Arthur Vinton was the only son of a widow, who lived humbly but respectfully in a little village of New England. His father had been the pastor of his native town, but perished when Henry was young, leaving his wife a boy and girl, the cottage, and half a dozen acres of land. As Arthur grew up, he became not only his mother's pride, but her stay and support. We have not time to delineate all the young man's struggles to gain an education, or tell how faithfully he loved his mother and his sister Agnes. He was passionately fond of painting, and from a mere boy had talked of going to Italy as the dearest wish of his heart, but how he ever could get there, steeped as he was in poverty, he knew not. Whenever he talked of going his mother sighed, and Agnes kissed his forehead, saying: "you will not leave us so desolate!"

But a rich man who saw some of his performances, at last offered, benevolently, to send him two years to Rome. When the offer came Henry was in poor health, but his dark eyes lighted up with hope, his heart became buoyant, and he soon was ready to start. It was in vain that Agnes wept upon his shoulder, that his mother looked pale and sighed. "I shall come back famous and will make you rich!" he said, and when they saw how his heart was set upon going, they said no more. The stage was to call before day-break for him at the cottage, and late at night he laid his head upon his pillow, but not to sleep. He saw that his mother's heart was breaking, and that his gentle Agnes was drooping beneath her sorrow. It was a quiet village, they were all in all to each other; and only such, the poor and neglected, know how hard it is to part with a loved one.

Early in the morning he rose, and greeted his mother and sister. He knew by their faces that they had not slept any that night. He tried to make a breakfast, but had not appetite. At last the stage drove up, and in the morning starlight he bade them "Good-by!" Those who leave homes scarcely ever know how lonely and sad are the places they desert. All that day Agnes felt her heart would break, so cheerless and utterly desolate was their home. It was not for a week that she dared go up to his little chamber. Some of his things were there still, a brush he had used in painting, a few pictures and a volume of poetry. She sat down, and leaning her head forward upon the table, cried as if her heart would break.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

NO. 44.

JOB PRINTING

FOR ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMBINING IN FAIR

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Show Bills, Notices, &c., &c.

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice, printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Butler Sarah, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Jan. 19th.

Wyman Esther, d. of Samuel and Rebecka, b. Feb. 25th.

Wright Thomas, s. of James and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 12th.

Wyman Zachariah, s. of Jonathan and Hannah, b. July 18th.

Wyman Zedekiah, s. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. June 26th.

1710.

Knight Josiah, s. of Edward and Johanna, born Mar. 25th.

Converse Josiah, s. of Josiah and Hannah, b. Mar. 2d.

Kendall Ebenezer, s. of Jacob and Alice, born Apr. 5th.

David

Reed & { twins of Ralph and Mary, b. May 3d.

Jaquith Adford, s. of Abram and Sarah, born Apr. 15th.

Richardson Mary, d. of Joshua and Hannah, b. Mar. 13th.

Hamblet John, s. of Joseph and Susannah, b. Mar. 17th.

Williams Jonathan, s. of Stephen and Bethya, b. Apr. 27th.

Luwes Abigil, d. of Joseph and Hannah, b. Apr. 11th.

Reed Amos, d. of John and Abigail, b. May 25th.

Kendall James, s. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Apr. 28th.

Reed Samuel, s. of Thomas and Sarah, born June 5th.

Knight Dorothy, d. of Joseph and Martha, b. June 24th.

Richardson Israell, s. of Nathaniell and Abigail, b. Aug. 16th.

Richardson Frances, s. of Frances and Sarah, b. July 17th.

Brooks Jonathan, s. of Jabez and Hephzibah, b. Aug. 27th.

Baldwin James, s. of Henry and Abigail, b. Oct. 19th.

Richardson Uriah, s. of Samuel and Susannah, b. June 31st.

Tottingham Rebecca, d. of Elijah and Rebecca, b. Aug. 4th.

Johnson Dole, s. of William and Sarah, born Sept. 30th.

Coggin Mary, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Nov. 1st.

Snow Joshua, s. of Richard and Elizabeth, b. Jan. 19th.

Richardson Charles, s. of Joseph and Mary, b. July 27th.

Wright Mary, d. of Josiah and Ruth, b. Jan. 29th.

Richardson Lidiah, d. of Benjamin and Lidiah, b. Nov. 28th.

Flagg Thomas, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b. Nov. 19th.

Wyman Sarah, d. of Nathaniel and May, b. Aug. 21st.

Convers James, s. of Robert and Mary, born Dec. 21st.

Lock Abigail, d. of William and Abigail, b. June 22d.

Richardson Rebeca, d. of James and Elizabeth, b. July 14th.

Snow Lidia, d. of Timothy and Lidia, b. Feb. 20th.

Pierce Abigail, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Feb. 28th.

Fowle Dorothy, d. of Jacob and Mary, b. Feb. 5th.

Roberts Phoebe, d. of David and Rachell, born Feb. 17th.

Johnson Hannah, d. of Benjamin and Sarah, b. Sept. 17th.

Kendall Peter, s. of Ralph and Abigail, born Oct. 14th.

Fowle Hannah, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Aug. 30th.

Simonds Sarah, d. of John and Sarah, b. Dec. 25th.

Wyman Eunice, d. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. Nov. 16th.

1711.

Fowle James, s. of John and Elizabeth, born July 16th.

Winn Hannah, d. of Jacob and Prudence, b. Mar. 1st.

Farr Joanna, d. of Isaac and Mary, b. Mar. 17th.

Snow Abigail, d. of Zerobell and Jemima, b. Mar. 29th.

Richardson Seth, s. of Seth and Mary, born Mar. 13th.

Buck Samuel, s. of Samuel and Hannah, b. May 7th.

Haywood Bathsheba, d. of James and Bathsheba, b. Apr. 25th.

Walker Timothy, s. of Isaac and Margery, b. Mar. 17th.

Richardson Lidia, d. of Pierson and Mary, b. Apr. 10th.

Wood Josiah, s. of Josiah and Ruth, b. April 23d.

Winn Mary, d. of Inreas and Mary, b. July 3d.

Peirce Joseph, s. of Daniell and Dinah, born May 5th.

Blodget Mary, d. of Daniell and Mary, b. July 23d.

that the visitor was the writer of the two letters, called out to let her in. Marat, wasted with disease, horrid and disgusting to look at, was in his bath, covered with a dirty piece of linen, all but the upper part of his chest and right arm. He was writing on a rough plank, which rested, on the bath, a letter of denunciation to the convention. Marat asked about Nortaindy, and he took down the name of the deputies there, and of the administrators of Calvados, who was at Evreux. He told Charlotte, by way of consolation, that they should all be guillotined. These words decided his fate. She drew the knife from her bosom, and with a strong arm plunged it to the hilt in his body. He cried out once, and no more. The water was dyed red; Marat bathed in his own blood.

TOO LATE: A DREAM.

BY REV. JOHN FORD, D. D.

I have never crossed the Atlantic, though it has ever been one of the longest desires of my heart to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers, the region of revolutions and battles, the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a "better land." But in my dreams, I often visit it—There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have not pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits, lately, the following pictures were before my mind.

I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without hearing the wild whistle which we hear in our forests, when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely stood the old family mansion—and there it had stood for centuries. Its towers, its wings, its great niches for the family plates, its gardens and stables and its thousand conveniences and elegancies. But there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter ensures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at 12 o'clock the packet sails. She must be ready to sail down the harbor, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose.

Away went the young man down the stairs and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged. Some thought him a thief—all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, he hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers down to the ship already under sail. There is the boat, and there! they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he starts, and reaches the wharf. Alas! she is off, and he is just one minute too late. In agony he saw it all, and cried—"too late—too late!" and sank down in despair. It was too late, and he lost his inheritance forever. What a dream!

SSD. AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—In Billerica, on Friday last, as Mr. William Farmer was assisting a neighbor to start an ill-disposed horse by attempting to lead him by the head, the animal suddenly reared upon him, knocking him down, and springing, brought the wheels of the heavily-loaded wagon directly over his head, killing him instantly. Mr. Farmer was a temperate and industrious man, about forty years of age, and leaves a wife and child.

What meaning and inique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual in the New Orleans court, a short time since?—"Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm shure he never made his mother smile!" There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

drops of cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand. I wanted to console him, but he seemed to have a consciousness that dreaming people cannot do good.

* * * * *

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs of a miserable old building in one of the narrowest, most filthy streets in New York. All around seemed dirty, decaying and vile. The stairs led up into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot bed, as its furniture, while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and woeful, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud—"Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more am I stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery to supply their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital and in prison and not one of them ever came to me!" And yet this good man—how differently has he done! It is plain too that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter ensures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at 12 o'clock the packet sails. She must be ready to sail down the harbor, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ELAINE, THE PEASANT GIRL."—We are much pleased to hear from you again. Your articles are well written, and very acceptable.

"DALE FORESTER."—It is very gratifying to add new names to our list of correspondents, and especially when they are meritorious. Your tales of "Alice Summer," will interest our readers, and will find room next week.

"W."—We like fair discussions, and when within our rule, will always insert them. The Liquor Agency is a fair mark, and we shall receive all sides.

"S. A."—Another addition to our list. Your remarks about Woburn are very true. We take your kind promise about "Western Life," and hope you will not forget it; the article on the "Sabbath" will have its influence. Thank you for your good wishes for the Journal.

"MAY RITCHIE."—You confer quite an obligation by your good wishes, and the interest you manifest for the Journal. Your sketch of "Carlo" we like; the "Wanderer's Address to his Sister," is full of pure feelings.

"S. A."—We approve of your "Hydraulics and Cold Water," and will insert it soon.

"H. A. K."—Farewell to the Teachers; their sentiments worth recording, and will be interesting to all scholars.

"ALEPH."—Your remarks will claim attention; the subject is an important one.

"CORLEES."—No room this week.

"BONNIE LASSIE."—Your note accompanied with a box of pears and apples is received, please accept our thanks; they afforded quite a feast for all in the Journal office. We wish every brother Editor had a "Bonnie Lassie"; we should like him of the Lowell Mirror to partake, but we are sure they won't keep it;—he may call them sour. We hope the Clinton Current won't feel uneasy.

KIND WORDS AND ACTIONS.

Speak kindly to the erring—we are very often witnesses to the sad effects of unkind words, spoken in anger, and without forethought. The amount of misery they create we can never know, we only judge by what we see of their effects in outward appearances; even that should be a lesson to us to be kind and civil in our intercourse with each other; when we find an erring neighbor or friend, we are too apt to use unfriendly language, and instead of calmly reasoning with them, and endeavoring to draw them gently from evils which they may be subject to, we fly into hasty passions, and attempt to drive them into better ways. We do not consider what a strange piece of mechanism is the human mind, and how easy our passions are subdued by kind words and gentle means; we do not stop to reflect, and very often are guilty of the same errors ourselves, which we are so very solicitous of correcting in others.

There are perhaps very few of us who have not some friend or neighbor who has strayed from the paths of rectitude, whose life has been a strange one, and seems to be impervious to good impressions; it may be our ardent wish to relieve them, but our patience is nearly exhausted in the attempt; the question is—*have we pursued the right course?* have we used kind and persuasive language? have we reasoned in calm moments? have we tried by acts of kindness, which always touch the chords of sympathy, lying dormant in the most depraved heart? Have we extended the hand of friendship when most needed? have we opened our door to shelter them from the rude storms which are always raging around the poor and friendless, or have we, in rude and forbidding language, driven the poor outcast further into misery, and added, by our actions, to his bitter cup, already overflowing.

We could cite many examples to prove the universal good, of the great and heavenly doctrine of kindness, but we will only ask our readers to review their own lives, and look around on Society, and select the example of kindness and good will which have reclaimed an erring brother, and witness the happy effects on friends and neighbors, and then look on the picture, when anger and unkindness—rough and forbidding actions, have cut off the hopes and prospects, of a human being, and drive him from society to eke out his existence with the degraded of his race. Kind words, friendly feelings, and human sympathy, are of priceless value, yet they cost the possessor no gold—they are contained in every bosom, and need only cultivation to spread their heavenly influence on all around. "Who is thy neighbor?" read the parables of our Saviour, and you will learn.

"IMPROVEMENTS."—We are pleased to see the movements in improving the streets and side walks, and hope that long desired object, of side walks, from Railroad street to Woodberry's store, will not be overlooked. It is the most public travelled spot in Woburn.

ACCIDENT IN STONEHAM.—Mr. Alfred Dike, while blasting a rock on Thursday, was seriously injured, by the premature discharge of the blast.

"It is seldom that we notice the remarks of party orators. They are generally full of bombast, but we cannot quietly pass over an insinuation against our own honored town. The soil of Woburn covers the bones of many a patriot of the revolution, and none of their sons are ashamed of their origin—we care not what party a man may advocate, if he is from the old Woburn stock, there is patriotism in the man. Mr. Wm. E. Robinson, the Irish party orator, in a recent speech against Gen. Pierce, sneers at him, because his ancestors lie buried in Woburn—he could not have named a greater merit to Gen. Pierce's character—and if we were engaged in politics on his side, that would be our "hobby."

We are well acquainted with Mr. W. E. Robinson, knew him before he left Yale College, he possesses talent, but a lack of information on subjects which a foreigner is not likely to understand, we will give our readers the extract, as we find it, in the Lowell American:

W. E. Robinson of New York has been upon a pilgrimage to Concord, N. H., to pick up evidence of Gen. Pierce's hostility to the Catholics. His speech, embodying the facts which he ascertained, is published in the New York Tribune, Times and Herald—though the Herald report materially differs from the others. In the Herald report we find the following:

The biography states that Pierce was descended from an Irish family. But what is the fact? Not one of Franklin Pierce's family ever drew breath in Ireland. His grandfather was born in Woburn, near Lowell, and his mother, a widow,移居到爱尔兰, where he was cast out. (Laugh.) He did not come of the Irish Luddite settlement—for his grandfather died and was born in 1713, and was buried in Woburn, where his tomb-stone is to be seen.

Ever since Robinson's sudden exit out of the Depot window in this city, he seems to have a spite against Lowell, and its vicinity.

"What a great loss many of our exchanges make about some original "Tale" written expressly for the paper. It seems a "rare avis," for some of them to get an original tale, and many of them are mere "words," nothing else—the announcement of these, exciting tales, may help to draw in the coppers; and being continued, may serve one purpose, which is probably the most natural one, that of selling the paper. There is quite too much of this 'Thrilling Fiction' paraded before the eyes of the young, it leads to error.

It seems to be fashionable, to fill some papers, with all manner of stuff, such as administer to the base passions, of our nature, and the most rank and indelicate allusions, are cherished as the *vit* of the day. This is a bad taste, and shows a very corrupt state of morals.

We like good jovial wit, and will always pass round the genuine joke, but your low indecent insinuations, we do despise. There is nothing congenial or worthy of notice in vulgar remarks. They may suit a degraded mind or assist the lewd heart in its exulting moments of hilarity; they never should be countenanced in decent society. We could point out many instances, in our exchanges, but perhaps it is best to let them pass, for what they are worth.

"We have quite a number of candidates for President, there are now three in the field and likely to be two more. We shall all get a chance to vote, for we can find some one to suit us, if we are ever so difficult—the different party "Papers" are at war about characters, and it would seem that the very worst men have been selected. How much better it would be for them to engage in the pleasant task of finding out which had the best character, the most virtue, and was the best fitted for the station, instead of which they are striving to prove which is the greatest coward and scoundrel—well we think, the post of honor must be a private station.

"NIGHT WATCH.—At a meeting of the citizens held on Tuesday evening last, it was stated that since a private Night Watch has been sustained in town, we have had no thefts of consequence; we have learned, that the present night watch, was paid entirely by private subscriptions, and the tax upon some persons, was no small sum; this should not be, for the town should do something towards paying for such a public benefit. We hope that the Watch will be retained another year, and another person added to it, so as to extend the benefits among the private dwellings in the immediate vicinity of the centre of the town.

"At the Whig meeting, held on Monday evening in this town, A. H. Nelson, Walter Wyman and J. F. Bates, were appointed delegates to the Whig State convention, to be held at Worcester, on the 1st of September.

CAMP TUDOR.—The 4th Regiment of Infantry, Col J. D. Green, consisting of the Charles-ton City Guards, Capt. Geo. P. Sanger, Cambridge City Guards, Capt. Geo. Meacham, Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. Wm. T. Grammer, Framingham Light Infantry, Capt. Barbour, and Sudbury Rifles, Capt. Moore, will encamp at Nahant, from Aug. 28th to the 31st. The Phalanx will leave Saturday Aug. 28th in the 14 train for Boston, accompanied by Smith's Salem Band. The Regiment will be formed on Boston Common, and during the afternoon will take a steamer for an excursion down the harbor, and by invitation of the Commander visit the different fortifications arriving at Nahant, late in the afternoon. They will partake of a collation at Drew's Hotel, by invitation of the officers. Religious services will be held on the camp ground, by the Chaplain of the Regiment.

"IMPROVEMENTS.—We are pleased to see the movements in improving the streets and side walks, and hope that long desired object, of side walks, from Railroad street to Woodberry's store, will not be overlooked. It is the most public travelled spot in Woburn.

Special attention is called to several new Advertisements in our paper this week, immediately following, the news matter.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Time and tide wait for no man.—Summer is fast departing.—Autumn with its fading leaves is near upon us.—Politics is the leading topic of the day.—The fishery question is not yet settled.—The Free Soil convention, have nominated Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, for President.—The three candidates for president, are all natives of New Hampshire.—The liquor law, is being enforced in many towns.—Several trials of parties, for selling liquors, resulted in heavy fines, and imprisonment.—A number of boys have been drowned while bathing.—

Another steamboat race on the Hudson river, since the burning of the Henry Clay.—65

barrels of liquor was seized in Fall River, last Saturday.—624 in Deer Island inmates.

Hospital to the 11th inst.—Steamer Ireland,

was burnt last week, on the St. Lawrence river,

15 miles above Quebec.—Late news from Cal-

ifornia state crime on the increase.—Reports

from the mines, not so favorable.—Emigra-

tion continues steady.—The Mormons are

peaceable and highly industrious and per-

severing.—The import of dry goods into the

port of New York, for the last week, amounted

to \$2,000,000.—A destructive hail storm,

passed over Livingston county, N. Y., last

week, doing much damage to grain and other

crops.—A monument is to be erected in New

Orleans to the memory of Henry Clay.—33,

733 inhabitants in Chicago—increased in 3 years

15,687.—83 deaths in Boston, last week.—

6590, has been collected in Boston for the re-

lief of sufferers in Montreal, by fire.—An

unoccupied dwelling house, was set on fire in

Cambridge, last Saturday night.—A boy

was arrested in Roxbury, for setting fire to a

large stack of hay.—The Baptist church in

Roxbury street Roxbury, was sold last Satu-

day, for \$3300.—The last week averaged

the largest sales of Boots and Shoes, ever

known in the Boston markets.—The cholera

is still at Rochester.—The election in North

Carolina has resulted in favor of the Demo-

crats.—128 deaths in Washington City, in

July.—The Unitarian church in Canton,

was broken into last Monday, and all the val-

uable carpeting, and window curtains were

stolen.—A grandson of Jerome Bonaparte,

is an officer in the regiment of mounted rife-

men, recently promoted from West Point.—

Jacob Bell the large ship builder in New York,

recently deceased, leaving \$700,000.—The

splendid ship Staffordshire of Boston, has

been wrecked on her voyage to California.—

Two boys were fined \$5.00 each in Watertown,

for stealing fruit on Sunday.—Mechanics

are in demand in Boston; a great scarcity of

carpenters and wood-workers, exists.—A

boy 12 years of age, was drowned in Fresh

pond, last Monday.—In the Police Court of

Boston, a man was convicted of biting off the

ear of another man; a sweet mortal that.—

Mr. Wm. Wanance of Missouri, has offered

to furnish gratis, all the marble to erect the

contemplated monument to Henry Clay.—

The line of Packet ships from New York to

Australis, are to have each, one of Phillips

Fire Annihilators.—Steamer Northern Light,

was struck by lightning on the 29th inst., kill-

ing one man, shattering the main-mast, and

other damage.—The cholera is subsiding in

Rochester.—A machine for painting window

blinds, has been invented by Samuel Fields,

of Worcester, by which one man can paint 80

pair of blinds per day.—Picking pockets,

is an every day business in Boston.—The

citizens of Dorchester, contemplates changing

the name of Turnpike street to Dorchester

Avenue.—Quite a stormy debate in Con-

gress, between H. Horace Mann, and some

Southern members, on slavery; no serious

consequences resulted.—Late news from

California, is favorable for business; most

goods in demand.—Boots and shoes

have risen from 50 to 100 percent.—The

burnt district of San Francisco and Sonoro,

are rapidly advancing in new and spacious

buildings.—Arrivals from Europe, bring

advices of peace and prosperity.—The har-

vests are abundant.—Rumors of the potatoe

rot in Ireland; many were preparing to emi-

grate in consequence of this rumor.—We

have no news, to note in this vicinity.

PAST RECOVERY.—We learn that the man so severely hurt by jumping from a train of cars in rapid motion at Quincy last week, is not expected to

TERRIBLE DISASTER FROM AN EXPLOSION OF BURNING FLUID.—We learn from Sandwich that a shocking accident occurred there last evening, at the dwelling-house of the Rev. Joseph Marsh, by the explosion of a can of burning fluid. Three females, daughters of Mr. Marsh, were engaged in filling a lamp from the can, one of them holding a lighted lamp, it is said, at a considerable distance from the lamp which they were filling. By some means—undoubtedly by a stream of gas from the fluid—the flame of the lighted lamp was communicated to the can, which caused an immediate explosion. The three ladies were at once enveloped in flames and terribly burned, two of them it is feared fatally. The eldest was a married lady, the second was about 20 years of age, and the third about 13. Mr. Marsh, who is a clergyman of the Methodist church, and engaged likewise as an operator in the Sandwich Glass Works, was absent at the time, on a visit to New York.—*Traveler.*

AN ANCIENT ELM.—There is an elm tree in the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, which is said to be the finest in New England. Its circumference, two feet above the ground, is nearly thirty feet. The smallest diameter of the tree is between six and seven feet. The limbs reach nearly to the ground, and cover a space considerably more than one hundred feet in diameter. A railing has recently been placed around the tree, and the inhabitants of Sheffield, mindful of the beauties of the Elm, held a meeting on the 12th inst. under its spreading branches, at which speeches were made by Hon. Wm. G. Bates, of Westfield; Prof. Barnard, of the University of Alabama; Rev. Mr. Byington, of the Choctaw Mission; Edward Ensign, High Sheriff of Berkshire County, and others. A plentiful collation was provided.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—A young girl, who serves at a coffee stand in the Vegetable market of the Second District, was taken before Recorder Genoile, yesterday, on the charge of having kissed a man about midnight on Monday. She declared that the man had drunk some coffee, and refused to pay unless she gave him a kiss for *la griseuse*. The police officer who arrested her deposed, however, that she voluntarily bestowed the additional tenderness of throwing her arms about the neck of the said man, and the Recorder fined her \$5.

THE WIFE.—Believe me, that what a true woman needs most in the object of her affections, is not comfort herself, but a something for her to comfort,—not an arm that can surround her with pleasure, but a name she can honor, and an eye she can look to, for the laying way of its watching her. Something to think of, to toil for, to fear for, to suffer for, something she might probably die for—this is what a woman needs more truly than a servant to attend her, or a luxurious home to dwell in.

THE Lowell News says that Samuel L. Hamblet, a "mischievous physician," has been arrested in that city on a warrant from Brunswick, Me., charging him with having obtained in that place the sum of \$250 under false pretences, by making a disreputable charge against a citizen of Brunswick, and extorting the above sum to keep it secret. He was taken to Brunswick on Saturday for trial.

HOUSEBREAKING IN PEPPERELL.—The dwelling-house of Alden Lawrence, in Pepperell, Mass., was entered on the night of Saturday last, and money to the amount of one thousand dollars stolen therefrom.

THE French people employ five hundred sail of fishing vessels, on and about the banks and coast of Newfoundland, and the British government orders, it is stated, will spoil their voyages, in all probability.

AN ENIGMA.

My composition is of 25 letters. My 1, 11, 22, is a nickname. 2, 12, 18, is a small insect. 3, 23, 10, is found in almost every house. 4, 21, 14, is a small river in Europe. 5, 20, 15, is a very useful instrument. 6, 16, 13, is a merry droll fellow. 7, 23, 18, is much worn by gentlemen. 8, 24, 19, is a useful species of tree. 9, 11, 12, is the great and only cause of crime.

10, 20, 17, 11, 25, 22, 16, 12, is a magical character.

My whole is the name and residence of the author's friend.

BONNIE LASSE. Hermit's Cave, Waltham Mass.

MARRIAGES.

In Wilmington, Aug. 8th, Mr. James F. Ames, of Woburn, to Miss Harriet Nichols, of Reading. In Lowell, Aug. 10th, by Rev. Mr. Colyer, Charles II. to Mary Hulman.

DEATHS.

In Charlestown, Aug. 15. Annie Cassida, youngest daughter of Mr. William Hancock, aged 1 year. In Charlestown, Aug. 9th, Mrs. Mary Flint, aged 92. In Groton, N. H., 16th inst., Mr. Wm. Abbott aged 73 years.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix to the will and testament of Isabella J. May, of Woburn, and of additional Codicils, decedent, testate, and interred in said town, that trust by giving bonds as the law directs, persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to CATHARINE STILES, Executrix. Woburn, August 17th 1852. 3w

WARREN ACADEMY.

O. JOHNSON, B. A., Principal.
E. CUTTER, B. A., Assistant.

IT is the design of the Trustees to make this an Institution of the highest character. The instruction will be thorough in every aspect, and will be such as will tend to develop the mental and physical power—but all; and give manliness and dignity to the pupils.

The instruction will be given entirely by males; the school will comprise two departments—male and female. The pupils will meet at morning and evening prayers, and in the regular hours of study, in different classes.

The Classical course will occupy three years.

The English course is intended to embrace all the practical studies which are required to prepare one for the duties of active life. Other studies—including the higher Mathematics, French, Music, Drawing, &c., will be introduced as the demands of the school require.

The chief and features of the school will be the stern and systematic arrangement of the classes, the thoroughness of the instruction, and the manliness and dignity of character which it will be the aim to impart to every pupil.

THE Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

22—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

23—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

24—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

25—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

26—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

27—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

28—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

29—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

30—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

31—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

32—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

33—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

34—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

35—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

36—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

37—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

38—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

39—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

40—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

41—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

42—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

43—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

44—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

45—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

46—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

47—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

48—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

49—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

50—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

51—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

52—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

53—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

54—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

55—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

56—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

57—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

58—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

59—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

60—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

61—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

62—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

63—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

64—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

65—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

66—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

67—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

68—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

69—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

70—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

71—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

72—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

73—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

74—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

75—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

76—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

77—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

78—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

79—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

80—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

81—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

82—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

83—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

84—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

85—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

86—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

87—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

88—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

89—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

90—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

91—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

92—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

93—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

94—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

95—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

96—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

97—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

98—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

99—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

100—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

101—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

102—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

103—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

104—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

105—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

106—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

107—The Tuition for the next Term will be the same as heretofore—\$4.00, in advance.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

POETRY.

MY FATHER'S HALF-BUSHEL.

My father's half-bushel comes oft to my mind,
And wakens deep feeling of various sorts;
Twas an honest half-bushel, a noble half-bushel;
I held a half-bushel of thirty-two quarts!

When I think of that bushel,—my father's half-bushel,
That dear old half-bushel, so honest and true,
Then look at the bushels, our city halfbushels,
Little dandy half-bushels,—it makes me feel blue!

Oh, my father's half-bushel, that country half-bushel,
Say when, with blessed vision, its like shall I see?
'Twas a blessed half-bushel, and he was a true man,
For he filled his half-bushel, and something threw free!

Yet all the half-bushels, if mean, are not small;
I'm vexed with the great ones the most, after all.
O, mark out that ashman's next time he shall call;
'Tis a monstrous half-bushel,—holds quite sixty four!

'Tis a fact I am stating—no slanders I utter—
But who can forbear, when cheated, to utter?
In New York, a barrel—I pray you don't laugh—
Will not hold so much asakes as potates by half!

O, what are the lawyers, and what are the laws,
But bugbears and phantoms,— mere feathers or straws?
Unless our half-bushels are all made as one,
Like father's half-bushel, I say, we're undone!

Journal of Commerce.

AGRICULTURE.

*"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."*

SAVE THE BEST SEEDS.

The season has arrived when some of the seeds are ripe, and a little care is necessary in their preservation, not only to secure them from waste, but to preserve only the best for future sowing. Farmers never think of raising a puny, badly-formed calf, pig or lamb to be kept as a breeder, but make all animals pass the scrutiny of a severe judgment before they decide to propagate from them. The preservation of early, large and perfect seeds for continuing crops is no less important, than that of retaining the most thrifty and best-formed animals.

A man in Maryland gathered the earliest and largest heads of wheat from a field and sowed them, gathering the best and earliest of their produce and sowing again, and continued the process three or four years. In a recent visit to that State we collected some heads which are now hanging by us, and measure, beard and all, 16 inches in length; the grain heads being 5 inches.

This wheat is known by the name of CODE WHEAT, taking the name of the gentleman who had by his pains increased the quantity and quality so much. We cut the samples before us from the farm of Thomas Bladon, Esq., of Washington, one of the best cultivators in that region, and who is setting the Marylanders a fine example.

A gentleman in Essex county went through a similar process with some onion seed, until seed of his raising readily sold for four dollars a pound, while common seed was selling at fifty cents. The great improvement in the crop from these seeds justified the cultivator in paying this great price.

In our farm stock there are always some who grow up rapidly and strong, taking the lead in health and vigor from the first. It is so with plants. A proper consideration has not been given to this fact.

There will be a succession of seeds coming to maturity until the Indian corn harvest is over, and we are confident that more attention to this point will give us better crops hereafter.—N. E. Farmer.

SUFFOLK PIGS.

This breed of swine is deservedly popular; the animals are quiet, cleanly and easily kept, and the pork commands a higher price in the market than any other. A day or two since we saw a lot from J. L. Lovering, Esq., of Hartford, Vt., directly out of the Stickney importation, which were as handsome as any style of beauty usually conceded to pigs. We think we have never seen handomer than many from this gentleman's stock.

To our friends in that part of Middlesex county, we would say that Mr. D. G. Merriam, of Chelmsford, has a pair from this stock, which for perfection of form and manners have scarcely been surpassed in this State.

Mr. Raynolds, one of the proprietors of this paper, has just sent a pair to Georgia, from the same stock. These we have seen, and pronounce them the most perfect models in all pigdom.—They are to be exhibited at an annual fair in that State.—N. E. Farmer.

FATTENING CATTLE IN STALLS AND IN SHEDS.

An experiment has been made in Scotland to try the comparative value of these two modes of fattening cattle. Ten animals having been chosen, were divided as equally as possible; five were put into a sheltered court with plenty of shed room, and the others into boxes. At the beginning of October it was soon found that those in the courts eat 134 lbs. per day, while those in the boxes eat only 112 lbs., or 22 lbs. less, thus proving that a certain degree of warmth is equivalent to food. After seven months, towards the end of April, they were all slaughtered, and the following results were found:—

Cattle fed in boxes... Beef, 3,262 lbs. Tallow, 6,678 lbs. Cattle fed in courts... Beef, 3,416 lbs. Tallow, 6,654 lbs. These results show the superiority of feeding in boxes. It is thought that in a less mild winter they would have been more striking. In the course of the experiment the thermometer rose to 50 degrees, and the cattle under cover seemed to suffer from being too warm. It was found a trifling expense to comb them regularly, which speedily produced a very marked improvement.—N. Y. Tribune.

August is a good month for killing bushes. It is believed that there are certain days in August which are fatal to bushes cut with a scythe. At any rate, many of them die at the root when cut in this month, rather than in June.

Still we like to mow in June when we have time. When cut in June they sprout again, and the second growth is just fit for the cattle in the pasture at a time when the grass seed fails. The cattle therefore give the bushes a second cropping, and many are killed in this way.

The spring grains are to be secured in August in cases where they were not fit for harvest in July. And generally the business of haying compels us to leave these grains to take care of themselves till July is past. Still there are many fields that may be harvested sooner, and the grain will prove better than such as stands late.

The whole month of August, after laying is over, may be devoted to the improvement of low lands. These lands are naturally richer than any portion of the farm. For ages they have been receiving deposits from the hills and as they have heretofore skulked out of the way of the ploughshare they have not been exhausted like lands that could more readily be ploughed.

RECLAIMING MEADOWS.—In our recent brief suggestions of work to be done in August, we made some remarks upon reclaiming meadows. In working over a meadow where portions of it are too soft to allow the team to pass over it, good work may be done by covering such spots with loam, sand, chip manure, or even fine gravel. A mixture of these would be excellent, and productive of heavy crops. A depth of two or three inches is necessary—four would be better. After spreading the sand, add finely-composed manure for the seed to catch in.—N. E. Farmer.

To PRESERVE GIRDLED TREES.—In the April number of the *Farmer*, page, 129, J. H. L. of East Charlemont, Mass., inquires if any of your correspondents know how to preserve trees that have been girdled. Tell him to take out a block of wood extending into the bark above and below the girdle, and take from the body or limb of another tree a block corresponding in size and shape, with the bark on, and adjust it in the place, and bind it there, on the principle of grafting. I have recommended this plan before, and it has proved completely successful.—*Genesee Farmer.*

A PROLIFIC COW.

A correspondent informs us that Benj. George, Esq., of Plaistow, N. H., has a cow five years old this spring, which brought at one birth three calves, all of which are now living, about three months old, and doing well.

Two are heifers and one a bull. He bought the cow when two years old from an eastern drover. She had a calf in May, 1849; another in 1850; a third in 1851; and the three on the third day of April, 1852. They weighed almost 210 lbs. when dropped. The cow is of middling size. Mr. George states that the first season she gave milk, twenty-seven pounds of butter were made of her milk in three weeks. The calves are now running at pasture with the cow, and are thriving, of good size, and of about the same weight, though of different color, and are for sale.—N. E. Farmer.

AN EXPERIMENT—THE ECERS.

In relation to the common borer, I wish to say, that three or four of my young apple trees, from three to four inches through, were found in the spring to exhibit evidence of deep infection, and shortly the leaves began to fade, and I almost gave them up for lost. As an experiment, I piled earth in the shape of a cone round them, to reach some inches above the entrance holes, and with the shovel patted it hard. The object, to exclude the air, and so kill the borer, or oblige him to loose his hold. One valuable tree was full of apples, of the size of a walnut. They all dropped off, with most of the leaves. To my surprise, in July new leaves came out, and on the 19th new blossoms. This tree, as well as the others operated upon, have recovered, and I have strong grounds to believe I shall save them all.—N. E. Farmer.

To MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make a horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, "Come along;" a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping. Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "Come along." With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and *gentles* the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

HOLLYHOCKS COMING ON THE STAGE.—The Dahlia is a superb flower, and is rendered more desirable by its autumnal season. But its tender roots are a great drawback. Were it a hardy perennial, it would far exceed in floral value even the Peonia. Much attention has lately been directed to improvements in the Hollyhock, which is likely to rival the Dahlia, with the addition of hardiness. Semi-spherical flowers, exceedingly double, with closely imbricated petals, with all the various shades, of deep and light rose, salmon, claret, deep crimson, brilliant red, pure white, &c., &c., have been produced so closely packed about the stem, that a green leaf can scarcely peep between them, and some fine varieties have

grown nine feet high. A single English cultivator has an acre of his nursery devoted to them, 6000 being in splendid bloom at one time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A gross MISTAKE.—The pastor of one of the churches at South Boston, made arrangements for an exchange with a distinguished Doctor of Divinity of the city proper, and, according to agreement, left his own flock, Sunday afternoon, and repaired to the church of his brother in the ministry, supposing of course, that the movement would be reciprocal. He had given out a hymn, and the choir were singing, when another clergyman entered the pulpit. There was evidently a mistake, and a hasty conversation revealed the fact that the Doctor had arranged to exchange with two clergymen. To whose church he had repaired was unknown, but the South Boston clergyman finding his arrangement was made prior to the other, and supposing it to be forgotten, immediately left the pulpit and hastened homeward. On arriving at his church he found that the congregation had waited an hour for a minister, and had then called on a young student, who chanced to be in the church, to lead them in the usual exercises.—*Traveller.*

RECLAMING MEADOWS.—At the distance of about one half mile from the village of the Shakers, in Canterbury, N. H., there is to be seen in a pasture, far from any public road, a marble stone, in height about seven feet, which was brought from Lebanon, N. Y., the head quarters of the Shakers, about six years since, and erected by special command from heaven, as an object of worship by the highly-esteemed elders of this novel sect and their deluded followers. The devotion around this stone, consists of kneeling, tumbling, wailing, singing, dancing, and other antics too numerous to mention, which so forcibly remind the spectator of the worship of the Hindoos, that he can hardly persuade himself that he is in America.

Life INSURANCE RATES.—GEO. W. FOWLE is engaged to furnish tables, and the explanatory tables of rates in the *Medical Life Policy*, *Contingent Policy*, pamphlet furnishes the particulars of any claim promptly paid by them within the last seven years, and amounting in all to the great sum of \$191,555. Also, of THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE INSURANCE CO., recently organized with \$100,000 capital, under the auspices of men the most eminent in the Union, to secure temperance men the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the losses by intemperance. Apply at Fowle's Bookstore.

RECLAMING MEADOWS.—At the distance of about one half mile from the village of the Shakers, in Canterbury, N. H., there is to be seen in a pasture, far from any public road, a marble stone, in height about seven feet, which was brought from Lebanon, N. Y., the head quarters of the Shakers, about six years since, and erected by special command from heaven, as an object of worship by the highly-esteemed elders of this novel sect and their deluded followers. The devotion around this stone, consists of kneeling, tumbling, wailing, singing, dancing, and other antics too numerous to mention, which so forcibly remind the spectator of the worship of the Hindoos, that he can hardly persuade himself that he is in America.

PRINTED LAWNS, of new styles, just received at H. FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

IN men there is a bump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be seen in woman. An Arabian fable says, that this is a part of the original apple that stuck in the man's throat by the way but the woman swallowed her part.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

LYCRA BUILDING, WINCHESTER, MASS.

D. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs that he has, connected with his office an extensive Apothecary Store, where will be found a variety of Drugs and Medicines usually called to Dr. Youngman's Office, and the preparation and compound of his Medicines, all the articles of medicine believed to be genuine. All prescriptions are ordered with the greatest possible care and promptness. Beside the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, and all the varieties of STATIONERY. Also, a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

one cent apiece.

SHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, &c., &c. Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Cards, &c., &c. Books, &c., &c. Also a great variety of PANSY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Paper Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

P O E T R Y!

NATURE AND IMMORTALITY.

Go look at the grass, as each blade is unfurled,
And tell me who made this beautiful world;
Go call the pure flowers that watch the blue sky,
And tell me, O! tell me, if the soul e'er can die.

Go look at the sun as he sinks to his rest,—
To his golden bed in the glorious west;
Go watch the sweet moon that looks down from on high,
And tell me again if the soul e'er can die.

Go look at the clouds that hover above,
The home of the angel, their dwelling of love;
They bid you to ask, from their home in the sky,
To ask your own soul if it ever can die.

Go look at the ocean, that's rolled in its bed,
While ages unnumbered have fled;
Then, earth-born, go ask of your Father on high,
If he made the great spirit to perish and die.

Go look at the works of immortals below,
Not works like the works of the Father they show;
The hand that has formed them in darkness shall lie,
While the freed spirit dwells in its mansion on high.

Gaze ye on the form where the soul is enshrined,
The form he has made for the home of the mind;
Then bow down and worship the Holy Most High,
Who made you to praise him but never to die.

From Your Mother,
In the sixth Circle of the Spirit Land.

CATHARINE E. PARKER, Medium.

Woburn, August 5th, 1852.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Journal.

ALICE SUMNER:

on

THE YOUNG DRESS-MAKER.

BY IDA FORESTER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, bitter evening, and the bitter north-east wind whistled mournfully around the dwellings in the populous town of Monkville; the many who had to endure the withering blight of poverty, felt keenly the chilly breath of the winter-king, "Jack Frost," as they paced the streets in pursuit of fuel and nourishment, to keep them from freezing and starvation. And in the obscure streets, where the buildings, old and dilapidated, seemed ready to fall, might be seen little children, seated as near as they could get to the few dying embers that remained not quite consumed on the hearth, but which afforded but a little warmth to their shivering forms. But the cold entered not the home of widow Sumner, where, seated in her neat little parlor, she busily plied her needle, while her son, a bright intelligent lad of twelve years, sat reading some useful and entertaining book. An air of neatness and comfort seemed to pervade the apartment, while a cheering coal fire burned brightly in the grate. In one corner of the room stood an open piano, and scattered over it were various sheets of music, showing that some one had lately swept the keys, the vibrating melody still seeming to linger around. The room was neatly, though not richly furnished, and seemed the abode of happiness and contentment. The sound of footsteps told that some one was approaching, and soon the door opened, and a young girl entered the apartment. She was enveloped in a cloak and tippet to keep the bitter cold from her limbs, and as she gaily entered the room, and divested herself of them, she said,—

"Mother, Mrs. Gray is to give a party tomorrow evening, and she has extended her invitation to me; she has invited quite a number of my acquaintances whom I should be very happy to meet, and Mr. Beaufort, a stranger in town, is to be presented, and she gives the party on his account, shall I go?"

"I have no objection to your attending the party, Alice, said Mrs. Sumner, but you seem to be unusually excited, in regard to the coming social gathering; why is it?"

Alice made no reply, but as she sat looking steadily at the glowing fire, she seemed busily occupied with her own thoughts. We will now describe Alice Sumner to our readers.—She was not what poets and the world in general would call handsome, but goodness and intelligence shone in her eyes of softest blue, and her long brown hair was parted over a high forehead, which told a lofty and intellectual mind; she was small, rather below the medium size, but she possessed a heart filled with love and goodness. When quite young she was bereft of a kind and indulgent father, who in his childhood lavished truly a father's affection upon her, for she was an only daughter, and the idol of the family, which consisted of herself and three brothers. The death of Mr. Sumner caused an overturn in that hitherto quiet and happy family, who loving each other with all the ardent affection of youth, had never dreamed or thought of separation. But the fatal stroke which deprived them of a father's care and protection, found them left with barely property enough to live with the strictest economy. Mrs. Sumner being left with the care of her four children, and being in feeble health herself, began to experience a mother's anxiety for their future welfare. Although she had friends in affluent circumstances, she scorned the thought of asking assistance of them; her pride and independent mind forbade the idea. After a great

VOL. I. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

NO. 45.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Lists,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROBABLY AND TASTEFULY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Sawyer Sarah, d. of Joshua and Mary, b. Sept. 3d.

Fowle Katharine, d. of James and Mary, born Sept. 29th.

Peirce Rebecca, d. of James and Hannah, b. Oct. 8th.

Reed Peirce, d. of Timothy and Peirce, b. July 21st.

Knight Rachell, d. of Joseph and Martha, b. Oct. 30th.

Kendall Samuel, s. of Samuel and Prudence, b. Sept. 4th.

Peirce Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Mary, b. Sept. 11th.

Loch Rebekah d. of James and Sarah, b. Nov. 11th.

Alexander Phillip, s. of Philip and Joanna, b. Dec. 12.

Jones Abigail, d. of Heugh and Hannah, born Dec. 17th.

Richardson Patience, d. of Jacob and Hannah, b. July 15th.

Johnson Francis, s. of Josiah and Martha, b. Feb. 13th.

Kendall Alliee, d. of Jacob and Alliee, born Jan. 31st.

Spike Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel and Mary, b. Oct. 27th.

Wright Morey, d. of James and Elizabeth, b. Oct. 7th.

Richardson Eunice, d. of John and Eunice, b. Dec. 23th.

Vinton Maletiah, s. of John and Abigail, born Oct. 29th.

Wyman Peter, s. of Jacob and Elizabeth, born Sept. 27th.

Jones Joshua, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born Jan. 31st.

Fox Thomas, s. of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary, b. Apr. 7th.

Eames Elizabeth, d. of Samuel and Mary, b. Mar. 26th.

1712.

Tompson Liddiah, d. of Simon and Hannah, b. Mar. 7th.

Snow Richard, d. of Daniel and Rachell, b. Mar. 6th.

Walker Susana, d. of Henry and Ruth, born Apr. 4th.

Wright Martha, d. of Jacob and Elizabeth, b. Mar. 23th.

Richardson William, s. of William and Rebecca, b. Apr. 17th.

Kendall Abram, s. of Jacob Senr., and Alice, b. Apr. 26th.

Johnson Rebecca, d. of Edward and Rebecca, b. Apr. 22d.

Haywood James, s. of James and Bathsheba, b. Apr. 16th.

Jaquith Abigail, d. of Abram and Sarah, born June 10th.

Wyman Eleazar, s. of Thomas and Mary, born Apr. 13th.

Poole Benjamin, s. of Benjamin and Martha, b. Apr. 26th.

Johnson Joshua, s. of Samuel and Mary, b. Apr. 17th.

Richardson Mary, d. of Frances and Sarah, b. July 2d.

Wyman Ezekiel, s. of John and Rebecca, born July 8th.

Converse Patience, d. of Josiah and Hannah, b. July 21st.

Foule Jonathan, s. of John and Elizabeth, b. Aug. 29th.

Russell Mary, d. of John and Joanna, b. Oct. 3d.

Bruce Lydia, d. of William and Elizabeth, born Aug. 24th.

Kendall Josiah, s. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Sept. 1st.

Buck Mary, d. of John and Priscilla, b. Oct. 2d.

Knight Lucy, d. of Edward and Jeanah, born Nov. 30th.

Reed Hannah, d. of Thomas and Sarah, born Jan. 2d.

Simonds Easter, d. of John and Sarah, born Dec. 2d.

Hamble Susana, d. of Joseph and Susanna, b. Apr. 26th.

Richardson Caleb, s. of John and Abigail, b. Feb. 23.

Kendall Abigail, d. of Ralph and Abigail, b. Aug. 17th.

Dean Thomas, s. of John and Mary, b. Nov. 23d.

Reed William, s. of William and Abigail, b. Dec. 7th.

Fox Judith, d. of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary, b. Aug. 10th.

Wyman Jerushah, d. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. July 23d.

Flagg Josiah, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b. Nov. 12th.

Burbens Joseph, s. of James and Mary, born Mar. 3d.

deal of serious consideration, she determined to obtain, (if possible,) situations for her two eldest boys, which at last she succeeded in procuring for them; and then she assiduously exerted herself for the two remaining with her. By industry and perseverance she managed to provide for them, and give them an education. She taught them early to adopt for their motto "always do right," and her heart filled with gratitude to the giver of all good as she saw them shun the low and vicious, and choose for their associates those who had been taught to shun the wrong, and choose the right. When Alice had arrived at the age of sixteen, Mrs. Sumner thought it best that she should have some employment whereby she could earn her own livelihood, and render some assistance to her mother, whose health was rapidly failing. After consulting with Alice, and learning her choice, it was decided that she should work at dress-making; she accordingly procured a situation with a lady of her acquaintance, and by her faithful application to business, and a kind disposition, she won the esteem of all who knew her; and having finished her trade, she soon obtained steady employment, which enabled her to assist her mother, and gain a good living for herself. Thus they lived happy and contented, until the evening we introduce them to our readers.

CHAPTER II.

When the evening for the party arrived, Alice attired herself with unusual simplicity; though plainly, she was neatly dressed, and a calm thoughtfulness seemed resting on that young and lovely brow. The moon shed its silvery light on the happy company, (composed of Alice, and her friends,) that set out from Mrs. Sumner's for the dwelling of Mrs. Gray. There they found assembled a lively group of friends engaged in conversation and mirth, in which they heartily joined, and an hour had passed pleasantly when the door opened, and Mr. Beaufort was introduced to the company by Mrs. Gray. He entered the apartment with the air of a gentleman, and was social and agreeable through the evening, in the course of which he was often seen to have his eyes steadily fixed on Alice, who was herself not wholly unconscious of the fact. Here let me impart a secret to the reader: Alice had been informed that Mr. Beaufort was in search of a companion to share with her the joys and sorrows of life, and she had been pointed out to him one who, being possessed of a kind and lovely disposition, was qualified to add to his happiness, and soothe his sorrows when his heart was oppressed with the cares and ills of life. This had all been told to Alice, and her heart beat rapidly, and the crimson overspread her cheeks, when she saw his keen, searching gaze bent upon her. After spending the evening pleasantly, the company prepared to depart; Mrs. Gray managing to detain Alice till they had all left, with the exception of Mr. Beaufort; he now had an opportunity of conversing a few moments with her, which impressed him deeply in her favor; he found her sensible and intelligent, not too distant or too forward; she answered his questions with becoming modesty and politeness, and he asked permission to call at her mother's the next day, which Alice consented to in a lady-like manner, and they parted for the evening.

Alice spoke not of Mr. Beaufort to her mother,—a something, she knew not what, constrained her to hold her peace concerning him. At an early hour the next day, Mr. Beaufort called, and was introduced by Alice to Mrs. Sumner. After conversing with her on general topics, such as the weather, the appearance and situation of Monkville, and other common remarks, he took his leave.—When he had departed, Alice informed her mother that she and an intimate friend of hers had accepted an invitation from Mr. Beaufort to take a ride that afternoon to an adjoining town. Her mother made no objection, as her friend was to accompany her; and according to her engagement, in the afternoon they started. After enjoying a pleasant ride and conversation, they returned to Monkville.—To Mrs. Sumner's enquiries, Alice replied satisfactorily, telling her that she had passed the afternoon very pleasantly, and enjoyed a beautiful ride. After tea, Mr. Beaufort again called, and was shown into the parlor, where (while Mrs. Sumner was engaged in her domestic avocations in the kitchen) he again found an opportunity of discoursing with Alice, who finding his conversation and deportment to be that of a perfect gentleman, had by this time become deeply interested in him, though this she was unwilling to own, even to her own heart. We will not listen to their conversation, as it was probably intended for no ears but their own. After spending an hour or two with Alice, Mr. Beaufort took his leave, requesting that he might be permitted the pleasure of calling again the next time he visited Monkville. Alice reluctantly gave her consent, and bid him good evening. She then retired to her room, but sleep visited not her pillow; "I have done right," she said to herself, "to permit the visits of a stranger without consulting my mother?" This she could not answer to her own satisfaction, and she anxiously waited

for the morning, that she might reveal all to her mother. In the morning she informed her mother of her conversation with Mr. Beaufort, and his object in visiting Monkville. Mrs. Sumner listened with surprise, to what Alice related. "Alice," said she, "did you consent to his visiting you again?" Alice bent her eyes to the floor, and after a moment's pause replied, "yes, mother, I did." "Why, Alice!" said Mrs. Sumner, "I am astonished that you should consent to receive the addresses of a stranger. Do you think you have acted wisely? do you not think you have been imprudent? I have ever cautioned you against such proceedings; I have watched over you, with a mother's anxious solicitude, and prayed that you might ever be kept in the right way. How many young girls, my dear Alice, have been ruined by listening to the honied words of flattery. Oh! my daughter, beware! beware how you listen to this stranger."

Alice made no reply to her mother, but burst into tears; she felt that she had indeed been imprudent. A fortnight passed away, a fortnight of sadness to both Alice and her mother, and Mr. Beaufort again visited Monkville. When he reached the house of Mrs. Sumner, he was received with a cold reserve by the mother of Alice. Her daughter being absent, she had an opportunity of conversing with him candidly and decidedly. He frankly told her that although his acquaintance with Alice was short, he felt a deep and growing interest for her; said he, "the first time I saw your daughter, I felt that could I obtain her to share my lot through life, I should indeed be favored; and since that time I have thought but of her. Would you learn more of my character and standing in life? I can refer you to the most worthy and influential men in the town of Harpsbury, where I reside; I do not ask you to rely upon my word alone, but I would have you hear those who have long been acquainted with me. I should be happy to obtain permission of you to visit your daughter; believe me, my intentions are honorable—I would sooner die than bring a word of reproach upon Alice. Mrs. Sumner replied, "Alice is young, too young to think of marrying: she is my only daughter, and I have watched over her with anxious solicitude, and deep affection; I have tried to inculcate into her heart principles of virtue and rectitude, and although I have nothing detrimental against your character, I cannot consent that she should receive the addresses of a stranger." Mr. Beaufort heard these words with sadness depicted on his countenance, and after a few moments' pause, desired she would permit him one more interview with Alice. This she at last consented to, and Alice coming in at the time, was informed of the conversation of Mr. Beaufort and her mother.

One extremely cold wintry day as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, a boy about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption. "Papouse die," she said mournfully clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moo-die's squaw papouse poor Indian woman be much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him!"—(She held up five of her fingers.) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake* upon his back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

A GENTLEMAN.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DUKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. T.—The prayer is beautifully written, and will be inserted soon. We hope to hear from B. P., Jr., again.

M. W. WELLMAN.—Your two poetical pieces we receive as usual—with much pleasure. We must claim patience, as our table is crowded.

AUNT HATTY NETTLE.—Quite an appropriate name, and Miss Peggy Snuffel will, no doubt, feel nestled when she reads it. We shall find room soon.

G.—We are pleased to see the Liquor question handled fairly, and free from personal and party allusions; they bring out public sentiment.

MR. RITCHIE.—We have expressed our opinion on your productions, and we have no doubt our readers agree with us. Your tale of "Taking Advantage of Leap Year" is received, and our bachelor readers may get a new idea.

OLD WOBURN STOCK.—We received your communication; you are much mistaken in the supposition that we published the articles for political effect, as we happen to be on "Yesterdays." We took the article as we found it in the *Lowell American*, and we did as we always shall—sustain the patriotism and honor of the "Old Woburn Stock." There is certainly no political bearing in this, and we disclaim all such intention.

BONNIE LASSIE.—Thank you for your poems; they are very creditable, and will soon appear.

VITA.—There seems to be quite an interest among us on the subject of the Liquor Law, and it is right it should be so. We can hardly believe the sale of rum in Woburn is equal to \$300 for an agent.

C. H. PARKER, *Medium*.—We had objections to admitting this communication; the poetry is good, but we must decline entering much into the subject of so called "Spiritual manifestation," though we may admit articles for fair discussion.

JACK NAMELESS.—Is welcome—full of the spice of life and sparkling wit, just the medicine to cure the ennui, without the doctor's bill. We like these little *jeu d'esprits* of life, and wait for the next chapter. For your commendation of the *Journal* we thank you.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

This is really the age of invention, and hardly a day passes but we are apprised of some new article—an improvement on the old; where it will find a resting-place is beyond our finite ideas to comprehend.

The inventions of labor-saving machines is wonderful, and when we look back a few years, and find the laboring man toiling daily at some laborious work, now relieved from it by some simple machine, we wonder why it was not thought of before, and we try to reason with ourselves that so simple a process could not require a very great mind to invent it; these things are very easy to comprehend, after they are invented. Columbus, after he had discovered America, was relating to his friends many of the circumstances accompanying his discovery; they expressed some surprise, but replied that it was very easy to discover America—they could have done the same thing. He asked them if they could make an egg stand on one end; they were sure they could, but after a fair trial gave it up. Columbus took it, and giving it but a slight knock, dented the end so that it stood up. His friends exclaimed, "that it is easy, every one can do it." "Yes," he replied, "after I show you how it can be done, it may be very easy." So it is with many simple inventions of the day.

We remember what a time we used to have in kindling the morning fire; the flint and steel, with the tinder half dry; and especially in a winter morning, with the mercury at 10 below zero; the improvement is simple, but why did we not think of it then. The carding and spinning wool, to make the linsey wooley cloth, was a hard task, and would at this day, be considered a great novelty. The improvement of card sticking is one of the wonders of the age; the wire is put in one end of the machine, and comes out at the other ready stuck in the card; it is one of the best inventions of the day, but being an old one it has lost its interest.

The sewing machine, when first invented, was thought to be a failure; it is a great curiosity to see these needles work, we can hardly believe our eyes, but the fact can be seen over the Hay Scales, in Haymarket Square, Boston. We go on, the percussion lock, instead of the old pan, hammer and flint; how many times we have missed fire after taking sure aim.

The improvements in domestic articles excite our wonder, and they seem to have arrived at perfection, still there are constant improvements; people of this generation have no idea of the old fire-place, the careful covering up with ashes to keep the coals alive for morning, or the great spit lodged on the large andirons, with the machinery of the jack in turning the spit to roast the turkey for Thanksgiving. Then there was the big iron shovel, to take the brown bread out of the oven; and great big tongs, to handle the back log; these are all superseded by modern inventions.

In agriculture, we cannot enumerate. The three last improvements seem to put on the climax; a machine for picking up stones, another for digging and leading potatoes, and the other is McCormick's reaper. The reception of this machine in England is before us, and the work it does is truly wonderful. It took the prize at the World's Fair, and will effect a complete revolution in harvesting operations. It cuts every description of standing crops with an evenness and regularity which is astonishing, and works at the rate of an acre and a half per hour.

Steam and the Telegraph have become familiar, and we must search out for something new. Who will find the perpetual motion.

A BOSTON NUISANCE.—The saw-mill at the corner of Merrimac and Causeway Streets, in Boston, is an unbearable nuisance, and we are surprised that the authorities do not abate it; the sidewalk is continually *lumbered* up, and it is dangerous, at times, for persons passing it. There is an immense travel on the streets to and from the Lowell Depot, and in wet weather the ladies are put to a vast inconvenience; it is the worst crossing in Boston, and should be immediately remedied.

LIVING AGE.—One of the most valuable publications of the day, always full of substantial reading.

FARDBROUGH THE MISER.—We have received this "tale" in magazine print from the publishers E. Littell & Co., Boston, it originally appeared in the "Living Age," and must be an interesting tale, or it would not have appeared in the "Age." From a hasty perusal, we like it, and recommend it to our readers.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Hon. Charles Sumner will please accept our thanks for 2 vols. public documents, and Mr. Hamblin's speech on the Fisheries.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The week begins with the dreadful loss of life on Lake Erie—near 300 passengers drowned from steamer Atlantic.—The great Democratic convention, at Hillsboro, appears to have been a grand affair.—The income of the Old Colony Railroad, from passengers during the last six years, is \$800,857—the amount received for freight \$207,143.—

Chelsea has become quite a spot for the Boston fast drivers, on the Sabbath: the police are on the lookout.—Richard North, 21 India street, Boston, has been arrested for selling spurious tickets for Canada west. Passengers purchasing tickets, should look well to Ticket Agents.—Spiritual Rappings are spreading, and we must look out for miracles.

A quantity of rum was seized in Lowell last week, and taken to the Marshall's office, and ordered to be destroyed.—A large fire in West Troy, destroying lumber and buildings, to the amount of \$200,000; set on fire.—The Merrimack corporation pays a tax in Lowell of \$13,600.—The schooner N. Durie, heavy loaded with railroad iron, was run down, off New York, by barque Flash, and immediately sunk; one passenger drowned.—Four American Fishing vessels have been carried into Charlottetown, Prince Edwards Island, by the English steamers, Devastation, for violation of the treaty.—The Troy and Bennington Railroad, was opened on the 16th inst.—Another squabble in Congress, and prospect of a duel, between Mr. Phelps and Mr. Bayley.—Several arrests have been made in Boston, of parties who have received stolen property, and have been considered respectable. The business of receiving stolen property seems to have been carried on largely.—There is said to be an insurrection in Mexico.—The liquor seized in Ware, was emptied in the gutter last week, by the sheriff.—The Post Master General, cautions the public not to use wax seals on letters that are to cross the Isthmus, as the wax is liable to melt.—The drought in Kentucky and Tennessee is very severe.—A fireman's jubilee, is to be held in Milford Sept 2d; a number of companies have accepted the invitations; they will encamp in military style, —84 deaths in Boston last week.—The cholera has broken out amongst the laborers on the Central railroad, near Columbus Ohio; there were 14 deaths last Saturday.—Kosuth is in London living in great privacy.—19 members of the clergy in England, receive a salary of \$500,000. We wonder how much they give to the poor.—Depredations on fruit gardens, is exciting quite a disturbance in the vicinity of Boston; whole gardens have been destroyed.—A large number of ships are on the stocks, in the various ship yards in the vicinity of Boston.—A new military company has been chartered at East Boston, under the name of the Union Guards.—A destructive fire in New York last week, destroyed an extensive planing mill, and plaster mill; loss \$600,000, one man was burned to death.—There is trouble in Cuba, many prominent men have been arrested and imprisoned.—There is now residing in Hollis, N. H., a lady aged 100 years; she is active and enjoys good health.—A serious Irish fight in Worcester, last week, one man nearly killed.—The Queen of England, has not vetoed the New Brunswick liquor bill, and report says she will sign it.—The crops of grain and potatoes, on Prince Edwards Island, are reported in a highly flourishing condition, so says the Royal Gazette.—Improvements in agriculture, are the leading topic with the people on Prince Edwards Island; the soil is rich and yields abundantly.

—Steamer Albatross, ran aground in going

up the Harbor at Charlottetown; she floated off without damage, after discharging cargo.—Emigrant passengers, continue to arrive in Boston daily.—The Canadian Parliament met at Quebec, last Friday. The Governor General's address, gives a favorable account of the prosperous condition of the affairs of Canada.—Advice from Africa, state the slave trade is still carried on by steamers.—Cassius M. Clay, is very sick with a fever.—There are said to be 76,580 political prisoners now in confinement in Europe.—The Rocky Glen cotton factory, at Fishkill, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire last Sunday morning; loss \$70,000—the watchman in the factory was burned.—The Free Soil convention is to be held at Lowell, the 15th of Sept

—We counted 15 accidents by railroads, the last week, with loss of life.—Steamboat accidents are as plenty as blackberries.—There are several fine buildings being erected in Woburn. With a steady and safe improvement our week closes, with an advance on the past.

Written for the Journal.

LIQUOR AGENCY.

Mr. Editor:—I see that my few lines about the Liquor Agency, is beginning to wake up our citizens, and I am much pleased to find in your last Journal, a communication signed "W." the writer takes a calm view of the matter, and I should judge he was about *half and half* on the "Temperance Cause," for he thinks the appointing of an agent, at \$300 per year is only carrying out a necessary provision of the law—necessary, because "rum" is essential to some of the *useful* arts, if we could confine the sale *solely* for the benefit of those useful arts, it might be a better excuse for "W." now, for *fear* the suppression of the rum traffic might be thought *oppressive*; we must leave a *loop hole*, where those who are oppressed can be relieved; if this is "consistent temperance," I must beg leave to widely differ from "W."

As to the newly appointed agent, being a man of moral decision and firmness, I have no doubt, but that has nothing to do with the *expediency* of having any agent in Woburn, to sell rum, at the snug sum of \$300 per year. How much rum does "W." suppose must be sold in Woburn, the profits of which would pay the agent's salary, would it not take full as much, as has *ever* been sold here, if so where is the use of this law to our town?

The town of Chelsea and some other towns give the agents \$50 per year, each town being a man of moral decision and firmness, I have no doubt, but that has nothing to do with the *expediency* of having any agent in Woburn, to sell rum, at the snug sum of \$300 per year.

"W." says he is informed, "the selectmen found it difficult to procure a suitable person with a suitable *place* to keep and sell the liquor," this is strange, for I should suppose most any place would answer.

"W." goes upon the principle, that rum must be kept in the town, this is *not* the doctrine of *true* temperance men, "total abstinence" if it means anything, means the total annihilation of all intoxicating drinks, and yet through *fear*, the temperance men admit the necessity of an agent to sell these very drinks.

"W." wonders if "G." is ever troubled about the taxes imposed upon the people, to benefit those who have sold rum. I can tell him I have paid my proportion of the tax, for supporting town paupers, and I am not disposed to pay the extra tax for an agency to dispense the very poison, which makes nearly all the town paupers, nor do I believe the citizens of Woburn will sustain the selectmen in doing it.

I profess to be a consistent temperance man, and while I strongly insist on the strict enforcement of the Liquor Law, I cannot consistently consent to the appointment of an agent to sell, what I am striving to abolish, through fear of injuring the cause, by the inconsistencies of *lukewarm* advocates.

I am willing to be instructed, but I have yet to learn how we are to stop the sale of liquor, by appointing an agent to *sell it*. The town of Woburn has no right to traffic in liquor, and I hope a meeting will be called, and see if we will submit, to have our town disgraced by trading in *rum*.

G. Woburn, August 24.

* Will "W." please solve this enigma; if there is rum enough sold in Woburn, the profits of which, will pay an agent \$300 per year, to sell it, how many town paupers shall we have to be taxed for.

Written for the Journal.

HYDRAULICS AND AIR VESSELS.

The subject of hydraulics and fixed air, is truly wonderful for the mind to contemplate. In bringing water from any distance by the common lifting pump, or sending it to any distance by the forcing pump, an air vessel is very essential. The fire engine will not carry a steady stream without one, and many will ask what is the use of them. There is one made of glass, and in operation at the new and well constructed house of Moses F. Winn, North Woburn, also one at the new Depot in Wilmington. Much debate has arisen, as to the philosophy of these vessels.

The operation is plainly seen, yet by many it is not well understood. To see the water stand in them nearly half full, without any valve below to hold it, is to many a curiosity. But let us look into this matter. The working of the piston and valves from a lifting pump exhaust the air within, and the weight of the external air upon the water outside of the pipe, enables it to rise to the height of 32 feet.

The weight of the atmosphere varies from

32 to 33 feet, above this point there will be no water seen in the air vessel; why? because the weight of the atmosphere just balances that of the water when the internal pressure is exhausted in the pipe, and according to the philosophical phrase, is termed a *vacuum*.

But the real advantage which is to be derived from these vessels, is said by some to be like a balance wheel, or a regulator to machinery, in other words it substitutes a well when placed near the bottom of the pump. It prevents the disagreeable reacting motion of the handle and lessens the danger of the pipe collapsing, or cracking, also the pump works much easier when the water is brought any distance. When the pump is in motion the water flows into the vessel with a regular uniformity there being a vacuum proportioned to the perpendicular height to which the water is raised. Thus if the water is raised 10 feet perpendicular, it would be 5-10 of a vacuum; if 20 feet 10-15; if 33 feet an entire vacuum would be made.

This subject will admit of much fertile speculation, but we will bestow thought upon the nature and power of some of the elements. It would seem to a thinking mind that water air, and were the most interesting subjects that the mind could engage in. Once it would have been absurd, and considered witchcraft, that by the steam from a kettle of boiling water we should ride to Boston, to New York, or across the ocean, not being satisfied with such rapid velocity of communication, man, by his inventive genius calls lightning from the sky and sends with it the news to any part of the world in a minute of time.

How distinguished and exalted has the Creator made man, how diversified his subjects. It is within our own recollection that man began to contrive these elements, and to make them subservient to his wants. He now rides over the world by the power which has been found to exist in *cold water*, in it there is virtue enough left to heal all the diseases which flesh is heir to, if rightly understood and adopted.

S. A. Woburn, August 1852.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Phila. {
August 10, 1852. }

FRIEND FOWLE:—I have become a convert to *thee and thou and ye and thou*. The language of these Quakers is beautiful. I admire to see these Quaker bonnets, and hear the wearer talk. I have been charmed with promenading down Chestnut Street. You will find the elite of fashionable life in all the gay and gorgeous colors, and rich decorations of a charming belle, in contrast with the plain silk bonnet, white shawl, and pretty shoes, of a rosie checked Quakeress.

I am much inclined to give my preference, to these plain dresses, and am about to believe, in the old idea, "that beauty unadorned is adorned the most" and if I don't change my mind Philadelphia may have me for a resident. You know I must have time to look round, before I finally conclude, unless Cupid should let fly one of his *darts* at my young heart, and then I cannot tell exactly how it will be.

I came very near being in a *faze* the other evening, on account of my *diffidence*, which I find is a troublesome matter for a young man, on entering society—it often leads one into a corner and he has to suffer, before he can get fairly out. I have always been troubled in this way, and no doubt have lost many a good chance, by this lack of confidence, in one's self, when in the presence of the fairer portion of Creation, but I am in hopes, travel will gradually cure me.

I was invited to a large party, in one of those splendid mansions, at the upper part of Chestnut Street. I accepted the invitation, and prepared, for an impression—I consider myself a very decent looking fellow, when in my best Sunday suit, and on that occasion, I patronised the "upper ten" barber and when I was all in trim, it was quite gratifying to my sense of self-respect, to see in my mirror, as I thought, a "diamond of the first water," but I had that confounded feeling of *diffidence*, and I was in doubt, as to my management, at this select party, but I resolved to do my best, and so I gave another brush at my head, and whistled off the idea of not being able to carry all things right. I found at my entrance, a large and brilliant party; my friend, of the mansion, thinking of course, that I was a New England man, and full of chaff, and easy manners, took me by the hand, and said he would give me a seat, and leading me across the large rooms, seated me in a chair between two young ladies, to whom he introduced me—this movement upset me, and all my courage oozed out at my fingers ends, and I began to feel the perspiration, the result of this extreme *diffidence* and there I sat like a *fool*—not knowing what to say—and I could see these young ladies smile at each other, *behind my back*. I had forgotten names, but I resolved to speak, and turning to one, said, "it was a very pleasant evening. I noticed that she smiled, and at that moment, such a *clap of thunder*, and *flash of lightning*, told me I had made a sad mistake, to begin with—I could not get over it, and I was in misery until I got out of that house—I made no impression there, but I think I—I made no impression there."

"None but the brave, deserve the fair," and I will rub off the rust, or I never shall be able to pluck up courage to put the question. I hope I shall be more fortunate in my next visit, I will endeavor to "think twice, before I speak once." I think these young ladies are very cruel, towards diffident young men, they seem to delight in tormenting them, but never mind, I have no doubt, but these two young ladies, are kind of wishing to catch me again—I think I made an *impression*, although I made a mistake, for I met them to day in Chestnut Street, and such a *smile*, I thought I heard Cupid strain his bow, but I think he had no darts ready for his quiver, as I did not feel any sudden shock.

Yours,
"CLOELIA."

Written for the Journal.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Among the innumerable changes effected even in a few years in all the various interests pursued, and fortunes of individuals and communities, none, perhaps attract the attention of the traveller more than the rapid growth of towns and villages, as they rise, Phoenix-like, in various portions of our widely-extended country. Particularly is this the case, when the architecture

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

YOUTH.

BY TEMOON.

A lovely time is the time of youth,
Nourished by love and guarded by truth;
Numberless pleasures enliven its hours,
And nature is smiling—enriched with flowers.
Offerings most costly it fancy-like brings,
Uniting our joys, alaying care's stings;
Fragrance with freshness it passeth away,
Golden its moments and enchanting its stay.
Love it then dearly, and guard it with care,
Delight in its treasures—they truly are rare.
Boston, August, 1852.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, August 19.—Air close and sultry, and the sun shone with a yellow burning glare. In the evening the atmosphere was stagnant and the moon looked very red; wind S. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 60; 2 P. M., 86; 10 P. M., 74.

Friday, August 20.—Cloudy thro' the day; about 11 A. M., it rained quite heavily; much cooler; wind N. E.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 63; 2 P. M., 64; 10 P. M., 60.

Saturday, August 21.—Cloudy and cloudy for the most of the day, the sun coming out about the middle of the afternoon; wind easterly; thermometer at 6 A. M., 60; 2 P. M., 60; 10 P. M., 52.

Sunday, August 22.—Generally clear, but considerable hazeiness at times; cool and damp, heavy dew in the morning; wind East and S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 63; 2 P. M., 73; 10 P. M., 55.

Monday, August 23.—A heavy fog enveloped the earth in the morning; sun broke through in 7 o'clock; hazy thro' the day; wind S. E. and S.; very damp and cool; thermometer at 6 A. M., 49; (the lowest since June 11th) 2 P. M., 75; 10 P. M., 61.

Tuesday, August 24.—Morning, sun slightly obscured with appearance of rain; sun very scorching at mid-day; wind E. S. E. and S.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 60; 2 P. M., 84; 10 P. M., 67.

Wednesday, August 25.—Cloudy with slight showers all day; close and humid atmosphere wind S. E. and S.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 68; 10 P. M., 66.

FRANKLIN.

We are indebted to our neighbor, Mr. Daland, for a fine specimen of Green Gage Plums, raised by him; they were delicious, and he has our thanks for the present.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN BOSTON HARBOR.—On Saturday evening, about 9 o'clock, the sail-boat Chanticleer, containing Capt. Dolliver, the owner, and Mr. J. B. Fenn, wife and infant daughter, were upset in passing through the fog leading to the harbor of Hull.

They were attempting to sail through on an ebb tide, and had passed the eddy on the north side, and on striking into the current it proved too strong for the wind, and they were drifted back, striking their mast against the boom of the schooner Oolong, of Hingham, which was coming in their rear, and partially filling her with water. Capt. Dolliver had hailed the schooner, and asked them to throw him a line and tow them through, but they were told to keep off. At that moment the current struck the schooner, and threw her into the rear of the sail-boat. On seeing the danger the schooner's boom was brought in, bringing the sail boat to her side. As she passed, one of the crew of the schooner reached his hand over her side and took in Capt. Dolliver, but the boat filled and sank immediately, Mr. Fenn and his wife and daughter being on board.

Mr. Fenn sustained his wife and child some twenty minutes, crying for help, and swam within thirty feet of the schr. Champion, which was at anchor near, but was refused assistance from her by an Irishman, who was the only man on board. He, when requested by Mr. Fenn to assist him, said the dory on the schooner was too heavy, and he could not throw it over. It weighed about two hundred pounds. Mr. Fenn, during this time, was swimming, sustaining both his wife and child, and endeavoring to make the shore, which was perhaps ten or twelve rods distant. The current, however, was setting strongly, and he was unable to resist it, and all were carried out to sea and drowned. The bodies of neither of them had been found. The boat of the Oolong had gone on shore at Point Alderton previous to the accident, so that no assistance could possibly be afforded from her.

Notice of the disaster was given at Hull, and Mr. Harrington, of the Mansion House, and other citizens repaired promptly to the scene; but it was too late to render aid. The boat sank in twenty fathoms of water, but has been found and will be raised probably to-day at low tide. Mr. Fenn's father resides at Scituate, and he was accustomed to go in a sail-boat on Saturday afternoons to Hingham, and thence proceed by carriage to his father's residence. He was on his way at this time to make one of his weekly visits. At the time of the accident Mr. Fenn and wife were in the stern of the boat, he steering, while Captain Dolliver was forward on the look-out.—*Boston Times.*

MR. INGERSOLL CONFIRMED AS MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—The Senate on Saturday confirmed Joseph R. Ingersoll as Minister to England, in place of Abbot Lawrence, resigned. Mr. Lawrence, it is said, will return the first week in October.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LIQUOR LAW IN BOSTON.—It is understood that the committee of the friends of the new liquor law in Boston, are prepared to make 100 complaints against unlicensed persons in the city for violation of the law, whenever it is thought proper to commence operations.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TEMPERANCE.

There will be a meeting of the Woburn Total Abstinence Society, in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, on Monday evening, August 30th, for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the County Temperance Convention at Concord, on Tuesday, August 31st. J. P. KIMBALL, Secy.

Woburn, August 28th, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

In Winchester 23d, inst., by Rev. N. A. Reed, Mr. Allen Martin to Miss Eliza W. Strong, both of Lowell. In Lowell, 18th inst., by Rev. Dr. Child, Silas Parker to Luanda Weir, all of L.

DEATHS.

In this town Aug. 20th, Thomas W. Kimball, aged 38, August 20th, Charles E. son of Joseph and Mary Ann Kelly, aged 4 years, 4 months and 4 days.

August 20th, Frances Ann, daughter of Abner and Sophia Hall, aged 1 year, 3 months and 8 days.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils, in singing some thousands of Pupils, from most of whom he has received the most encouraging testimonials of success, he feels justified in promising to all those who will present themselves to him, that he will give lessons in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. J. will be happy to see those who wish his services, *at home, in the morning and evening, in the Cars, or during the day* at 86 Tremont St., in his Room, in connection with A. D. Johnson's Music Store.

On account of the late fire, I have removed from my Room for a few weeks.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, AND DRUMS. IN JUVENILE SINGING CLASSES.

Lessons given at his Room, 86 Tremont Street, Boston, at his residence in Winchester, near the Depot, and the houses of the pupils.

Having received, in the outset, a thorough Musical Education, in this country, and having taught on the piano and organ, more than three hundred pupils,

WOBURN JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

5th ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

FAREWELL TO THE TEACHER.

Spoken by one of the scholars, written by

H. A. N.

The parting hour at length has come,
And we are gathered once again,
Within thy walls, our second home—
To say farewell! unlink the chain,
That's bound our hearts so long to thee,
And though we part—yet shall thou live in memory.

Thanks, dear teacher, for thy toil,
Surely it has not all been vain,
Thou'st planted in a fertile soil
Thoughts that shall grow and speak again;
But now farewell, our hearts must sever,
We part for months—perhaps forever.

Full many pleasant hours we've passed,
And pondered each her lesson o'er;
Yet now that this one is the last
Our hearts are heavier than before.
Our tears will fall, our sighs will tell,
The sadness of this last farewell.

We cannot tell the many wishes,
For each one in our happy band,
But may our heavenly father lead us,
With a kind and kindly hand;
And when at length life's thread is broken,
We'll meet where farewells are not spoken.

Charleston, Mass., August, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

SAGACITY OF THE CANINE RACE.

By MAY RITCHIE.

Though much has been said and written respecting the mental endowments of these useful animals, yet nothing can, I imagine, compete with the one in the following sketch:

Carlo was handsome, yet his lordship was an object of universal malevolence. From the bowed with age down to the daring schoolboy, he was regarded with terror. Several times had his life been placed in jeopardy by his foes, yet he seemed bound to live, and did. Notwithstanding our hero's unamiable disposition he had a home, and a good one, too, for he resided with my uncle, who used all his endeavors to remove his atrocious habits, but his efforts availed nothing, save in rendering him more sullen and spiteful. At length, tired of such ineffectual means, my uncle was determined upon a course that would prove satisfactorily efficient—that was, to put him out of existence. The following day was fixed upon for the prosecution of the deed that should end poor Carlo's days.

James, (my uncle's son,) passed his holidays by the seashore, about a mile from his home, procuring shell-fish; and it chanced that the time of his wonted excursion happened to come on the afternoon that Carlo's final dismissal had been discussed upon. He started for the place of his wonted resort, and so did his former companion, Carlo. Finding that the dog was following on after him, James bade him, in an imperious tone, go back!—Carlo obeyed, though with evident reluctance. Retracing his steps in slow and sullen manner, as if he detected the whole world, (his master and master's family not except,) he mounted the little hillock where he had previously been reposing, and, after looking about him, he gave utterance to a low growl, and then threw himself on nature's carpet, beneath where he stood. He remained on this spot the whole afternoon, apparently indifferent to all that was going on about him. As night advanced he arose, and walked slowly towards the house; he entered the same, and stood regarding for a moment the movements of its inmates, whom he found greatly disturbed about something. He glanced at each one, and then bounded up stairs, and entered each room whose door was ajar; after looking around him, as if in search of some one, he quietly left each apartment, and then the house. My uncle's family were too much absorbed with grief to observe particularly the dog's movements. They saw him enter the house, glance at each member of the family, and then ascend the flight of stairs which led from the basement; and a younger member of the family chanced to go up the same stairs a few moments afterwards, and beheld Carlo enter one or two rooms; and after glancing about, quietly depart from the same; but no one, at the time, thought anything of this unusual procedure of his.

My uncle and aunt had begun to grow alarmed at the protracted stay of their little son; they feared that some accident had occurred. My uncle had just taken his hat to go in pursuit of his son, as Carlo entered the house. He had concluded to take Carlo along with him, but while he lingered a moment to console my aunt, the dog was among the missing. In vain my uncle called or whistled for him, he was nowhere to be found, and he started without him. Leaving him to seek the place where his son had set out, I will account for Carlo's strange movements and sudden disappearance. He had, as it proved, entered the house to see if his little master had returned; finding that he was not with the family, he had sought for him in the manner before described; finding that he was not with the family, he had gone in quest of him.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed since the dog's departure, when uncle, who was still

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

NO. 46.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

A SLIGHT TIFF.

By EDITH WOODLEY.

"Well, Aunt Tabitha," said Mrs. Carver, as she seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair before the ruddy fire—"well, Aunt Tabitha, I have just been in to see Mrs. Lincoln, the new minister's wife."

"Do tell," said Aunt Tabitha. "But do take off your things. It don't look sociable to set with 'em on."

"No, thank you; I can stop only a few minutes. As I was saying, I have been to call on the minister's wife; and to confess the truth, I was downright disappointed in her. Call her handsome? Why, she cannot hold a candle to Lizzie here, not to either of my daughters—Lucretia, in an especial manner."

"But you know, said Aunt Tabitha, "that handsome is that handsome does."

"Well, I didn't see that there was anything so very genteel in her manners; nothing, at least, that was particularly overpowering. Before I called, I expected that I should feel myself to be a mere cipher in her presence—a perfect nonentity, as you may say—I had heard her cried up so by Mrs. Page. But I can tell you that I not only lived under it, but didn't feel a mite more put down than I do this minute. I might have remembered that Mrs. Page is one of them kind of women that always think that there must be something marvelous about the squire's wife, the doctor's wife, and, above all, the minister's wife; and I believe, as much as I believe that I'm alive, that if Mrs. Lincoln should go to meeting next Sunday with her husband's boot on her head instead of a bonnet, the same as I once heard a certain woman did, because some person made her believe 'twas the fashion in Boston—she and her five daughters would appear out in the same ridiculous style."

"We all have our failin's and weaknesses," said Aunt Tabitha. "Mrs. Page, of course, has hers; but accordin' to my mind, it is better to think too well of our feller-critters than not well enough; and, if you, and I, and others have such inquiring minds as alays to be searchin' into our neighbor's conduct and affairs, it is better to hunt up their good qualities than their bad ones."

"To hunt up the good qualities of those it has been my fortune to have for neighbors would, in a general way, be like hunting in a haymow. The truth is, with the exception of you, and Lizzie, and Paul, there isn't a person in the parish I have any great opinion of. As for Mrs. Lincoln, if she is to be held up as a pattern for the female part of the parish to follow, I, for one, shall take good care not to follow the pattern."

"Well, now, Miss Carver," said Aunt Tabitha, "I kind o'mistrust that I shall like Mrs. Lincoln right down well, for I'm alays tickled to death—in my element, as 'twere—when I come across a woman of good education that's free and sociable, and ain't starched up. For my part, I think 'tis the greatest sign of a real lady in the world when a woman, who is somethin', is able to make them that have no great pretensions—such as you and I, Mrs. Carver—feel easy and at home, as 'twere."

"I don't know what you call great pretensions," said Mrs. Carver. "I calculate that he plunged into deep water, and brought him safe to land. Carlo shan't be killed now—good dog—sane—and—" the speaker ceased for he had become suddenly faint."

Carlo again licked the hand of his little master, and then hastily left the house. After his departure the persons at the place where the boy was, told my uncle that they had attended the door, upon hearing a distinct knock, and found nothing but the hated Carlo—for he was known far and near—with his fierce eyes glaring wildly upon them; they were about to close the door upon him, when he bent his head and grasped the form of a boy with his large sharp teeth, and without waiting for an invitation from any one, he entered through the open door, and advanced towards a bright fire that glowed from an old-fashioned fireplace. Laying his burden before the same, he left the house, and went in pursuit of uncle as before stated. When he left the rescued lad the second time, it was to return to the house of his master; upon arriving at which he threw himself before my aunt, fondly caressed the same, who was nearly distracted with grief, for she, too, had heard a shriek, and deemed it the dying cry of her beloved son. It moreover renewed the scene of bygone years, when her son, her beloved son Charles perished in the same manner. The caresses of a hated dog did not soothe her deep grief; she grew more and more alarmed, until she was fast nearing the brink of despair. In this trying hour a messenger arrived and informed her that her son was not only alive, but doing well. Carlo is alive now, but he is vastly changed, he is one of the most amiable dogs in existence. Why this change, I cannot assert.

Aunt Tabitha smiled, but did not speak. There was something in the smile which did not suit Mrs. Carver, though to Lizzie it appeared quite a common-place kind of smile.

"I don't know what I am to understand by your laughing at what I say," said Mrs. Carver, reddening. "If there is any hidden meaning in it—anything which you would meanly insinuate, yet have not the courage to speak out, I say 'tis false; for, if ever there was a zealous, wide-awake man, that man is Ezekiel Carver."

"Well, I guess nobody disputes it. I'm sure I don't."

"What did you laugh for, then, when I was enumerating the responsible offices he has filled?"

"Oh nothin' in particular—nothin', only some nonsense that popped into my head."

"You needn't try to make me believe you were not laughing at anything in particular; for that is what you nor any other living person

can do, if you should try till you were blind. Nothing in particular! I know what you were thinking of; but there isn't a word of truth in it. What if he did fall off his horse coming home from the training last fall? it was because the horse stumbled; for Ezekiel Carver never allows himself to drink anything stronger than tea or coffee. You wouldn't believe such a scandalous story if you didn't owe me a grudge."

"Land o'massy, Mrs. Carver! what should I owe him a grudge for?"

"You pretend you don't know, do you?"

"I sartinly don't."

"Well, it's as plain as the nose on your face, I should think."

"Well, that's purty plain to be seen, I'll allow; but, large as it is, I can't smell out what I should owe Mr. Carver a grudge."

"Why, when we were girls he happened to take a fancy to me instead of you."

"You think that's the reason, then, do you? Well, all I can say is, you are mistaken; for I never seed the day that I'd had Zeke Carver, if he'd been made of guinen gold."

"I've heard of sour grapes before to-day. He was above your reach, Ezekiel Carver was, and the whole parish ought to be thankful he was. A pretty deacon's wife you would have made!"

"About as purty as the general run, I mistrust. But there, Mrs. Carver, we won't quarrel about it."

"You needn't be afraid. You are too mean for me to quarrel with."

Without taking any notice of this last remark Aunt Tabitha turned to Lizzie, and asked her if Paul, before he went out, told her where he was going?

"He said," replied Lizzie, "that he and a number of young men were going to meet at Franklin Hall this evening, to decide whom to vote for, for town officers and representatives next year."

"Oh," said Aunt Tabitha, "they are holdin' a kind of a corkus, then."

"Do tell us if there's a caucus this evening?" said Mrs. Carver. "I don't believe that Mr. Carver knew a word about it."

"None, except some of the young men were going to meet," said Lizzie. "There, that is Paul's step: they've got through in very good season."

Paul the next moment entered with a smiling countenance. He shook hands with Mrs. Carver, and appeared quite glad to see her.

"You have been holding a caucus this evening, I understand?" said she, rather gloomily.

"Yes; a few of us young men, just out of our time, thought we would assert our dignity by meeting together, and agreeing whom to vote for at next town meeting, for several have been talked of who are so grossly ignorant that by combining together we could turn the scale in favor of those who are better qualified."

"It appears to me," says Mrs. Carver, "that for such youngsters you are taking rather too much upon you."

"Perhaps so; though your husband is not of your opinion."

"Why?"

"We are thinking of him for one of our representatives; and, when Samuel Bartin and I called to consult with him about it this evening, he didn't appear to be at all opposed to it."

"Well," said Mrs. Carver, "I always said that you were one of the most discriminating young men in the village. There isn't one in a hundred that would have had the discernment to know that Mr. Carver was a mite better fitted for the office than forty others."

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion," said Paul; "but I believe I am not the one who first thought of him, and, therefore, am not entitled to your praise on that account. To confess the truth, I had been using what little influence I had in favor of Mr. Fabens, but Aunt Tabitha told me there was no man in the whole town so well qualified for the office as Mr. Carver, and on investigation I soon found that she was right."

"Well," said Mrs. Carver, "I always knew that your Aunt was the best woman in the world, and had the quickest discernment. I was saying the other day to Mr. Carver, if all the women in the place were like Aunt Tabitha, 'twould be a heaven on earth, as 'twere. So good in sickness, and so charitable to the poor! And Mr. Carver agreed with me—Says I, 'Aunt Tabitha isn't one of these kind of women that's always seeking out people's failings.' 'No indeed,' says he, 'and I don't know of but one woman in this place, or any other, that's equal to her in that respect.' Says I, 'who is that?' 'If you must know,' says he, 'tis Sukey Carver.' Then I laughed, and says I, 'Tis of course manners to except the present company.' Then he laughed, too, and winked in his sly way—the same as he always does when he feels pretty crank—and says he, 'To be sure it isn't Sukey.' I can tell you, Aunt Tabitha, it did my heart and soul good to hear him praise you; for you are my chosen friend, as 'twere. There, if the clock ain't striking nine! I'd no thought it was so late. Well, it isn't to be wondered at, for Aunt Tabitha and the rest of you are so

agreeable that I always, when I am with you, forget to count time. I mean't to have called on Doreas Low a few minutes, but 'tis too late now. Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you all! La, Paul, you needn't be at the trouble of seeing me home; though, come to look out, it is a little darker than I thought it was."

THE LITTLE WORD NO.

Last winter I spent a short time in a pleasant family, in a neighboring state. They were wealthy, influential, and so far as I could judge, a Christian family. The father had at different times occupied a prominent place in the legislative and judiciary of his state. He held office in the church he had erected, and preserved through years of trial that made him prematurely gray, the family altar; and as one who knew him well remarked, it was doubtful if a shadow could be cast upon his character. He was honorable and upright in business, courteous, kind, and forbearing in his intercourse with the world. The mother, an estimable woman, professed herself willing to do and suffer for Christ, hoping to die and reign with him. The only daughter was a mild, lovely girl; but the sons—and here was a mystery.

The eldest child of uncommon promise, entered at an early age upon a vicious career of drinking, gambling, and licentiousness, which ended in forgery and crime, until he was cast out of the family circle as one unknown, and after a term in prison, found his home in one of the vilest haunts in a southern city. The second following in his footsteps, was awaiting in the county jail a trial that might sentence him for years to the state's prison. Children of prayer, of pious teaching and example, the fact was to me inexplicable. I expressed my wonder in the hearing of an old man who had known them from birth. Said he, "I can explain in a few words; it is from their father's want of power to say no."

When they were beautiful children, and it needed but a word to guide them, he neglected to say, No. As years rolled on, and he noticed the first steps in the way of wrong-doing, he excused them on the plea of youthful exuberance of spirits. And when they went too far, and he strove to curb them, the boys, by caressing, cajoling or blustering, had their own way, for it grieved him to say No. In after years, when their souls were blotted out with crime, when with all the yearnings of a father's heart, he took them again to his home striving by gentleness to win them to the way of life, he dared not say No.

Christian parent, learn to pronounce, at proper times, this simple word, No. On it, under God, may depend the welfare and happiness of your children for time and eternity.—*American Messenger.*

A SPARKLING BEAUTY!—We copy the following from a German paper, with the remark that the heroine seems endowed by nature with what others acquire only by long and elaborate practice—the power of surrounding herself with sparks:—*Carpet Bag.*

"During the past cold winter a new phenomenon in electricity has come to light in this city. A lady, on the evening of the 25th of January, became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger, to the face of each of the company present. She was constantly charged and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stove or any other metallic substance, without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge.

The state most favorable to this phenomenon was an atmosphere of about eight degrees Fahrenheit, moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear.

When seated by the stove, reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more a minute; and under the most favorable circumstances, a spark that could be seen, heard, and felt, passed every second.

She could charge others the same way, when insulated, who could then give off sparks to others.

To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woolen without altering the phenomenon.

The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and in a delicate state of health, having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism, and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms."

SPIDERS' THREAD.—Austrian papers state that a merchant of Vienna has lately presented to the Industrial Union of that capital, the details of a series of experiments made by him to manufacture spiders' thread into woven tissues. The thread is wound on a reel, and two dozen spiders produce in six minutes a beautiful and delicate thread, two thousand feet in length. The stuffs manufactured from it are spoken of as being far superior in beauty and delicacy of fabric to those of

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIRE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J.—Think you for your good deed, and hope it will shine so bright, that others may see the beauty of the sentiments conveyed, and "go and do likewise." Shall we not have this pleasure again from you?

H. A. K.—We have seen that portable saw mill, and fully endorse all you may say about it. We hope for more articles on Mechanical discoveries and improvements.

H. A. K.—"Memories of the Lone One." Full of fine sentiment, it will recommend itself.

J. E.—This is an interesting letter for business men, and Boston Merchants will find much truth in the remarks about branches in New York. Too late for this No., it will appear next week.

W.—Be calm, gentlemen, in your discussion, and it may do good.

O. J.—Your description of "Travel Scenery" is good, and evinces unusual observation. We shall look with interest, for your "impressions" of the "magistic Niagara."

MAY RICHES!—We have received the Tale of "The Stolen Necklaces." It is long and interesting, and will require several numbers of the Journal, but will repay our readers for the word. Continued.

CIVIS!—Too late for this week.

We have not received our accustomed "scribbling" from the "HEART." We hope he has not forgotten us; we cannot part with his beautiful thoughts.

NEVER STAND STILL.

We often meet with men who seem to have stood still, during a long life, and lived without any apparent benefit or use to themselves or the community. They may have plenty of the good things of life, and could command all which may be required to make them comfortable and happy. Yet they are very free from any enjoyment, and we find them plodding along in the same path, finding fault with every thing, and with every one, who happens to come in their way. They never can comprehend how it is, at others "live and move" in this bright world without murmuring at the decrees of Providence, and viewing every circumstance in life, through jaundiced eyes. These persons never advance in life they seem to be a weed grown up to fill a place in the world, which would otherwise be a useless vacuum. They can never bring their minds to fix on any one object long enough to comprehend its meaning; consequently they are forever roaming into old fields, which have been trodden down, and deserted; there they seem to meet with something congenial to their feelings. Converse with such men, and you will soon find the extent of their knowledge—they have no desire for improvement, no ambition to join in the general progress of every thing around them, and are much worried for fear the world will move on too fast, they stand still through life. We have seen such men, perfectly satisfied with to-day, as they were yesterday, and will be to-morrow.

In such an age as this, how singular the life of such men! We can hardly believe that the mind can remain so inactive, but that it must keep pace with the progress of the world, finding a stimulus in every new invention for action, and gaining strength and ardor from the example of others; it is strange, but true.

Many a man stands still for the want of a proper motive to move him onward—he wants some exciting cause to attract his mind, and when in motion, it finds plenty to keep it in progress. In many minds the spark of inventive genius lies perfectly dormant, and the man seems dull and senseless; but let some small attraction or event kindle that spark, and the world will be astonished at the gigantic strides of a mind once thought inactive and useless. Men must seek their own mysterious value—we never know what we can do until circumstances bring out our capabilities. It only needs thought and reflection, matured by observing the passing events of life, to make a man useful. This plodding along in the same path, is like the boy who went to mill with his bag filled with wheat in one end, and a stone in the other—when asked why he did not put wheat in both ends, replied, "That his Father did so, and he supposed he must."

The more a man engages in the busy scenes of life the more he becomes enlightened. Every object gains his attention—his mind expands, a longing after something beyond nerves his genius for the mechanic arts, and he finds as he progresses, new and exciting stimulants for progress, which like Franklin, while raising his kite, struck the electric spark, which drew lightning from the clouds. It sustained the mind of Fulton while watching the progress of his steam kettle, and brought into existence that mighty power, which now almost propels the earth.

We have a germ within us which if properly cultivated becomes of more or less value. We do not know of its existence till some

congenial movement meets it; then is the moment for us to note its aim, and profit by its impulses.

An observing parent can discern the indications of this germ in his children. It is then we should look well to the direction of the youthful mind, and cherish it, that in after years it may spread to a general diffusion of usefulness, and not by neglect, become a cold and senseless statue.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Joseph Dow, of this Town, was engaged in splitting leather, with a splitting machine, at Coopers' new Steam Mill, his left hand was caught by the cylinder, and before the machine was stopped, the arm was drawn in up to the shoulder. At the instant when his hand caught him, and thus was unable to throw off the power and stop the machine. With great presence of mind he exerted all the strength he could upward against the cylinder, and succeeded in arresting its motion, at the same time telling the panic-struck bystanders how to stop the machine. He was immediately taken to his residence on Academy Hill. On examination it was found that the humerus was fractured three or four inches above the elbow joint; that the outer condyle of the humerus was also fractured, and that the forearm had received a very severe compound fracture. Several muscles had been torn across, and left hanging out of the wound by the tendons. The bones of the forearm protruded considerably from the wound. The wound was very large, yet, strange to say, the radial and ulnar arteries were left uninjured. The fractures were reduced, and the wound and arm dressed by Drs. Cutler and Rickard. Mr. Dow has suffered but very little from pain since the arm was dressed. Strong hopes are entertained that his arm will recover from the injury, and do him much good service during many years.

17 The house of Mr. Bowen Buckman was entered Thursday night, by a ladder reaching to a chamber window, and various articles to the amount of about \$20 taken therefrom.

17 The High School will commence on Monday morning, and will probably be well filled. We are glad that so great an interest is felt in town about this school; we understand that Mr. Stone, of Winchester, is to be the teacher, and doubt not from his previous reputation, that he will be quite successful in our midst.

17 The "Woburn Phalanx" returned from their march to Nahant in as "good order and condition" as the weather would permit. They must have had something of a soaking, but looked as "good as new" after it.

17 The Warren Academy is to be opened next Thursday, and we refer our readers to the prospectus of their future plans, which has been published during the past week. There will certainly be no lack of opportunity now in town for all our young friends to get well educated; we hope to see both the Academy and High School well filled.

17 Strolling into Cotton's store in Tremont Row, Boston, the other day, we were much delighted in viewing a bust in marble, executed by Miss Harriss Hosmer of Watertown, who is about 20 years of age, it is called "Hesper, the evening star," and in its conception (being original with Miss H.) and execution reflects great credit on the fair sculptor.

The bust represents a lovely maiden just falling asleep, she has a star on her forehead; her hair most exquisitely fashioned, and the chiseling of the features and bust are perfect in every respect, in fact it is truly life-like; thus another name is added to the bright galaxy of talent which our country is producing, and we venture to predict that ere long the name of Miss Hosmer will be placed high up on the pinnacle of Fame. Those of our readers who may visit Boston within a few days will be amply repaid by visiting Cottons, and viewing this beautiful work of art.

17 Hear the "Clinton Courant," after copying our article about that box of "pears" with our generous wish:—

So far as we are concerned there's no danger. We never "partake" of such critters—always "go the whole hog" or nothing. At the same time, if you will give our address to that "Bonnie Lassie," shall feel obliged.

We should like to oblige, but really, your propensity for monopoly reminds us that our portion would be rather small, and on mature reflection, we most respectfully decline to send up your "card" of address, excepting for interesting particulars—no offence we hope.

17 The STORM.—The late storm, has been very disastrous, north and south; and we fear there may be marine disasters; and we have room only for a few items, and in place of the usual weather article we give the following.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM.—In all the towns in the suburbs the effects of the storm have been felt severely. In Roxbury, much rare and choice fruit belonging to Mr. Dana, was destroyed. In Charlestown, Somerville, Medford and Cambridge, many valuable fruit trees which a few days since hung laden with beautiful fruit, are now stripped, large branches broken, and fruit and foliage scattered upon the ground. In Somerville, a whole field of corn was levelled to the ground; and in Medford and Woburn, peach, apricot and plum trees were stripped of fruit, broken and despoiled.

17 We would call attention to the large sale of household furniture, advertised to take place the first part next week.

BIBLICAL PRESENTATION.

We were very much interested a few evenings since, in being present at the house of Mr. George W. Kimball, on the occasion of presenting a Bible to Mr. Marshall Frye, by the Members of Fountain Engine Co.

The present was suggested by the separation about to take place, between the Company and its former assistant Foreman, and was at once appropriate and valuable. The exercises were quite interesting, and we are indebted to Mr. Knight, Clerk of the Company for the following report of the proceedings.

After reading of the 19th Psalm, and 22d chapter of Rev., and prayer by John Kimball, Mr. Knight came forward, and in behalf of the Company, with the following address presented.

THE ADDRESS.

WORTHY FRIENDS!—Mutation seems to be the allotment of human life; its emblems are stamped upon every visible thing, and the emotions which it awakens, either of joy or sorrow, are our constant associates.

Around the morning of our existance the dearest associations of our lives are clustered, and the seeds of truth and hope cast forth upon the purest and most sacred portion of our earthly pilgrimage. It is then that our hearts are the most cheered and elated by the scenes of joy and happiness, and passively we seem to say here is the goal of our being; here shall end the acquirements of life; but unfeasted progression still moves its steady pace along, and soon awakens us to new scenes, new thoughts, and new emotions. The eye which looks kindly upon us to-day, to-morrow may behold new scenes, and meet only the strangers gaze; yet, amidst all this mutability of life, there is one inate principal of man, which is the law of kindness and friendship, that ever remains the same; and our hearts when touched, with these emotions respond to their holy influences, and send an inquiring thought and wish after its kindred hearts, for the sacred tie of friendship cannot be broken. Death, even has no power to destroy its potency; for amidst his sternest desolations it flourishes the greenest. How truly is its undying affection portrayed by the fond mother, in sadness cherishing the little flower, which, watered by the tear of heaven, the night dews bloom upon the grave of her tiny child. An emblem of its strength, how firm it seems, when we gaze upon the marble shaft with its apex nearest heaven, reared there by some fond husband as a lasting memento of the affection which he has for the de-prated partner of his early life, and how unchanging seems its constancy, when we behold the devoted daughter or in her weeds, fondly training the claspers of the evergreen to the trellis, that bends over the grave of a departed mother.

Such my friend is the strength, and portrait of true friendship and such are the feelings which it awakens, and the influences it has upon all—upon you; upon me, and upon your friends here assembled in whose behalf I now address you: and would desire for them, whose organ I am, to present this sacred book, a lasting memento of the true feelings of friendship and high esteem which we have, and shall ever cherish for you.

In selecting the bible as our present, I know that we have stepped aside from the usual custom of the association to which we belong, but we have been guided by no sectarian motive or interests; for the intrinsic value of the gift places it beyond all such influences.

Of its value, I shall not allow myself at the present time to speak at any length; but will simply say, that of the changes and revolutions which have convulsed both church and state it has outlived them all, and like the "Pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," its teachings and principles will evermore triumphantly onward, notwithstanding the warring ofsects, and the sneers of the scoffing infidel.

In selecting the bible as our present, I know that we have stepped aside from the usual custom of the association to which we belong, but we have been guided by no sectarian motive or interests; for the intrinsic value of the gift places it beyond all such influences.

Of its value, I shall not allow myself at the present time to speak at any length; but will simply say, that of the changes and revolutions which have convulsed both church and state it has outlived them all, and like the "Pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," its teachings and principles will evermore triumphantly onward, notwithstanding the warring ofsects, and the sneers of the scoffing infidel.

And now my friend having received it at our hands as a voluntary gift, not dictated by form or fashion, but by the best feelings of our natures, accept with it our best wishes for your continued health and prosperity, and aside from its intrinsic value as a gift made sacred by friendships purest thought and wish.

Mr. Frye in accepting the present, replied as follows:—

BROTHERS!—I thank you for this valuable present, it shall be kept and read by me always reminding me of its generous givers, and as I peruse its sacred pages, and some new thought of life and duty rise in my mind, there will mingle with them memories of this hour.

For years we have been together, battling when occasion called the fiery elements; and although we have not received much sympathy from those out of our own immediate circle, yet I believe a oneness of feeling has generally attended our gatherings. Permit me to say, in leaving this Company, that I am not conscious of entertaining any other than the kindest feelings towards every member, and if any thing that I have said or done, has been taken unkindly by any one of you, I sincerely regret it. I trust that this Company may not be disbanded, but in answer to your own wishes, and their wants, the Town will soon make suitable provisions.

To you, ladies, who have graced this occasion with your presence, accept my most sincere thanks. Your sex are ever ready to sympathize in a generous deed like this, and I should do you injustice did I not add, that you are always ready in the hours of sickness or adversity, with your ministrations of love and encouragement. This sacred book, best tells the story of woman's devotion; the lives of its RUTH, and its MARY's are full of interest to us all, and will live as bright examples for ever.

Brothers in conclusion allow me again to thank you. I did not merit this, but as a gift from you I shall keep it as one of my choicest treasures. My best wishes will ever attend you in the various departments of life.

In my new home memory will often revert to this hour, and the other hours we have spent together, and be assured that amidst all the trials and joys of after life, a remembrance of your kindness will live forever, and when we rest from our earthly duties and labors, may we all meet in a better world where mutability is not known.

After these remarks the evening was spent in a pleasant and agreeable manner, and at a proper hour the company separated after singing Auld Lang Syne.

Brothers in conclusion allow me again to thank you. I did not merit this, but as a gift from you I shall keep it as one of my choicest treasures. My best wishes will ever attend you in the various departments of life.

After these remarks the evening was spent in a pleasant and agreeable manner, and at a proper hour the company separated after singing Auld Lang Syne.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The week commenced with a fine rain; it was much needed, and very thankfully received.—Several steamers running from St. Louis, on the Mississippi River, have abolished the *bar*; a good sign of the times.—

Extensive Water Works are to be erected at Cleveland.—The Cholera is still raging at the West;—30 deaths in the vicinity of St. Louis; it had abated.—A few days since a little girl died of convulsions, caused by one of her schoolmates who threw a dead snake upon her.—490 steerage passengers arrived at Boston in the ship *North America* last Saturday; all in good health.—Arrivals from Europe furnish various items of interest.—

Heavy rains in England had improved the crops; the Wesleyan Conference, in Session at Sheffield, had expelled five of its members for ecclesiastical disaffection.—

Severe thunder storms had occurred in different parts of England, killing several persons; heavy gales had also prevailed on the South and East coast.—By accounts from Australia, the exciting gold mania continues.—

Seven ships had cleared from London in one week with 1500 passengers.—France is quiet, and preparing for the grand *feast* in honor of the Emperor Napoleon.—

The Cholera is committing sad ravages in Prussia.—

Peaches are selling in New York at 50 cents a basket of three pecks.—The Collins' line of Steamers have made 50 voyages, and carried 9,000 passengers, without death or injury to any person.—

Three fires occurred in Kennebunk, Me., last week; all supposed the work of incendiaries.—

Our national flag, of 13 stars, was adopted June 14th, 1777.—One dollar bills of the Bank of the State of Maine, altered to tens, are in circulation.—

An intoxicated man was killed on the Rutland Railroad last week.—Mexico is still in a troubled state; and fears are entertained of a revolution.—

114 deaths in Boston last week.—A quantity of Liquors were seized at the Nahant Hotel last Saturday; a rescue was attempted by 300 waiters and hostlers, but without success.

A permanent Temperance Society has been formed and organized in Cambridge.—

The officers and crew of the U. S. Ship *Albion* have contributed \$88 to the Washington Monument Association.—The burglars are at work in Charlestown.—Pickpockets are plenty in Boston.—Ten dollar counterfeit bills, on the State Bank, Bennington, Vt., are in circulation.—

The works of the House of Refuge in Philadelphia, were destroyed by fire last Saturday, and, as usual, a fireman's fight.—

The Steamer *Highbury* Mary sunk in Missoni River, on 28th August; no lives lost.—

Mr. J. Dickeran of Kentucky, has discovered the perpetual motion, and has refused five hundred thousand dollars for it; he must be insane.—

The wife of H. Gardner, of Cornhill, Ct., was thrown from a wagon and instantly killed.—

A trunk-maker in Cincinnati has invented a life-preserver trunk, by the aid of which he swam across the Ohio River safely.—

Mr. A. Todd's barn, filled with hay, at Rockport, was struck with lightning and totally destroyed.—

The fishery question is not yet settled, but is in a fair way for adjustment.—

The wreck of the Steamer *Atlantic* has been found, three miles off the coast of Ireland.

A large fire in Cincinnati destroyed the German Catholic Church.—

The heavy clouds

Written for the Journal.

NEW INVENTIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—The subject of your leading article in the "Journal" of last week was to

that would regard the payment of the above salary so much as a "drop in the bucket" compared with the pecuniary and moral injury which has accrued and would continue to accrue to the town, from the unrestricted sale of intoxicating drinks. And "G" and "Vita" know that the unrestricted sale will be practiced here and elsewhere, unless there shall be a prohibitory law which shall command itself to the public judgment and conscience, as to entitle the part of a majority of the people. They know that, so long as alcoholic liquors are regarded necessary to useful mechanical and chemical purposes, and their use is also practiced and encouraged by physicians for medicinal purposes, a prohibitory law without provision for their sale for the above purposes would not so command itself to the public judgment and conscience as to secure the support necessary to its permanence and efficiency. And "G's" pretensions to the character of a "consistent temperance man" and a well-wisher to the "strict enforcement of the liquor law," in my estimation, hold the same relations to truth and candor, as did the professions of tender regard for the cause of temperance, with which Messrs. Warren and Lord and other champions of the rum interest in the Legislature, last winter, were accustomed to preface their malignant attacks upon the liquor bill, now a law, and on its friends.

If I had not conscientious objections to betting, I should not fear to stake what little property I have, even to my last shirt, that "G" is one of that class of persons known as a decided opponent to the temperance cause in general, and to the new anti-liquor law in particular. If, however, "G" will make himself known, and he prove to be a man who, by his professions and acts has heretofore shown himself friendly to the above cause and law, I will, with pleasure, hasten to do him justice, by a public acknowledgement that I have wronged him by uttering uncharitable suspicions.

I ought, perhaps, to give credit to "G's" last performance for its originality and independence; qualities regarded by many, as indisputable marks of smartness, in a writer or speaker. As an instance of originality in his style, I quote the following expression in the first paragraph, viz: "I should judge that he (i.e. W) was about half and half on the temperance cause." "Half and half" a cause is there not, Mr. Editor, in this phrase a striking example of originality? Profound too! For it is not, obscure as a "Down East fog"; And obscurity you know, is regarded as a sign of depth—profundity in a writer, in these enlightened days. If any one doubt this, let him ask the admirers of Carlyle. Now I confess, that when I first read the above expression, I was not only filled with wonder and admiration at its bold originality, but also absolutely "dumbfounded" at its profound incomprehensibility. And, in fact, I was profoundly perplexed with the question which arose, whether I ought to tender to "G" my grateful acknowledgements for a designed compliment, contained in that unique phrase; or to resent the whole thing as containing a designed, but unmerited reproach.

Now, it is plain that "half and half" was designed to mean two halves, which is the most obvious construction, then, as two halves make a whole one, it is obvious that "G" designed to express the charitable opinion, that I was wholly "on the temperance cause," undoubtedly meaning, wholly on the side of that cause; and this, I should regard as decidedly a compliment.

But if instead of this, "G," (or the printer) through mistake, inserted the conjunction and, instead of the designed preposition, of, and and meant of, then it was intended to be read "half of half," which is just one quarter. In this case, it would represent me, Mr. Editor, as only one quarter on the temperance cause; i.e. one quarter of a temperance man, which would be a reproach, yes sir, a gross slander, and a just cause of offence to an "out and out" scot-taler."

A remarkable example of "G's" independence, you will notice in his definition of "Total Abstinence, which is; "the total annihilation of all intoxicating drinks." Now what at a mind remarkable for its independence, could have ventured to coin and publish a definition to a common term, so directly in opposition to Webster, Worcester, and Johnson, and to universal usage.

Among the logical beauties of "G's" last performance, is that inference of his, that agents in those towns nearer Boston, would have occasion to sell more liquor, than would agents in towns more remote. Now I must confess that I was stupid, that I should have drawn precisely the opposite conclusion, that the nearer a town was to the city, the more of their liquor they would purchase the city and less at home. But "G" is a decidedly original genius, as is obvious in his methods of reasoning, as well as in his conceptions, phraseology and definitions.

As I fear your printer will hardly have room for what I have already written, I will take leave of your talented and public spirited correspondent "G," for the present, and defer to my answer to "Vita," to a future number.

W.

A man leaped from the Suspension bridge into the middle of Niagara River, on Sunday last, for the entertainment of a crowd of people. Owing to a strong current of air under the bridge, he was unable to retain a perpendicular position, and he struck the water upon his back. He was able to swim to a point in waiting for him, but thinks he will die in any other part of the kind.

Written for the Journal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—I have found the answers to your last enigmas, as follows:—

To "Adelaide's," enigma in the Journal, No. 40, "Bonnie Lassie, Hermit's Cave, Waltham Mass."

To "Adelaide's" puzzle in No. 40, "Bonnie Lassie, Hermit's Cave, Waltham Mass."

To "Mary's," enigma in No. 42, "Farwell to Middlesex Canal."

BONNIE LASSIE.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MEDFORD.—We notice that the entire site of the great fire in Medford, about a year and a half ago, is now covered by a large number of beautiful and substantial buildings. A great deal of building is going on at present in the eastern part of the town.

FATAL MISTAKE.—On Saturday night last, as we learn from the *Barre Patriot*, a man named Ordway broke into the house of Dr. Adams, in Oakham, and stole a jug of port wine, supposing it to be rum. The next morning he was found in the Doctor's barn, and died in a few minutes after his removal.

WHOLESALE INCENDIARISM.—Circumstances have recently come to light which makes it more than probable that one or both of those recently disappeared from Cambridge are of that class of persons known as a decided opponent to the temperance cause in general, and to the new anti-liquor law in particular. If, however, "G" will make himself known, and he prove to be a man who, by his professions and acts has heretofore shown himself friendly to the above cause and law, I will, with pleasure, hasten to do him justice, by a public acknowledgement that I have wronged him by uttering uncharitable suspicions.

I ought, perhaps, to give credit to "G's" last performance for its originality and independence; qualities regarded by many, as indisputable marks of smartness, in a writer or speaker. As an instance of originality in his style, I quote the following expression in the first paragraph, viz: "I should judge that he (i.e. W) was about half and half on the temperance cause." "Half and half" a cause is there not, Mr. Editor, in this phrase a striking example of originality? Profound too! For it is not, obscure as a "Down East fog"; And obscurity you know, is regarded as a sign of depth—profundity in a writer, in these enlightened days. If any one doubt this, let him ask the admirers of Carlyle. Now I confess, that when I first read the above expression, I was not only filled with wonder and admiration at its bold originality, but also absolutely "dumbfounded" at its profound incomprehensibility. And, in fact, I was profoundly perplexed with the question which arose, whether I ought to tender to "G" my grateful acknowledgements for a designed compliment, contained in that unique phrase; or to resent the whole thing as containing a designed, but unmerited reproach.

Now, it is plain that "half and half" was designed to mean two halves, which is the most obvious construction, then, as two halves make a whole one, it is obvious that "G" designed to express the charitable opinion, that I was wholly "on the temperance cause," undoubtedly meaning, wholly on the side of that cause; and this, I should regard as decidedly a compliment.

But if instead of this, "G," (or the printer) through mistake, inserted the conjunction and, instead of the designed preposition, of, and and meant of, then it was intended to be read "half of half," which is just one quarter. In this case, it would represent me, Mr. Editor, as only one quarter on the temperance cause; i.e. one quarter of a temperance man, which would be a reproach, yes sir, a gross slander, and a just cause of offence to an "out and out" scot-taler."

A remarkable example of "G's" independence, you will notice in his definition of "Total Abstinence, which is; "the total annihilation of all intoxicating drinks." Now what at a mind remarkable for its independence, could have ventured to coin and publish a definition to a common term, so directly in opposition to Webster, Worcester, and Johnson, and to universal usage.

As I fear your printer will hardly have room for what I have already written, I will take leave of your talented and public spirited correspondent "G," for the present, and defer to my answer to "Vita," to a future number.

W.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed Agent of the Lowell Builders and Mechanics' Building and Fire Insurance Companies, and would be pleased to receive applications for Insurance on any description of property, Aug. 28. WM. WOODBERRY.

VALPARAISO RAISINS.—600 lbs. just received; they are decidedly the best article in the market for Cake and Puddings. Also, a fresh lot of Prunes, Sultana and Cask Raisins, Aug. 28. J. S. ELLIS & CO.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the copartnership hereto existing between J. W. PAGE, a Practical Merchant, and W. H. B. PAGE, for the purpose of choosing DELEGATES to the Democratic State Convention, to be held at Fitchburg, on the 8th instant. Also to transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting. At the order of the Democratic Town Committee, J. L. CONVERSE.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.—THE DEMOCRATES of Woburn are requested to assemble in the TOWN HALL, on Saturday, Sept. 2d, at 10 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of choosing DELEGATES to the Democratic State Convention, to be held at Fitchburg, on the 8th instant. Also to transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting. At the order of the Democratic Town Committee, J. L. CONVERSE.

MARRIAGES.—In this town, Aug. 26th, Jane L. daughter of Antoine and Louise Stour, aged 2 years, 6 months.

In Lowell, Aug. 26th, by Rev. Dr. Child, Professor of Ane., of Hopkinton, Mass., to Lydia E. Adams, of Lowell.

DEATHS.—In this town, Aug. 26th, Moses M. Kelly, of Woburn, aged 22 years.

In Lowell, Aug. 26th, by Rev. Dr. Child, Professor of Ane., of Hopkinton, Mass., to Lydia E. Adams, of Lowell.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!—The best kinds of RED and WHITE ASH COALS at \$6.25 per Ton. For sale by W. D. WARREN, W. D. COOPER, Sept. 4. W.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AT AUCTION.—W. ISIAH AUBREY, on MAIN Street, opposite the house of ISIAH STRATTON, on Tuesday Sept. 7, at 10 o'clock A.M., the following Household Furniture, NEW and OLD, will be sold, for the purpose of clearing out the house of Woburn under the firm of J. W. PAGE & CO., this day, by mutual consent, dissolved.

All persons having demands against said firm, are requested to present the same for payment to J. W. Page, and all persons indebted to said firm, are called upon to make payment to the said J. W. Page, who alone is authorized to settle the affairs of said firm.

W. H. PAGE, W. H. B. PAGE.

The subscriber will continue business at the store before occupied by J. W. Page & Co., and grateful for his favors repeatedly solicits a share of public patronage.

J. W. PAGE.

DEATHS.—In this town, Aug. 26th, Jane L. daughter of Antoine and Louise Stour, aged 2 years, 6 months.

Sept. 1st, Laura J. daughter of Leonard and Laura Horne, aged 10 months, 23 days.

Sept. 1st, Clara Maria, youngest daughter of John and Elizabeth W. Flanders, aged 10 months.

NOTICE.—A notice is given, that the subscriber has been appointed Executive to the last will and testament of Israel Stiles, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, Cuyardine, deceased, testator, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs, and presents his will to the Probate Court, the said document being required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to the said Israel Stiles, Executive.

Woburn, Aug. 26th, 1852. J. W. PAGE.

SHOEMAKERS WANTED.—A FEW HANDS on misses' and children's Weltz and children's seved and pegged work, Good work wanted, for which a good price will be paid by LUTHER HOLDEN, Lowell Street, Woburn, Sept. 4.

WANTED.—IN WOBURN Centre, a good HOUSE, containing 8 or 10 rooms, suitable for a small family. Please address Box 55, Woburn Post Office, stating location and lowest terms of rent. Aug. 27.

FOR SALE.—THE SUBSCRIBER, contemplating a change in business, offers for sale a DWELLING HOUSE, nearly new, 22 by 30 feet, with a good basement. Nearly an acre of Land, with a stone wall around, containing 30 Apple Trees, of the choicest kind.

Said House is pleasantly situated on Mountain Street, commanding a beautiful prospect of the flourishing village of North Woburn; opposite is a beautiful Oak Grove, and a fine lawn in the warm season. Near Church, School, and Post Office, and about three minutes walk from the contemplated Railroad. Terms easy, and possessions given immediately.

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

Particular attention is given to taking Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups. The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished citizens.

Aug. 27. F. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 Washington St., Boston.

MR. WHIPPLE would inform those who intend procuring DAGUERREOTYPES, that he has devoted the last ten years to the study and practice of Daguerreotype Art, and is now in full possession of the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will give no pains in making Miniatures that are satisfactory to his patrons, not only as likenesses but as works of art. He was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best."

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

Particular attention is given to taking Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups. The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished citizens.

Aug. 27. F. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 Washington St., Boston.

MR. WHIPPLE would inform those who intend procuring DAGUERREOTYPES, that he has devoted the last ten years to the study and practice of Daguerreotype Art, and is now in full possession of the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will give no pains in making Miniatures that are satisfactory to his patrons, not only as likenesses but as works of art. He was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best."

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

Particular attention is given to taking Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups. The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished citizens.

Aug. 27. F. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 Washington St., Boston.

MR. WHIPPLE would inform those who intend procuring DAGUERREOTYPES, that he has devoted the last ten years to the study and practice of Daguerreotype Art, and is now in full possession of the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will give no pains in making Miniatures that are satisfactory to his patrons, not only as likenesses but as works of art. He was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best."

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

Particular attention is given to taking Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups. The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished citizens.

Aug. 27. F. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 Washington St., Boston.

MR. WHIPPLE would inform those who intend procuring DAGUERREOTYPES, that he has devoted the last ten years to the study and practice of Daguerreotype Art, and is now in full possession of the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will give no pains in making Miniatures that are satisfactory to his patrons, not only as likenesses but as works of art. He was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best."

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted to them.

Particular attention is given to taking Daguerreotypes of young children and family groups. The room is kept delightfully cool by a STEAM FAN, kept in constant motion. At the rooms may be seen a large collection of Daguerreotypes of our most distinguished citizens.

Aug. 27. F. A. WHIPPLE.

NO. 96 Washington St., Boston.

MR. WHIPPLE would inform those who intend procuring DAGUERREOTYPES, that he has devoted the last ten years to the study and practice of Daguerreotype Art, and is now in full possession of the very best Portraits the art is capable of, and will give no pains in making Miniatures that are satisfactory to his patrons, not only as likenesses but as works of art. He was complimented by the judges of the last Mechanics' Fair with the highest premium for "decidedly the best."

North Woburn, Aug. 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPTNESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

The office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

By BONNIE LASSIE.

There is a gem more peartly bright,
More dear to mercy's eye;
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light,
First cheer'd the evening sky.
A liquid pearl that glitters where,
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarch's wear,
The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self,
Invite this tribute forth;
Nor can the sordid love of self,
Appreciate its worth.
But who ye soothe the widow's woe,
And give the orphan food;
For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
The tear of gratitude.

Ye who but stake an infant's thirst,
In heavenly mercy's name;
Or proffer penury a crust,
The sweet reward may claim.
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flowers strewed;
Still may you claim the widows thanks,
The orphan's gratitude.
"Hermes' Cuck," Waltham, Mass., August, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

GRASS CULTURE.

It is not my purpose to tell a great story, of a great crop—but simply to state what a plain, practical man has done, and what other men like him can do. My neighbor, Stephen Blaney, has a field lately taken from the pastures of Salem, surrounded by hills, rocks, swamps, and other appendages not very inviting, on which there grew, in 1851, not more than half a ton of ordinary hay to the acre. The land is flat, rather moist, requiring some small drains to carry off the superfluous moisture. In September of the last year, he plowed this land eight inches deep, and turned the furrow slice flat. He then pulverized the surface, and applied a dressing of well-rotted manure, not exceeding four cords to the acre. He then sowed herdsgrass and red-top, and leveled the surface. He is now mowing the crop, and obtains from two to three tons of hay to the acre,—of as good quality as can be desired. Thus his land, within twelve months has been brought from a worthless condition, to yield a crop worth at least forty dollars to the acre; and this, without any extra expense, or extra effort. Without doubt there are many other instances of culture, equally successful; but heretofore, in the usual manner of culture, it has taken three years, at least, to bring land into a condition alike productive. *First*, a crop of corn or potatoes. *Second*, a crop of barley, oats, or other grain. *Third*, the crop of grass—and this generally, *clover*, of much less value than the crop of which we have spoken.

What is the secret of the success of Mr. Blaney's culture? *First*, complete pulverization of the surface; *second*, complete preparation and intermixing of manure. Where small seeds are expected to vegetate, these conditions are indispensable.—Suppose he had taken the same quantity of manure from his barn-yard, and spread it upon the land, in lumps, three or four inches in diameter, and cross plowed and harrowed the land, as is ordinarily done, it is safe to say his crop would not have been worth half as much. Here then the application of labor of the value of *three dollars to an acre*, has increased the income at least *twenty dollars*. Might not our farmers do the same thing with other crops, as well as with their hay? Are not hundredsof acres that do not now yield a crop of the value of *ten dollars* per acre, that could be made to yield crops of the value of *forty dollars*?

I saw, yesterday, a field of rye on our town farm, of four acres, the product of which will be not less than one hundred and twenty bushels; this land has not yielded annually grass enough to feed one cow. The point to which I would direct attention is, greater care in cultivation—*less land and more labor*, if you would have labor well rewarded.—N.E. Farmer.

POTATOES FROM SPROUTS.—Mr. William Carr of West Nubury, has brought to market this season, superior ripe potatoes, raised from sprouts alone. His course has been to start the potatoes early in a hot-bed, and when the sprouts were several inches in length, to remove them from the potatoe into rows, in good soil, about eight inches apart. He is thus enabled to obtain ripe potatoes several weeks earlier than by the common practice.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE CATAWBA GRAPE.—The origin of the Catawba grape is given in a biography of Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati:—“In a letter to me, (Mr. Longworth) Major Adlum says: ‘I found this grape in the garden of a German, near Washington. Of its origin, I know nothing. In introducing this grape to public notice I have done my country greater service than I should have done, had I paid the national debt.’ I entirely concur in this opinion. Most grapes do not impart their aroma to the wine, but a new one is formed by fermentation, which leads foreign wine merchants to flavor their wines. The wine from the Catawba grape retains the aroma and muscadine flavor, in all its stages.”

THE IRISH PEAT company is about to be extended. From the peat is obtained a substance which is turned into candles, valuable volatile and fixed oils, and an excellent charcoal.

USE OF TAN AS A MANURE.—“Even sawdust from saw and shingle mills; spent tan from tan yards, are worthy of our attention.”

The above extract, from an essay on manures by a sensible writer in the last number of the last Journal, brings to mind an experiment, made by Gen. Sutton, of Salem, in the growing of potatoes, the present season.

Mr. S. selected a field for this purpose, on which had been spread, and plowed in, a dressing of compost manure. He then set apart ten parcels of 100 bushels each, and applied different kinds of manures in different ways. I am not informed, precisely of the kinds of manure of the mode of application but simply that they consisted of all the varieties that he had at command. Among these, *rotted tan* was one; by which I mean tan that had lain for about two years, where it had been freely soaked with water. Some of the potatoes were planted on this tan; others were covered with it, after they were dropped. The result was, that those potatoes that were planted in the tan, were larger, fairer, and more abundant, than in either of the other kinds of manure used. I saw the several parcels arranged in barrels in the barn, and was informed by Mr. S. of the manner in which they were grown. Not having seen them when growing in the field, I cannot speak from personal knowledge.—*Journal of Agriculture*.

FRUIT.—A cultivator of fruit, whose good example is referred to in the New England Farmer, keeps a circle of several feet around the roots of every tree clear of grass, and enriches it with cheap manure, bones, ashes, and several other kinds of fertilizing substances. He has very large crops of excellent fruit, which he states, brings him more money than any of the neighboring farmers obtain for all their crops.

THE accounts received from all parts of the Union concur in the opinion that the wheat and corn crops will be the largest ever garnered. The accounts in relation to the corn crop are particularly flattering, and in many States where there has been very little corn planted in former seasons, the yield will be very great. The Iowa and Alabama papers state the crop will be double what it ever was before and that it will be a drug at 300 to 400 per bushel. The Cotton crop throughout the Southern States is represented as looking well.

AGRICULTURE IN GERMANY.—A traveller by railroad from Dresden to Hanover on the 15th of May, gives the following description of the appearance of the fields on the route of his day's journey:

The country through which we passed is smiling in all the luxuriance of spring. The fields of rye, glowing on all hands with their blossoms of intense yellow, looked as though columns of butterflies had settled down upon them. Most of the lamp oil used in Germany is made from the rape seed. Later in the season, the fields of poppies unfold their blossoms of blushing red. From these seeds an oil of better quality is expressed, used for the table and for other purposes. Poppy seeds are also an important ingredient in some of the varieties of cake, so abundantly produced in the German cuisine.”

THE POTATO ROT.—This destructive disease has again commenced its ravages in England and Ireland. In the neighborhood of Liverpool it has already made very serious ravages. Its appearance is represented to be very sudden, and its action quickly fatal. Reports from the Northern and Western provinces of Ireland represents the potato crop in that vicinity as affected with the disease in its most malignant form. Other crops, however, are reported to be remarkably promising, both in England and Ireland.

TO MAKE PRESERVES KEEP.—The secret of preserving them from change is to exclude the air. The easiest way to do this, is to brush over a sheet of paper with the white of an egg, and cover the jar, pressing it down around the edges while moist, and it will cement perfectly tight. It is cheaper, neater, and better than sealing up the mouth of the jar with wax, or covering it with a bladder.

THE new enemy to the peach has appeared in this vicinity; at least it is new to us. From many trees that have come under our notice, we have taken peaches looking nearly ripe, and which were mellow. On opening them we have almost invariably found them rotten around the stone and in each a long, white worm, luxuriant in his repast.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

THE pasture is all destroyed in this region. Dairymen and others are flogging their cows and live stock generally; and still the drought continues unabated.—*Alt. Register*, 23d.

THE EFFECTS OF THE LIQUOR LAW WHEN IT IS ENFORCED.—The Lowell News gives the statistic of drunkenness in that city since the new law went into operation. For the month ending July 22, the whole number of committals to the Watch House for drunkenness was 84; reported drunk, but not arrested, 160; total, 244. For the month ending Aug. 22, the number of committals was 20; reported, but not arrested, 40; total, 60. This shows a falling off of 75 per cent, “on the old prices.”

THEIR is a discreet old saw which says: “Look wise, say nothing, an unerring way when people nothing have to say.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIQUOR LAW.—*Duties of Justices of the Peace in regard to Warrants.*—We understand that a delegation from the Middlesex Temperance Committee (Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, and Dr. A. J. Bellows, of Charlestown,) having waited on the Sheriff of that County in behalf of the State Central Committee, to inquire concerning his “legal objections” to serving the warrants recently issued by Justices Ladd and Edwards of Cambridge, the Sheriff made the following reply:—That the warrants were objectionable, because returnable to Justices residing in the town where the offences were committed, and to which the fines and recognizances would accrue; that he holds himself ready to serve any warrants legally drawn; that he will require no bonds of indemnity, as his legal adviser informs him that such bonds would be contrary to legal usage, and, moreover, useless; and that in his opinion his deputies would be liable to indictment or removal should they refuse to execute any warrants legally drawn. It is important that the friends of the new Liquor Law should guard against this error, of which they were warned at the outset by Hon. Samuel Hoar, and other legal gentleman. No Justice of the Peace can try a case in which the penalties accrue to the town of which he is a citizen, he being in such case a party interested. This does not, however, apply to Police Courts, where these have exclusive jurisdiction.—*Traveller*.

SAN FAIR.—CAUTION to School-Boys.—On Tuesday, shortly after the District School at Whitlockville was dismissed, and the children had started home, three boys and a little girl were going along in company, when the boys found and killed a small snake. About this time a disturbance arose, in the little party, during which, one of the boys struck the little girl, pushed her down, threw dust in her face, and placed the snake upon her. After the girl had partially recovered from the assault and affright, she ran home and complained of a violent headache, and was thrown into convulsions and became delirious. In this condition she lingered until Friday afternoon, when death came to the relief of the poor little sufferer.—*Westchester Co. Herald*.

THE NEW CAR VENTILATOR.—The Hartford Register says that not only is the dust excluded by the ventilator, but the constant outward current of air prevents the noise coming in, and passengers are enabled to carry on conversation in an ordinary tone of voice.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50

CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY,

April 25, 1852. Train will leave as follows:

UPPER RAILROAD TRAINS.

Leave Boston at 6 A. M., 12 and 6 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8 A. M., 12 and 6 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Boston at 7 and 9 A. M., 2 and 5 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 6 and 8 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave WOBURN at 7, 9, 11 and 1 P. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

Leave W. Woods at 6, 8, 10 and 12 A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9 A. M.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

HAPPINESS:

OR, THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

In man's own soul this priceless treasure lies,
If not found there—its nowhere 'neath the skies—
Nor yet above ; if we heaven would know,
We must commence our heaven while below.

Oh ! pity then the man who through life goes,
"Complaining earth is but a prison-house of woes ;
"To teach him love, 'tis nature's great control,
There is no happiness, if none is in the soul.

Behold the man whose heart to mammon's given,
Forgets all else, save gold—makes that his heaven ;
Crushes the beauteous flower without a sigh,
And little children fear to pass him by.

For him the earth may smile and blossom gay,
He makes of life but one cold wintry day ;
His narrow soul reflects on all around,
Alas ! for him no happiness is found.

His heart, the seat of love and joy, is hard,
Against all sweet and pleasing things it's barred ;
He makes his world,—fashions it to his will,
And then complains that all is misery still.

He lives to self, for him no prayer is said,
For his good deeds no tear of joy is shed ;
The aged hand no welcome ever gave,
Unloved, unmourned, he sinks into the grave.

Think you that such see no beauty here,
Will ever be exempt from darkness drear ?
That God would strew our paths with fragrant flowers,
If fallen gloom should veil these hearts of ours ?

No, our kind Father who has thus clothed the sod,
That man, through nature, may see nature's God ;
And as we the earthly, and admire,
The more we love our God, whose joys are higher.

God made the flowers fair ;
God would have man His love, His name declare ;
Then know, frail man, proud creature of the dust,
To live in heaven commence on earth we must.

North Woburn, 1852.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF LEAP-YEAR.

BY MAY BITCHIE.

"I'm going to take advantage of this leap-year," said a pretty looking female to a friend.

"What do you mean, Clara? surely you don't intend to make the fatal leap?" returned the addressed.

"The same, Miss Emma."

"But how are you to proceed, advertise?"

"Not at present; I shall leave that for the last resort."

"Then how are you to proceed?" spoke Emma, in an interested tone.

"Well, to be brief," returned Clara, "you've heard of Elido Wright, who resides about a mile from here; he's worth some thousands, but that's no object to me, for I have already learned that riches do not constitute true happiness; but that is not the point to which I would refer you. Well, to begin again, you've heard of him, know that he's unmarried and unengaged; now I think if any tolerable good-looking," and the speaker glanced at the mirror that reflected back her blooming face from the mirror opposite to where she was seated, while she added, "respectable female should make him an offer, he would be glad of the chance to lead that one to the hymenial altar, for—"

"Ha, ha, ha ! so Miss Billings is not only about to inform Mr. Wright that she is a candidate for matrimony, but make him an offer in person," interrupted Emma. "Well, there!" she added, "if that isn't a little the tallest business that has ever come about town!"

"Remember 'tis leap year," returned Clara, "but you did not hear me out. I was about to add, 'for I consider the cause of his not getting married proceeds more from bashfulness than any real disregard for our sex,' at any rate, I'll soon know. Mr. Wright will be a companion worth having, for I have heard it invariably asserted that reserved gentlemen make the very best of husbands;" seeing a smile of derision upon the face of her friend, she added: "I care not though all scoff at me, since 'tis I, and only I, that has got to endure the horrid martyrdom of 'Old Maidism.' In this case we are all forced to look after 'number one,' and I, for one, am determined to give a desperate try this year, for next leap-year I shall be this; but I am bound to get married this, come what will."

"But," spoke Emma, "supposing Mr. Wright should not favor your suit—nothing impossible for you to get the 'mittin'; what then?"

"Why, try again and again," responded the enthusiastic Clara. "The wise," she added, "say, 'never yield to a disappointment while pursuing a good cause,' and surely this is not only a good but an important cause. What do gentlemen do when refused by our sex? do they give up in despair? Such cases are very seldom; they, on the contrary, are more zealous than ever to win a true and trusting heart; and when this is secured, they settle themselves down and enjoy the bliss of wedded love, as I hope to, ere long."

* * * * *

A few evenings subsequently to the above remarks, Elido Wright was seated at his library in his country residence. He was at-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1852.

NO. 47.

printed in his robe and slippers. He had been reading, but as twilight advanced he laid aside his book, and gazed out into the lucid atmosphere. He was soon lost in reverie, and his mind was fast creating a form that should one day be Mrs. Wright; he was already in love with the fascinating creature his mind had formed; but, oh ! he was too diffident to declare his passion to the ideal, much more to the real. He shrank from his former musings, and was about to call for a light to resume his reading, when the door flew back on its hinges, and Miss Billings was announced. She was an entire stranger to Mr. Wright, or she had never had the honor of an introduction. She had given her name at the door, and was introduced accordingly. An awkward embarrassment for a moment ensued, and then Miss Billings, summoning up all her courage, thus spoke:—

"My motive in thus intruding upon your leisure is to tender you an invitation, and express a sincere wish that you be present at the 'Ladies' Levee,' that is to come off on the ensuing Tuesday evening," and then she added that she, for one, would be exceedingly disappointed at his non-appearance at the same.

Mr. Wright thanked his female suitor for her kind invitation, while his face, (for the room had been lighted,) assumed the color of a blushing school-girl. Perhaps Miss Billings' face was slightly tinted with the same,—"would be surprising if it were otherwise—and promised her that he would certainly be there.

After a short confab, Miss Billings took an affectionate leave of him, what she meant should be intended, leaving the same to wonder at the strange conduct of the fair stranger: he was pleased, nevertheless, and was half a mind to make immediate preparations for the instalment of Miss Billings in his home, that was should she offer no objections. The reader knows her mind about the affair.

On the night of the Levee, Mr. Wright attired himself in his best suit, and hastened towards the well lighted hall, where the Levee was to be held, half wondering as he went, why any female should manifest such interest for him as had Miss Billings. He had forgotten 'twas 'leap-year.'

Clara Billings had quite an important station to fill this evening, which she regarded as not a little in her favor, for the furtherance of her love-plot; and so it was, for Mr. Wright had no difficulty in finding the object that led him hither, among the congregated mass there convened.

Clara received the handsome yet reserved Mr. Wright, with winning smiles, and an orb that she considered, and really was—irresistible. Her gentleman friend was pleased with the attention that was shown to him, and when he left the hall that night he found that his heart had gone—been stolen ! The thief? Miss Clara Billings ! Her sparkling eyes and witching tones had captivated his soul. 'Twas all over with poor Wright, and in a dispairing mood he sought his home. How dreary his home looked to him now. The loved Clara was then requested to soothe his lovesick—Phew ! what am I talking about ! I will leave him to his dreams.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Wright was slowly wending his way to the dwelling where Clara Billings resided—he had, somehow, ascertained her place of abode,—doubtless love was his guide. He stood before the door, like a culprit before trial; he had come hither to learn his fate. Poor fellow ! I pity him. Don't you too, reader?

Miss Billings attended the door, and when she beheld Mr. Wright, an arch smile played over her fine face, for she already guessed what led him to her. He entered the parlor with Miss B., and although seated on the sofa beside the loved of his heart, he did not dare "pop the question,"—but his eyes—they told his errand, and the sweet words, "I will be your wife," met his ear. They were married, and Miss Billings, (now Mrs. Wright,) never regrets her "TAKING ADVANTAGE OF LEAP-YEAR."

REASURES OF THE DEEP.—Within a few weeks a new effort has been made to explore the wreck of the British frigate Plumper, which was sunk near Dipper Harbor, about half way between Eastport and St. John, N. B., with some seventy-five lives, and from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in specie, in 1815. The wreck lies forty-two feet below the surface of the water, is of course much decayed, and the adventurous explorers had to overturn the washings of sand, &c., which cover her, some six feet below the bottom. They have brought up about \$200 in Spanish silver, mostly wholos and halves, the action of the sea having made them lighter than the original weight, and they were blackened as if by powder, having evidently been taken from the magazine. Remnants of pistols, grape shot, &c., were also brought up, and as a sad accompaniment, many human skulls. The party will continue its explorations for the present.

* * * * *

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourself happy.

THE WILD-FLOWER OF THE DANUBE.

For months before the election of a representative to the Hungarian legislature, all classes, high and low, wore the chosen badge of their party, consisting generally of a feather, a ribbon of one of the national colors, or a fresh sprig or flower. It was thus easy to recognize at the first glance to which party a man belonged.

In the country of Nesgrad (that smiling region which may be called the garden of Hungary) during the election which immediately preceded our king's last breach of faith, a badge was chosen, which from the poetry of its name, and the beauty of its form, excited in a lively curiosity. It was a plant found in Lower Hungary, more especially on the banks of the Danube and the Theiss. On a slender green stem, scarcely decked with leaves, waves a delicately divided feather-like flower, which, for its softness and flexibility can only be compared to the ostrich or marabout plumes. The soft filaments which nestle so gently, and the color of which can only be described as flaxen, will partly explain the peculiar name that the flower bears in Hungary, namely :

"The Orphan Hair." Count Joseph Zichy, a young and ardent member of the Left, had brought great quantities of this plant (which continues for years unchanged) from his estates in Lower Hungary to our upland district, where it will not grow; he distributed it as the opposition badge at the election of deputies for the momentous diet of 1847-48. The flower was so becoming an ornament that many ladies whose husbands or fathers belonged to that party, adorned their riding hats with it; a circumstance which doubtless brought over many a youthful proselyte.

One warm autumn evening, I sat with a true-hearted peasant family before their cottage door. I was to remain with them until the following morning, when I expected to receive a letter which should regulate my movements. Father, mother and children were stringing the dark golden or purple brown spikes of freshly colored Turkish maize on long pieces of strong twine, in order to hang them in festoons from the low straw roof to dry. In the hat of one of the fine active lads waved a most beautiful "area leeng lai" (Orphan Maiden Hair) at least eighteen inches long. The black-eyed Erzsi (Elizabeth) observed, with some pride, when she saw how I admired it, that this flower was not to be found in our stony Nesgrad; and, perhaps, nowhere in such perfection as just here, on the neighboring banks of the river. My former curiosity returned, and I enquired into the origin of its extraordinary name.

It was only after repeated entreaties that my hosts, who, at my question, had assumed quite a solemn air, determined to impart to me the legend that prevails along the shores of the Danube, concerning this flower. According to an ancient custom, it might only be related by the grandmother, on the long festive evenings of the Christmas week. As she, however, was now ill, the blooming Erzsi, after assuring us she remembered every syllable of it, was allowed to take her place. The full moon just rising, quivered on the calm waves of the Danube, and the whole scene gave a half saddened tone to my mind, that well adapted it for the coming legend.

Erzsi began, in a low voice, to relate as follows :

Not far from here is a large market town, which, with other estates in the country, became the property of a German Count, on his marriage with the only daughter of a rich magnate. After the death of this lady—who held some office about the person of the Empress—her husband came to Vienna to live on the estates, which he administered during the minority of his two sons, as their guardian. Great alterations were now introduced. The old officials and servants—most of whom had inherited their situations from father to son for generations—were replaced by Austrians. Before long, not a word of Hungarian was to be heard in the castle; the family itself did not understand a syllable of the language. All judicial proceedings were transacted in German; none of the officials had the slightest acquaintance with our mother tongue; and if the poor peasant brought forward a complaint or petition, he was not only unable to make himself understood, but was even mocked and insulted on that account.—When thus wounded in his tenderest feeling, (his pride in our noble language,) he appealed to the Count himself, he gained but a repetition of the same treatment, only accompanied with increased scorn. The sole result of every such attempt was approbation for the officials, and harsh words or blows for the peasant. Despair fell gradually on the people, like an endless night, and wore deep furrows in their haggard faces.

Janos was a gamekeeper, and had until now led a life of domestic happiness with his wife and child. He was replaced by an ignorant upstart, better skilled in the arts of fawning and flattery than in those of hunting and woodcraft. Janos was a gamekeeper, and had until now led a life of domestic happiness with his wife and child. He was replaced by an ignorant upstart, better skilled in the arts of fawning and flattery than in those of hunting and woodcraft.

Driven from house and home, Janos removed, with his family, to a clay hut on the banks of the Danube, not far from the castle. He tried in many ways to provide for their support; but, like his father and his grand-

father, he was only a huntsman. His skill, therefore, was limited to the green forest and his unerring ball. His utmost efforts in field and fishing brought small gain and great vexation.

His child fell ill, and the blooming cheek of his young wife grew pale from want and anxiety. Janos knew not where to turn. The village doctor had declared meat and nourishing food to be the only medicine for mother and child. The prescription was received in silence; it was given with the coldness and indifference of one who, grown dull to such scenes by their frequent repetition, cares little whether the advice he gives can be followed or not.

For many hours after the departure of the doctor, they remained brooding gloomily over his words. The young wife at last, through sheer weariness, had fallen asleep, with her little one on her arm. The huntsman gazed on the mother and child, and two large tears—strange visitors to his proud face—fell down his cheeks on to his dark beard. Suddenly his eye flashed. A resolve seemed to burst, struggling, from him; his lips grew pale. Suddenly he rose; and groping in the straw that formed his bed, drew forth a double-barrelled gun from its concealment; he threw it over his shoulder his *bande* ; and hiding beneath it gun, pouch, and powder-flask, he hastened through the doorway.

It was already dusk, when the crying of her child for food awoke Terka from a feverish sleep. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around, and saw that she was alone. Where was Janos? She knew that for a week he had been without work; what could have induced him to forsake his sick wife?

A horrible foreboding which she could not define, seized her. She rushed out and called him with a loud voice. There was no answer. She returned to the hut, took the wailing child in her arms, and darted from house to house in the village, asking for her husband. Some had not seen him; others answered with embarrassment, and sought to persuade her to return to the hut. This only rendered the dark image of coming evil more distinct. Onward and onward, a nameless presentiment seemed to impel Terka towards one fixed spot. Meanwhile night had completely closed in. The starving child shuddered on the breast of its mother; who, though halfclothed, neither felt the raw night-wind, nor heeded her infant's cry. She now arrived in front of the castle; the gates were wide open, but the entrance was filled with a crowd of people. Terka stopped for a moment, and then turned her large black eye on the bystanders, who, motionless with terror, were gazing towards the interior of the castle.

Silence reigned for a moment; a loud horrible cry then pierced the air—one that seemed rather forced from a sense of powerlessness than from pain. A cold shudder ran through all present; Terka had sunk on her knees, but rose at once; and with the strength of madness, pushing aside her neighbors who sought to detain her, reached the space within.

It was lighted by a ruddy glare of torches, held by a number of servants who were ranged around. The husband lay, bound with cords, on the ground; and the hissing scourges fell, with fearful rapidity upon him. A few paces distant stood the gray-headed Count, with his two beardless sons. All three appeared to look upon the scene on an unexpected excitement. If a groan or cry from the poacher (who had been caught in the act) caused the executioner, who had been created for the occasion, to pause involuntarily, a heavy blow on his own shoulder, dealt by the high hand of his gracious lord, taught him to do his duty better; and, urged by a feeling of revenge, he visited this insult to himself with threefold force on his victim.

Terka gazed with vacant eyes; no cry escaped her lips. The storm had loosened her pallid hair, as though she wished to see more clearly. Mechanically she drew nearer her husband—and now, he sees her ! A fresh scream of rage burst from him—it was like no human sound !

"Away!" cried in the Hungarian tongue, "what would an angel do among demons?" The young wife made no reply; unconsciously, she opened her arms—the child fell on the stones of the court-yard, and she sank fainting by its side.

Silently, as at the funeral procession of a murdered man, did the neighbors carry the father, mother, and child, all three covered with blood, back to the hut. The savage humor of their great lord was for a time at rest. The streets were empty; no one dared to appear at his door while the mournful train passed. Even those whom humanity had rendered bold enough to take the huntsman to his home, withdrew in anxious haste fearing the haggard faces.

The injuries which the mother and child had received in their fall to the pavement were, fortunately, slight; but Janos lay in a

* According to the law, none but the nobles are allowed to keep fire-arms without express permission.

* Hungarian sheepskin.

burning fever occasioned by his wounds. Wild fancies, full of the terrible events of the evening, and mingled with the ardent desire for revenge, agitated the brain of the sick man. From time to time, Terka laid cooling herbs on the deep bloody wounds with which his back and shoulders were covered, and then seated herself quietly at the head of his bed.

Day broke at last. The huntsman knew once more the loving hand that so gently touched his brow, and found a smile for the child to which Terka sadly pointed as their consolation.

The little one sat on the floor, not far from them, playing with the bright hair that fell in ringlets on her neck, and the rich abundance of which was the joy and pride of her parents.

Towards noon, the trampling of many horses was heard. The door was flung open, and the forester, who had on the previous day arrested his predecessor, and brought him to the Castle, now entered, accompanied by several youths.

"Your lord commands you," he cried, in a tone of peremptory insolence, "instantly to give up the fire-arms which you doubtless have in the house. The count himself waits without to be witness of your submission."

The huntsman unable to speak, cast a look of deep meaning on Terka.

"Janos had but one gun," she said, with a downward look.

"Wretches, beware ! A lie plunges you but deeper in disgrace. Deliver the arms that you persist in concealing."

<p

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute, to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more or out most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CITIZEN!—We receive with pleasure your notice of our firemen; they are deserving of our best attention and wishes.

“G.”—We much decline long articles on the Liquor question, as our columns will not admit of them; we have no objections to all sides being heard, but they must be short.

“J.”—Your remarks are worthy of attention, and we hope those interested will notice them.

“PEOPLE.”—It is time our citizens should wake up on the subject of Reservoirs; and trust your remarks will have a good effect.

“RAG ROCK.”—There is considerable sound in your remarks, but whether it will renew that Bell, is more than we can warrant.

“BONNIE LASSIE.”—Our pile is increasing, and we must ask our correspondents to be patient; we have many communications on hand which should have been published ere this, could we have found room. We are proud of the original matter which fills our Journal. Woburn is not, behind the age.

“C.”—The High School is of great value to Woburn, and we hope it will be sustained. No town in old Massachusetts offers greater facilities for learning than Woburn. We like your remarks, and hope to hear from you again. We omitted a part of your signature.

“M. W. WELLMAN.”—Thank you for your interesting letter. Your request for papers will be attended to.

“S***.”—We are pleased to acknowledge your favors; they are well written, and full of moral sentiments, and will always have a conspicuous corner in the Journal.

“P.”—No “Hermi” to acknowledge; we have some inquiry or our old friend.

THE MORNING SCHOOLS.

What a beautiful sight it is to view the gathering of children at the morning school; they come with cheerful hearts, and as they assemble the innocent plays of childhood begin. We hear the joyful sound of youthful voices, and now our hearts and feelings join with them, for we are reminded of days when our schoolboy sports were enjoyed.

There is something more valuable to be learned in viewing these gatherings, than a casual observer would think of; there are many different minds and dispositions, and could we trace each in their future years, we should find the great value of early examples and teachings. We can judge of the discipline and language of children at the gatherings before school hours; it will show itself in the respect given to strangers—in the actions of the boys toward the girls, and the general behaviour while mingling together for innocent amusements.

How often have we watched these little groups, and followed them in their innocent plays,—we could not help reflecting on the value of so many young minds just emerging from childhood, each one destined to fill a space allotted them in this bright world, either for good or evil, and then we thought of the great responsibility of teachers, and this is an important point for the good or evil of the rising generation.

The man who has the rearing of a youthful mind should be capable of forming a correct value of his charge; he should watch its turning and know its aims,—he can draw out its beauties and direct it toward, as it should go, by gaining its confidence and love, and that mind, by gentle instruction, will come to its teacher with all the willingness and ambition, of an affectionate heart. It is persuasive teaching that brings out the gems which lie hidden in the human mind; this is the key which unlocks that mysterious vault, wherein are stored the treasures of the human mind. As it is to one mind, so it must be to all under the teacher's care; what a responsibility rests with the teacher!

We remember one feature in County schools which always created a happy feeling in passing them—the scholars, if out of school, would always make their bows and courtesies. The present generation are highly favored, and there is no excuse for ignorance; our teachers are all men of talents and moral character. Our good Town of Woburn is blessed with schools and academy, which are not surpassed for order and good government, and as a proof of our assertion, let the doubter view the gatherings of the scholars at the morning schools.

Parents should visit them often; they will compare with the flowers in our gardens, various uniforms and colors; beautiful white budding and blossoming, gentle culture brings them to maturity. They are either our pride and joy, or by neglect are overgrown with weeds, and run to decay. We love to look upon these school gatherings; we are always interested.

We have heard much satisfaction expressed at the new side walk on Railroad street.

We would call attention to the new advertisements in another column.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

In another column will be found a notice for a meeting to be held on Friday evening next, in reference to a course of Lyceum Lectures, for next season. We bespeak for this meeting a full attendance of our citizens, so that early arrangements may be made for a good list of Lecturers.

We have so often expressed our views in regard to a Lyceum Hall building, and lectures and a Town Library, that we feel a difference in further pressing that matter, but hope, nevertheless, that we shall have a popular course of lectures this winter, and perhaps after another season's experience, of inconveniences, our citizens may be ready to move in the matter of a new Hall, so much needed, we would invite particular attention to the article from “E. J.” and would say “go and do likewise.”

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.—For Governor, HENRY W. BISHOP, of Lenox; for Lieut. Governor, JAMES W. THOMPSON, of Bedford.

Presidential Electors at large,—JAMES S. WHITNEY, of Conway, and CHARLES G. GREEN, of Boston.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We are under obligations to the Hon. Charles Sumner for his speech on the Fugitive Slave Law, and Mr. Sumner's speech on the Fisheries. Mr. Sumner's speech will be extensively read; the language is classic and beautiful—it indicates a mind rich in learning; and while we may differ with him in some of his peculiar views, we cannot withhold our expression of praise of his talents and eloquence, displayed in this speech.

A suit was lately commenced in the United States Court against a person for using a letter stamp a second time. The person chose to pay the penalty, \$50, and have the suit discontinued.

BOSTON BOOT AND SHOE MARKET, Sept. 4.—The same activity in Boots and Shoes is manifested as noticed last week. The stock of goods in the city as yet continue good for the season, notwithstanding the extensive transactions for some weeks past. Our manufacturers were determined to keep a good assortment during the season, and as the trade developed itself, they were induced to call in their workmen from their farms, by paying a small advance on the old prices, and in this way our assortment has remained unbroken. Buyers may be assured that Boston, holding the same relation to the Boot and Shoe trade of the country as New Bedford does to the Oil trade, will always keep on hand the largest and best assort stock in the country for them to select from. Prices remain much the same as heretofore noticed, with a good firm feeling for all seasonable goods. The Principal sales of the week have been to the south and west, new buyers from the latter arriving every week. The demand for California has fallen off some, as the dealers appear to think that a sufficient supply is now on the way to that market and any further shipments would have an unfavorable influence. 197 cases have been shipped from this port for that destination during the past week.—*Shipping Gazette*

COLLECTIONS FOR THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.—George Washington, Esq., Secretary of the Washington National Monument Society, has issued a notice, requesting the judges or commissioners of election, the postmasters of the respective localities where the elections are held, or any other patriotic and public spirited citizen or citizens, throughout the Union, to undertake the duty of having boxes fixed up at the polls at the ensuing Presidential election, with the label “Contributions to the Washington National monument,” &c., and collecting and transmitting the amounts so deposited to the Treasurer of the Society, J. B. H. Smith, Esq., in Washington city. The Society offers to pay all expenses incurred.

FRIGHTFUL SCENE.—A New York paper says:—

A distracted ox broke away from his drivers last evening on the east side of town, and went tearing through the streets, clearing all before him, and playing the mischief with any obstacle which he encountered. Several persons were thrown down and injured by the enraged animal, who at last found himself in front of a handsome porter house, known as Union Hall, at the corner of 4th street and Avenue C. Looking for a moment at the door, the ox plunged in. The bar-room was cleared instantaneously; the bar-keeper in his fright jumped through a window into the area below. The ox next made his way into a large saloon in the rear of the bar-room, where several persons were playing at billiards, cards, dominoes, &c. The players left at a moment's warning. The animal then made his way into the street, where he was shot, and had his throat cut.

TEXT FOR A SERMON.—The whole number of commitments to jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts, for the year ending Nov. 1, 1851, according to the official returns, was 3175. Of this number, 1589, or more than one-half were committed for INTEMPERANCE!

PROFITABLE MINING.—A letter from a minister to his brother in New York, dated Port Phillip, N. N. W., March 14th, states that in five weeks time he had him self dug gold to the value of £3000 sterling.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Summer has departed, and we feel the change of evening air.—Time and tide wait for no man.—President making is the absorbing topic of the day.—The Boston fire department has been called out 10 times during the month of August; eight fires—\$1450 loss.—Sundry boys have been taken up for robbing gardens, in Roxbury and Dorchester, and heavy fines imposed. This robbing gardens of fruit is a vile practice.—The cotton crop is said to be the largest ever raised.—

Counterfeited two dollar bills on the Hartford Bank, are in circulation.—Arrivals at the port of Boston, in August, 1049; clearances, 736. This is a great increase over the month of August for the past 9 years.—Population of Nova Scotia, 266,117—of these 4908 are colored, and 1036 Indians.—There are 81 women holding the office of Postmaster in the United States.—26 deaths from cholera, in Rochester, in three days, last week.—1000 houses were destroyed by fire, in Constantinople, the last week in July.—There are some rumors of another expedition to the Island of Cuba.—A duel was fought, last week, in New Jersey; both parties wounded.

A fire in Charlestown, last week, destroying two houses and one stable.—Ellen Crofts, the fugitive slave, now in London, is about to return to her master in Georgia.—1309 vessels passed up the draw of Charles river bridge, during the months of June, July and August; the draw was hoisted 2618 times in the three months.—Mr. Procter of Swampscott, shot 70 pecks at one shot last Saturday; pretty fast shot.—A female was arrested on Boston common, last week, in male attire,—quite a dandy.—Gove Hall, in Cambridge, is completed, and is one of the most beautiful edifices in the State.—Woburn Lyceum Hall, not yet erected,—96 deaths in Boston last week.—A mad dog was killed at South Boston last Friday.—\$301,743 was received the last year ending 31st of July, by the Board of foreign missions.—Steamer Reindeer, running on the North River from New York to Albany, burst her boiler last Friday, killing 7 passengers, and scalding 30 or 40.—Population of the State of Louisiana, 255,416 whites, 244,785 slaves.—Emigrants landed at New York during the month of August, 34,613.—The building for the World's fair, in New York, is to be of iron and glass, and will cost \$195,000—it will be opened on the 2d of May, 1853.—Jenny Lind received for singing in this country, \$305,000. Barnum got \$305,000; a pretty large sum for facing the music.—W. P. Emery and L. P. Davis were removed from the Boston Custom House, last week.—D. Mahony, of Charlestown, in a fit of delirium tremens, inflicted several wounds, upon several persons, before he could be secured; this is the effects of rum.—A bloomer made her appearance on Boston common, last Sunday evening; she was neatly dressed and created quite a sensation.—The cholera has broke out in Cumberland, Pa., 13 deaths occurred on Monday last.—3000 heads of fat hogs have been shipped from Dayton and Osborn, in Ohio, for New York, during the past three weeks.—We have late news from California. The country generally healthy. The death of Henry Clay created profound sensation; funeral honors were paid to his memory.—Emigration continues on a large scale; crime throughout the state was thought to be decreasing.—Chinese villages are springing up through the gold diggings. A Chinese theatrical company with a capital of \$40,000, are on their way to San Francisco.—Nothing of importance from Oregon.—Hon. Orin Fowler, a member of Congress, from Fall River, died in Washington very suddenly last week; his remains have been conveyed to Fall River.—More arrests of boys, at Lynn, for stealing fruit last week.—The heavy rains have been very destructive to the potato crop in Maryland; thousands of bushels are reported as lost.—Railroad accidents, the past week, are more numerous than ever.—There were 368 deaths in Buffalo, of cholera during the month of August.—The Mount Vernon Bank, in Rhode Island, has been robbed of \$10,000.—The amount of shipping owned by married couples were divorced by the last Alabama in the city of Boston, is \$1,339,883.—75 members of legislature.—The yellow fever has made its appearance in Charleston, S. C.—The state elections in Vermont, has resulted in favor of the whigs.—Several new clipper ships are being built at Medford and East Boston.—James Ellison, of Dedham, attempted to jump on the cars, at the Providence depot, last Wednesday evening, but missed his footing—fell under the baggage car, and received injuries which caused his death.—A deaf and dumb man was killed on the Old Colony Railroad, last Monday, while walking on the track.—No news of importance from Europe.—Some indications of potato rot in Ireland.—Matters in France are quiet.—We are improving our roads, and keeping up with these progressive times.—The weather has been very warm the past week. The late rains have improved the pasture, and our farmers find good feed for cattle.—The past week has been a favorable one.

Written for the Journal.

LIBRARY.

“How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

Allow me, dear Mr. Editor, to draw aside the veil, and let one “good deed” shine on you and your readers. The knowledge of it may stimulate some one to go and do likewise in your ancient town.

An aged, distinguished, and honored man died in the place from which I am writing to you, some weeks ago. He had collected a

library, large and valuable, for a man engaged in ordinary mercantile life. This library was advertised for sale. Two brothers, who have raised themselves by their own persevering industry to an elevated position in the town of their residence, purchased this collection of books for four hundred dollars, and presented it to a Library Association in the town, on condition, simply, that a suitable building should be provided in which to keep the library. Was not this example worthy of commendation and imitation?

In consequence of this generous donation, the Association, I understand, mean to make efforts to secure a building which shall be not only a great convenience, but an ornament to the place, and a suitable depository in coming years for similar additions of books, pictures, maps, busts, &c., which may form, half a century hence, an elegant public, social and literary resort. Is it not by such steps as these the true advance of a town is measured?

Yours, &c., E. J.

Written for the Journal.

ALCOHOLIC TINCTURES.

Alcoholic tinctures are those which are composed in a greater or less degree of alcohol; or such as are sold in all drug stores under the various names of “Tincture of Rhubarb,” “Tincture of Opium,” (Laudanum,) “Camphorated Tincture of Opium,” (Paragore,) “Tincture of Myrrh,” “Tincture of Peruvian Bark,” “Tincture of Cinnamon,” &c., &c. All these, and very many more, are prepared with diluted alcohol, or more commonly with New England Rum, and are consequently intoxicating. Under the new “Liquor Law” have apothecaries a right to sell such like tinctures? This law declares that no person, except authorized agents, shall be allowed at any time, to sell “any spirituous or intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, a part of which is spirituous or intoxicating,” without incurring certain severe penalties. Now, as above shown, the various tinctures sold by apothecaries are “spirituous” and “intoxicating.” Have they a right to sell such? The time is soon coming when this question must be answered; and if answered in the affirmative, then there is no limit to the spirituous liquors that may be lawfully sold by them under various medicinal names! If in the negative, then the new Liquor Act will shortly close up very nigh every Apothecary's shop in the State! What will be the final decision on the above question?

CIVIS.

Written for the Journal.

RESERVOIR.

MR. EDITOR:—Something has been written, and more said, about the importance of a Reservoir in Woburn Centre.

The few wells that we now have would afford but a limited supply of water in case of fire. The canal, which has been our main dependence for water, on extra occasions, is now dry, and, as was expected, it has affected the wells in the vicinity. I do hope and trust that the citizens will not wait until a dread conflagration shall prompt them to duty. I think Sir, that a Cistern can be erected for about \$100 per hhd, with two courses of brick, and one of cement, that will stand for years. I am no advocate for every new notion that arises, that this one idea of the necessity of more and better facilities for water, in case of a fire, I wish you would keep before the people.

Woburn, Sept 3d, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

LIQUOR AGENCY.

MR. EDITOR:—I am under peculiar obligations to “W.” for his very sensible article in answer to my last. It reminds me of what John Randolph once said about a long speech delivered in Congress; a friend asked him what he thought of it,—“words, sir, words,” was his reply. I shall not require much space for what I have to say, as “W.” does not answer my first question, but leaves the point at issue, and turns critic; and would, no doubt, be pleased to turn public attention from that injudicious appointment—the Liquor Agency, with the \$300 salary, to his elaborate dissertation upon a “half and half” temperance man.

“W.” begins by stating that he cannot perceive any important arguments or facts to answer, and yet he devotes over a column of your “Journal” in answering no important arguments, and says there is not a sensible man in Woburn who regards the payment of that \$300 salary, so much as a drop in the bucket. I think we must have a great majority of *insensible* men, for as far as I can learn, there is a general expression against it.

I note his *conscious* objections so *betting*, and as they coincide with my own, there is no danger of losing or winning any shirts. I repeat again that I am a strict temperance man, and ask again how “W.” expects to stop the sale of liquors by appointing an Agent to *sell* them? The law does not say that the Town shall appoint an Agent, but that it *may* appoint one. The fact is that so long as Liquors are to be had they will be obtained, and a thousand and one tricks resorted to for the purpose of deceiving the Agent. We see it daily, and I still say that the citizens of Woburn should *rejoice* this appointment.

I would remark to “W.” that his interpretation of “half and half” meaning one quarter of a temperance man may be true, as I must acknowledge him to be the best judge. I do not deem it of importance to answer all his remarks, and especially as he acknowledges himself *stupid*, it would be like casting pearls before swine. Will “W.” solve that enigma?

G.

Written for the Journal.

THE SABBATH.

MR. EDITOR:—In seeking for some subject on which the mind and pen might be profitably employed for a few moments, I have chosen from among many of vital interest to individuals and communities, that of the Christian Sabbath, fully believing in the worth ascribed to it by the poet, when he calls it—

“Sweet day of rest,

Day of all the week the best.”

What more pleasing to the care-worn and wearied spirit, than the reflection that when the labors of each succeeding week are closed, a day of quiet and peaceful rest awaits us.—

On this hallowed day no worldly cares—none of the various perplexing scenes often met in pursuing our various avocations, need be suffered to interfere with the performance of the duties we owe to our fellow beings and the benevolent Author of all our happiness and enjoyment.

Throwing aside the cares of business and the various amusements of other days, we may join the loved circle around the family altar—mingle with the throng as they enter the stately edifice dedicated to the worship of the only true God, and unite our prayers and praises with the vast multitude who assemble for the same purpose on this blessed day throughout all Christian lands.

Other portions of this best of days may be profitably and pleasantly spent in private devotions—in the study of the sacred word, and in the various ways of associating together which noble-hearted philosophy and Christian benevolence may suggest: who would not choose this way of passing this day in preference to

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
A PRAYER.

Then who in the sacred pages,
Claims the name of Rock of Ages;
Let us ever rest on thee,
Still our friend and helper be.

Then who art the sinners guide,
Let us in thy love confide;
May angry passions never rise,
To stop our progress to the skies.

When our erring do stray,
Guide them in the narrow way;
And from each danger keep us free,
Travelling o'er life's stormy sea.

Jesus grant that we may be,
Thine through all eternity;
Through endless ages may we sing,
The praises of our heavenly king.

Boston, July 30th, 1852. M. E. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

FROM MARY W. WELLMAN.

MR. EDITOR:—Having left Woburn somewhat unexpectedly, I thought it would not be amiss to give your readers a few thoughts, although they may think I have not been absent long enough to get much information but of passing events. I am now in the beautiful Town of Quincy, the birth-place of a great and good man, the late John Quincy Adams. I am stopping with distant relatives of this great man, three female teachers from Boston, who came to this place three years ago, after teaching school in the city of Boston twenty-five years; I certainly expect to be much benefited by their society. The ladies referred to are not of the ordinary stamp, and I must say that in all my travels, (and I have been quite a traveler for one of my age and means,) I have never met with minds so unpolished and spirits so lowly as is wrapt up in the perishable casket of these sisters. The casket may one day decay, but the gem that now so faintly shines will burn with unquenchable fire, and shine amid the blood washed thron around the throne of the eternal God.

I am at a beautiful cottage, the residence of these dear sisters, and I can look out of my window, (which overlooks the town,) and see the place called Birch Aisle, where that unfortunate young couple, overpowered by fanaticism, found an early grave. Young they were, but the earth had no joys for them. The cunning of the adversary had supplanted the purity of the wise and good. They had filled their minds with corrupt and sinful fables, weak they were, and the world three of their mysterious web about them, and their feet became entangled and having no higher power to flee to, they fell victims to man's wicked and unchristian doctrine. Oh! as I look upon that dark forest and gloomy swamp, (for it has gloomy appearance now.) I cannot but weep to know such was the fate of two immortal souls. That there, far from all friends and connections, with no eye but the eye of Jehovah resting upon them, they threw away their lives which should have been spent in their Maker's service, deluded by the writings of a set of irreligious men. Thus we see the necessity of having God for our protector, our counselor and guide; had they gone to God, —asked in child-like submission that he would be pleased to point out their error, pray for a deliverance from the dark and broad road they were travelling, ask God to lift the dark veil of superstition from off their minds, to give them strength to overcome in the day of adversity, to give them the spirit of the gospel which would alone be sufficient to shield them, and to cry out, "Oh, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." But instead of this they put their trust in man—put God and holy things afar off, and when the darkness of the world had covered them as with a garment; when the ungodly thoughts of wicked men presented no new joys for them; when they found that after reading all the miserable perishable trash penned for the marvelous and weak-minded—when they had followed man, the teachings of sinful cunning men, they found after all a vacuum; unsatisfied they were, no one could seem to give ease to their troubled souls; when man had not power to save, they perished in their troubled souls, when had not power to save they perished in their own folly. Oh! the importance of having lively faith in God—to be ever on our guard never to give place to those deadly—those wicked sentiments of unrighteous men, who change the word of God to their own vile purposes, and thus mislead the ignorant and unwise. In times of trouble—in hours of adversity; in days of prosperity—in hours of rejoicing, let us feel alike our dependence upon God. Let the fate of these unfortunate deluded children be a warning to many who, I am sorry to say, have too much faith in the doctrine of cunning men. There never was a time when gross darkness so veiled the minds of the people as at present. Every day I meet with men and women who are becoming converts to the doctrine of cunning men. The bible and family worship is laid aside. The worst of books are in the place of the divine word of God, and the family altar is thrown by sacrilegious hands.

But these are the man's of evil, the spirit of the enemies of Christ. As the hour of peril they but aggravate the soul. Men cannot appease the sufferings of a guilty soul. No consolation is there in the hour of death in man's unprincipled, unholiness teachings. The true spirit of the gospel, the divine revelation from Heaven is the only reliable source on which we can rest secure, which will not only serve to lighten our burdens in this life, but which a man must possess within him in order to walk in that narrow path, and at last be received into that house that glorious home for

all the faithful, prepared by the Eternal God. Let us then give no heed in this day of temptation to seducing spirits, but have an eye single to the glory of God.

Another singular affair occurred here about four years ago. I am now at the house, the home of the unfortunate lady who came to her death in the following manner. Near my window stands a large shade tree, under which the lady referred to was endeavoring to fasten a cord or line to hang clothes upon. While she was busy in so doing, a stone came from a quarry where they were blasting rocks two miles distant and struck this woman upon her side, tearing the flesh from her side to her foot in a shocking manner, her limb was amputated but to no purpose, all was done for her that could be in order to restore her, but she died after lingering along some two or three weeks. It appears almost incredible to think a stone could be thrown such distance and is such a peculiar manner.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bass, and five children; Mr. B., was a man of comfortable property, and this delightful situation, was the home of this unfortunate family. After the death of the mother, the youngest child, an infant not one year old, being so suddenly deprived of its mother, mourned its little life away, and was soon sleeping in the grave with its mother. The father, who was very sensitive, and given to melancholy, could not seem to bear his heavy afflictions and one day was found in a little corn house (which I can now see from my window, which adjoins the barn) dead, he committed suicide by hanging himself. A sister of Mrs. B., after brooding over her troubles, feeling her loneliness, and giving away to her grief, took her life in the same manner as did her brother-in-law. Thus in a short time, this family's joys were turned to mourning. And now the four Orphans are alone in the world as it were, for though wealth and friends may be theirs, it always appears to me, the orphan is a lonely being. Here again we see the importance of casting our all upon God—o pray, to agonize in prayer that God may not leave us to our own weak nature for a moment, but that he may keep us as in the hollow of his hand, and lit the light of his countenance upon us. The beautiful flowers—the stately trees—are now the admiration of the stranger. They who have loved and planted them, have passed away. They are gone—but their memories are fresh in the minds of the loved one left behind; and God who is a Father to all that trust him, will never forsake such as serve him faithfully—and at last will gather all his loved ones to himself, that where he is, the Father is, there we the children may also be.

PRESIDENTS HILL, QUINCY, 1852.

WHITE CLOVER.

We are satisfied that our farmers do not appreciate the white clover or white honeysuckle as some call it, so highly as they ought, nor take so much pains as they should to cultivate it. In fact but very few sow it, when they lay down their lands to grass. They trust to nature to supply them with it.

When once seeded with it, the soil will retain it a long time, for the low short stems will bear heads full of seeds, and those become scattered out into the soil, and thus the seed is kept in the ground and spring up whenever circumstances are favorable to its development. A moderately clayey loam is congenial for it, and if this be dressed with an occasional dressing of plaster it will bring it out abundantly. It affords an excellent pasture for bees, the best honey in the world being obtained by these little insects from white clover.

It also affords the best pasture for cattle, especially cows from whose milk cheese is manufactured, as experiments have proved that cows that graze upon this species of clover yield milk that contains casein, or cheesy particles, in greater abundance than they do when fed on the common grasses. We throw those hints out for our readers to think of. Four or five pounds, mingled with a due quantity of other grass seeds, will be sufficient for an acre, and it can be obtained at reasonable prices at the agricultural seed stores—Maine Farmer.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

ALL those interested in a course of Lectures for the Lyceum season, are requested to meet in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edward's Church, on Friday Evening, Sept. 17th, to make such arrangements as may be deemed suitable for that purpose.

Woburn, Sept. 11th, 1852.

WHIG MEETING.

A MEETING of the WHIG DEMOCRACY of Woburn will be held at the Town Hall on Saturday Evening, September 11th, at 7 o'clock, to choose Delegates to the State Convention, also to organize for the coming Elections, and transact any other business that may be deemed necessary.

Woburn, Sept. 8th, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

In this town Sept. 3, Elizabeth A. daughter of Jackson and Catherine Wade, aged 11 months and 14 days. Sept. 4, Mr. Aaron Tuttle, aged 57 years.

DEATHS.

In Exeter, Sept. 8th, by Rev. Mr. Hurd, Mark Downs, of Woburn, to Mary D. Dyer, of Exeter.

In Stoneham, Sept. 2d, Mr. Amos Gowen to Miss E. Read, both of Woburn.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—At Lexington, in this State, on the 31st of August, died Mrs. Anna Nevers, aged 96 years. Her descendants were 135, viz; 13 children, 61 grandchildren, 59 great-grandchildren, and two of the fifth generation.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

DEATHS.

In Woburn, Sept. 8th, by Rev. Mr. Hurd, Mark Downs, of Woburn, to Mary D. Dyer, of Exeter.

In Stoneham, Sept. 2d, Mr. Amos Gowen to Miss E. Read, both of Woburn.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—At Lexington, in

this State, on the 31st of August, died Mrs. Anna Nevers, aged 96 years. Her descendants were 135, viz; 13 children, 61 grand-

children, 59 great-grandchildren, and two of

the fifth generation.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

to them.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. F. L. BRYANT.

Woburn, August 31, 1852. f.

Woburn Journal Printing Office.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,

DOE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-

NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.

THE Office is supplied with NEW TYPE of all descrip-

tions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give

the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted

Continued from 1st Page.

Of all Wilfred had said, the orphan understood only that he purposed to remove her from her home.

In anxious fear she sprung up. "Leave this place!—Depart!" she cried. "Stranger, why torment me with such words? Know you that I am the orphan? Leave me!" she continued, and clasped her hands imploringly; "leave me to myself! do you not hear?" and she bent, in a listening attitude over the Danube.—"They murmur; I fear they are displeased with me." She threw herself weeping on her knees:—"Be not angry with me, loved ones; never will the orphan leave this place!"

A shudder ran through the knight. A dim recollection began to dawn on his mind. Involuntarily his thoughts reverted to his father, who had been murdered on these banks. The details of the awful event had always, so far as possible, been concealed from him and his brother. Why did the shade of his father now rise to his imagination, dark and bloody!

"Thou little fool," he exclaimed, "thou little frantic fool! Art thou really so unacquainted with men and the world as not to know that each of my words is a thunderbolt, before which every will tremble and is silent? I tell thee thou must follow me."

With these words he clasped the maiden in his arms, and sought to draw her away.

The orphan sprang up. The anger of outraged modesty glowed on her cheek; her dark blue eye flashed as if it would annihilate the insolent intruder.

"Help!" she cried; "help! Am I quite forsaken!"

On the surrounding heights appeared groups of country people on their way to the neighbouring church, who, anxious spectators of the unequal contest, ventured not to stay their dreading master.

"Thou struggledst in vain, mischievous little wretch!" exclaimed Wilfred, as he strove to lift her on his horse.

"Help!" cried the maiden again.

The groups on the hills crowded together. The bells of the village church began to sound the summons to the holy service.

With a violent movement of despair, the orphan had succeeded in disengaging herself, and had succeeded in gauging the brink of the stream.

"I understand thee!" shouted the Count; "but thou art too beautiful to become the prey of fishes; thou shalt not escape me so!"

He roughly grasped her long silken hair, and wound it several times round his right hand. "Now fly!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "call thy spirits to thy aid!"

The maiden trembled in every limb. "My parents! my parents!" she cried, "Oh, help thy child!"

And suddenly—as when a huge caldron, on the point of boiling, sends to the surface foam and bubbles—the stream began to seethe and heave; its color changed to a dark gray; a hollow plashing sound was heard, and an odor of decay rose from the waters. The orphan uttered a cry of joy, stretched her arms as towards a visible object, and sank into the stream.

A shriek of horror burst from the tyrant; the luxuriant tresses remained in his hand!—Pale as death, he staggered several paces backward. "Lord, be merciful to me!" he stammered, with a holding tongue, and fell to the ground in a swoon. His hand relaxed its hold, and the delicate, fair hair, carried by the wind, flew along the shore, and rested on hill and bush.

The bells were still calling to church; but the people, excited and trembling at the miracle they had witnessed, knelt and implored from heaven forgiveness for the wretched culprit.

COUNT Wilfred soon after made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, from which he never returned. A few years more, and his elder brother breathed his last, after a long illness, surrounded in his dying moments only by unsympathizing men, whom he had taught to feel towards him nothing but hatred, and a longing for revenge. The property reverted to the state.

But maidens, ever since this wonderous event, have found along the shores of the Danube a new flower, the long flaxen filaments of which so closely resemble The Orphan Maidens' Hair, that they have given it that name.

Erzsi ceased. Meanwhile the moon had fully risen, and softly illuminated the stream and its green shores. Here and there, between the reeds, were seen the delicate light flowers, the history of which she had related; and which, gently stirred by the evening wind, bore testimony to the truth of the Hungarian legend.

It was late—my host had retired to rest; but I remained long on my seat before the house, and let the rushing current of the Danube, and the sighing of the reeds, repeat to me the legend I had heard.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

FARM WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The harvest-men ring Summer out
With thankful song and joyous shout;
And, when September comes, they hail
The Autumn with the clapping nail."

The Summer for 1852 has passed away, and Autumn, with its gentle influences, has come to lead us quietly and gradually into the embraces of Winter. If summer has its fierce heats, its sudden showers with the lightning's flash and thunder's roar,—its profusion of flowers and songs of birds, autumn has no less its own character, which distinguishes it from

all other seasons. It has succeeded, perhaps, a season of intense heat, causing copious evaporation when the usual rains have fallen, and giving heavy dews and fogs. The peculiar feature of autumn is that of tranquility, but interrupted by the September equinoctial and some other changes.

In September, the vegetable tribes have advanced through their stages of production and maturity, and are approaching the verge of old age. But still, the earth is clothed in beauty. The fields so lately mown are covered with the liveliest green by the young clover, or tinted with their varied flowers. The corn looks rank and strong and begins to beam with gold, while the pastures assume a cheerful hue, refreshed by the periodical rains.

MANURE HEARS are the gold mines of the farmer. Pile up the meadow mud before the autumnal rains prevent your getting it. Throw it into large heaps in convenient places, and let the air and frost work upon it. Cover the surface of the barn-yard with it; mix with green manure for top dressing or spring use. Lay up a stock for winter use, under cover if convenient.

WINTER RYE.—This is a wholesome and economical grain. Sow early in the month, if you do not get the crop in August.

CUTTING CORN STALKS.—We have no doubt but that cutting off the tops of the corn stalks somewhat injures the crop of corn; but after all, what is gained by getting better fodder, and in harvesting it more conveniently, will compensate for the loss in the grain. There is no better fodder, in our opinion, than corn tops. At the south, some persons practice stripping the leaves from the stalks and tying them in small bundles, which sell for one to two cents a bundle. After the tops are cut they should be laid loosely among the hills and kept from the ground until partially dried, when they may be tied up in small bundles and shocked. After standing a week or two in this condition, they ought to be laid away in such a manner in the barn as to allow a free passage of air through them, to prevent moulding.

ROOTS.—These must be looked after in season,—the potatoes, carrots, beets, rutabagas, turnips, &c. Beans are to be gathered; squashes preserved from frost; early apples collected, and numerous other small matters attended to.

PRUNING.—This is an operation which we should like to be performed in autumn; but as we have extended our remarks upon September work as far as we have room, we shall speak of this subject another week.—N. E. F.

SEEDING DOWN IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

We again remind our subscribers of the importance of attending at the proper time to this branch of farming. August is the time to commence this work, though in many cases September will answer as well. For it is often so dry, that it is prudent to wait for rain before committing the seed to the earth.

There is much land which has long been mown or pastured, but which is not suitable for planting. It is wet in the spring and consequently too cold for corn and potatoes.

Much of this kind of land is suffered to lie unproductive from year to year, because the owners could plant other grounds to better advantage than to grain &c.

Still, much of this low land would produce more grass than the grounds that are suitable for grain, provided they could have a fair chance. Rotation of crops is of great importance to most farmers; but as rotation cannot be practiced in all places, a change from poor grass to good grass is much better than no change.

"You'll have to take my watch," Ned exclaimed, "for I have n't a cent of money. Now let me take your knife, and go into your bedroom a minute."

He took the knife and soon came out of my bedroom, with a small soft feather, which he offered to me saying,

"Here's your down."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Why, you old thick skull, have n't I brought you down on a feather? This one is all covered with it."

I understood now, and jumped from my chair to shake the rascal, but he had dodged, and grabbing the watch and bill, started down stairs at the rate of six stairs per step. And although I threw my spit-box at him, out the window, as he ran out the door below, he escaped unharmed, and I heard him yell as he ran on. "Sam! Sam Johnson! I'll buy that fiddle of yours now."

But this was n't all, for on going into my bedroom, I found he had ripped open the whole of one end of my pillow to get that villainous feather, and had tossed it hastily on the bed, so that half its remaining contents had blown out the window. There, Mr. Editor, so much for Ned Fiske, and whether you hear from me again or not rests with yourself.

Now adieu. Yours truly,

BUTTER MAKING.

We gather from several sources the following remains pertaining to this subject, which may be of service to our readers.

The most essential point in making butter will keep, is to free it entirely from milk. Milk after churning or when separated from the oil it contains, possesses a strong affinity for Oxygen, and will sour more rapidly than it would before; and then by uniting with certain properties of the butter produces a strong rancid taste which makes it unfit for use. This may be in some degree retarded but cannot be prevented by salting.

We have known butter, made by the following process, that was perfectly sweet and pleasantly flavored, when it had been kept a year. Work it with butter ladies until the milk ceases to come out, then set it in a cool cellar.—Mix three parts of the purest ground rock salt one part saltpetre and one part of clean white sugar thoroughly. After the butter has remained one day in the cellar, work in ounce and a half of this mixture, to every pound of butter. Pack it into a clean firkin, and lay over it a linen cloth, wet in salted water, and cover it closely.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I've been thinking for a long time of scribbling a few lines for your Journal, (which by the way, I consider a model little sheet, and have been continually delaying; but now I'm bound to try, and if you think my scrawl worth printing, I'll try again, but if not—why then—it's all right. When I was at school in—well no matter where, or when, I used to be intimate with a noisy, well-dressed, handsome little fellow, from New York, whose name was Ned Fiske. Ned was always full of nonsense, and continually playing all sorts of tricks upon the boys, yet no one was more popular in the school than he. I remember at one time, he climbed into a room during its occupier's absence, through the window and placed a chair with a pail of water in it, against the door, in such a manner, that when the poor fellow attempted to come in, he wet his own floor all over. At another time, and under similar circumstances placed a big toad in a student's bed, to catch the bed bugs, as he affirmed, and when the sufferer told him the toad was n't quick enough to do the business, Ned poured molasses over the sheets, so that they might not escape so easily. But there is one of his performances which is particularly fresh in my memory because, sootho, I myself, was the sufferer. It was one evening after prayers, when we usually had nothing in particular to do, that he walked up stairs, whistling carelessly, and hustling into my room, suddenly broke out with—

"I say Jack! get up into that chair."

"For what?" said I, looking up.

"Why, I want to try an experiment," answered he, "and if you'll get up there, I'll bet I can bring you down on a feather."

"Pooh!" I replied quickly, "anybody can do that."

"How?" said Ned.

"Why just take the quill, and prick like blazes, and when the fellow jumps down, throw your feather under his feet."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed he, "No such a thing! you get up there, and I'll bet you a V, I'll bring you down on a feather."

"Done," I shouted, now being wide awake.

"Here, chum, you take the money, and with that, I brought the chair into the middle of the room, and stood up in it."

"You'll have to take my watch," Ned exclaimed, "for I have n't a cent of money. Now let me take your knife, and go into your bedroom a minute."

He took the knife and soon came out of my bedroom, with a small soft feather, which he offered to me saying,

"Here's your down."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Why, you old thick skull, have n't I brought you down on a feather? This one is all covered with it."

I understood now, and jumped from my chair to shake the rascal, but he had dodged, and grabbing the watch and bill, started down stairs at the rate of six stairs per step. And although I threw my spit-box at him, out the window, as he ran out the door below, he escaped unharmed, and I heard him yell as he ran on. "Sam! Sam Johnson! I'll buy that fiddle of yours now."

But this was n't all, for on going into my bedroom, I found he had ripped open the whole of one end of my pillow to get that villainous feather, and had tossed it hastily on the bed, so that half its remaining contents had blown out the window. There, Mr. Editor, so much for Ned Fiske, and whether you hear from me again or not rests with yourself.

Now adieu. Yours truly,

JACK NAMELESS,

DEATH OF CAPT. PURCHASE AND WIFE, BY LIGHTNING AT SEA.—The sad casualty, detailed in the following paragraph from the Mobile Advertiser, has already been mentioned in a telegraphic despatch:

"The barque Matogordo arrived in port yesterday, forty-two days from Boston, having encountered head winds for a large portion of the passage. On Friday, the 20th July, the vessel was struck by lightning while a short distance off Tortugas Islands. The fluid passed down the mainmast into the cabin, killing Captain Purchase and his wife, and prostrating the mate; the blow almost proved fatal to him.—He is yet confined to his bed, and within the past day or two was entirely senseless.

We recommend sowing as soon as possible after ploughing. There is a freshness in the soil just turned up, which favors germination, and it is better to sow the seed as soon as one acre is turned. Then harrow thoroughly and roll the ground with a heavy roller. It is prudent in many cases to roll down the furrows before harrowing, and to let the harrow pass first lengthwise of the furrows, to prevent tearing them up.

As grass seed should not be buried deep, it is best to use a brush harrow to bury it. When the roller is depended on, the grass seed is apt to adhere to it and leave spots without seed. The roller should go last.—*The Ploughman.*

SANDY OR GRAVELLY KNOTS.—There are such places on most farms that have become unproductive. If they throw up vegetation in the spring, a few hot suns cut it down, and thus labor and crop are lost. These are the places for the application of meadow mud. It supplies the humus, or vegetable matter which is lacking, and this, with the addition of compost, brings them up to fertility and profit.

It is but carrying back to them the soil which they have gradually lost.

DEVICES: MEDICINES!

D. R. S. A. WEAVER'S SYRUP for the cure of Cankers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and all Scrofulous diseases.

DR. A. ROGERS' Compound Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Celandine, a cure for Coughs and Lung diseases.

Genuine Petroleum, or Rock Oil, for the cure of Skin Diseases.

DEVINE'S Compound Pitch Lozenges, for Colds, Coughs and Asthma.

ALSO, a great variety of Medicines, just received and for sale by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester.

apt 3

HARDWARE, STOVES, &c.
A GOOD assortment of the best Stoves in use, such as the Massachusetts, People's, Air Tight, and Porcelain Stoves, of the most improved patterns, for coal or wood, together with the best quality of Builders' Hardware, Carpenters' Tools, Tin Ware, &c., for sale at the Hardware Store of STEPHEN'S Building.

mar 6 tf L. THOMPSON, JR.

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

ESPECIALLY gives notice to his friends and customers that he has "cut" the acquaintance of his former shop, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable place, FOWLE'S Bookstore, on the opposite side of the street, where he will be happy to wait upon all who please to drop in. He hopes to see many friends and fares at his new saloon, and he will serve and shave them to the best of his ability.

Hair Cutting, Curling and Champooing, and Razors oct 18 tf

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs

NOS. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Formic Leeches constantly on hand.

mar 27 tf

FISK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

96 WASHINGTON STREET,

ELIJAH P. FISK, BOSTON.

ISAAC CUSHING. oct 18 tf

BATES & GOLDTHWAITE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF CARPETINGS,

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

PLUSHES, DRAB, CLOTHES, DAMASKS, &c.,

(FOR C

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.00 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE LONE ONE.

'They call me, and I answer them, for o'er my spirit's
gaze,
Come visions of that sunny spot, where passed my child-
ish days;
And though the cold dim corridors of many years fled
by,
My spirit rushes back again on wings of memory.

'The murmurs of the rivers are sounding in my ear,
The winds among the forest trees I have them ever
near;
And voices sweet are calling me from deep wild wood
and glade,
Where springs the gushing rivulets, and flowers of every
shade.

'I stand once more upon the steps, and gaze within the
door,
And I see the lost ones frolicking upon the cottage floor;
And I see thee, gentle mother, beside the household
hearth,
Shedding with radiant brightness thy smile upon their
mirth.

'Oh, yes! I'm with you all, I hear each much-loved tone,
It falls upon my home-sick heart with music all my own;
And my soul's sadness flings away, throws out upon
the air,
The burden of its grief when with no loved ones shared.

'For all was angel brightness when in our home we
dwelt,
When each the other's sorrow with its sympathy would
melt;
And 'tis not meet that I e'er in my dreams should bear,
A thought that on their happy brows would cause a shade
of care.

'Then my memories shall be joyous, my heart shall buoy-
ant grow,
No word or tone of sadness my lips shall overflow;
I'll live upon the happy past, and care not for to-morrow,
And lightly smile and gaily speak, without one thought
of sorrow.

Charlestown, Mass.

H. A. K.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Journal.

THE

STOLEN NECKLACE:

OR

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

BY MAY BITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

The Interview.

'Speak not thus, Mafrona; be mine—be
mine, or—'

'Never!—depart from me, monster demon!
I will no longer bend a willing ear to your
sycophantic expressions, which, if indulged in,
would result in my ruin. I have, thank
heaven, been apprised, aye, reasonably apprised
of your base intentions; and, consequently,
am prepared to treat your vile insinuations
with the contempt they merit.'

'Oh, Mafrona! I did not expect such
eruption from you; you, who I thought loved
me with all the fondness of a woman!'

'I loved you once, I own; but now that
is turned to hatred, and spurn you from me as
I would a venomous reptile. You ask me the
cause of this change. Your heart—albeit it is
not too adulterated—can well reply, for it
well knows the deception it has practised! I
have been duped—silly duped—'

'I acknowledge, fair one, that I have erred
—am deserving of censure, but I cannot bring
my heart to believe that it is deserving of
such inhuman treatment as you seem disposed
to inflict. You never loved me, or your heart
could not thus so suddenly change.'

'Perhaps 'twere well for you to think so,
since the tie that bound my heart to yours is for-
ever severed!'

'Mafrona, idol of my heart, recall those last
words of yours which, if enforced, would re-
sult in my dispair! Bid me hope.'

'Never! The heart that actuated the in-
strument of speech, in the utterance that you
would have me recall, will forever abhor the
object it once loved!'

'Then, inexorable girl, may all the sorrows
of earth and pangs of hell be yours, here and
hereafter! I will—you are not going! gone!
What have I been saying! Oh cursed
tongue, why didst thou not refrain from that
utterance which has caused her to flee from
me, as if in reality I was the vile wretch
which she would have me believe she thought
I was? rather than thou shouldst have given
birth to that sentence, I would have willingly
suffered thee to be struck dumb, and in this state
to have remained weeks, aye, months, for now,
all hope relative to my intended victim are
forever blasted! Oh, God! I wish I'd never
met with her, for if I cannot obtain possession of
her person, I shall be rendered eternally miser-
able. She is the only female that ever touched
my heart, and if it were not I were already
married, would take her in wedlock, and seek
to lead a better life; and I have no doubt
that under the influence of such an angel, I
should be wholly reclaimed. Alas! that pa-
rents should involve their children in ruin, by
uniting them in wedlock to those they cannot
love! Such a victim was I! then why wonder
at my present recklessness, since, in the
rounds of pleasure and dissipation, I but seek
to quell the *fury* which, in consequence, is
ever raging in my bosom! My brain reels; I
am maddened! I care not what I do. She—

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

NO. 48.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISED IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Show Bills, Notices, &c.,
PROMPTLY AND TASTFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through-
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Print-
ing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superi-
or style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

1714.

Flagg Ruth, d. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b.
Oct. 14th.

Snow David, s. of Daniel and Rachel, b. March
30th.

Kendall Jacob, d. of Jacob and Alice, b. April
22d.

Hamblott Mary, d. of Joseph and Susana, b.
June 16th.

Vinton Joseph, s. of John and Abigail, b.
July 24th.

Wymans Elizabeth, d. of John and Rebeckah,
b. July 3d.

Converse Ruth, d. of Josiah and Hannah, b.
July 28th.

Richardson Ruth, d. of Theophilus and Ruth,
b. Sept. 1st.

Kendall Rebeckah, d. of Samuel and Prudence,
b. Aug. 27th.

Richardson Stephen, s. of William Rebeckah,
b. Sept. 27th.

Russell Ruth, d. of Stephen and Ruth, b. Oct.
6th.

Wymans Tabitha, d. of Benjamin and Eliza-
beth, b. April 7th.

Richardson David, s. of Pierson and Mary, b.
Oct 3d.

Snow Jacob, s. of Timoty and Lycia, b. Sept.
5th.

Reed Mary, d. of Ralph and Mary, b. Nov.
30th.

Russell Elizabeth, d. of John and Joanna, b.
Dec. 18th.

Kendall Esther, d. of Ralph and Abigail, b.
Feb. 14th.

Richardson Thomas, s. of Thomas and Rebek-
ah, b. Feb. 16th.

Brooks Sarah, d. of Jabez and Hepzibah, b.
Dec. 25th.

Knight Ruth, d. of Amos and Sarah, b. Jan.
14th.

Ruck Priscilla, d. of John and Priscilla, b. Nov.
18th.

Richardson Katharine, d. of James and Eliza-
beth, b. Feb. 6th.

Carter Jonathan, s. of Eleazar and Eleanor, b.
Feb. 17th.

Smith Jonathan, s. of Jonathan and Mary, b.
Jan. 9th.

Wymans Susanna, d. of Samuel and Susana, b.
Feb. 14th.

Sawyer Abigail, d. of Joshua and Mary, b.
Nov. 16th.

Pierce Daniel, s. of Daniel and Dinah, b. June
28th.

Pierce Martin, d. of Benjamin and Martha, b.
April 5th.

Simonds Phebe, d. of John and Sarah, b. Sept.
26th.

Butler Phebe, d. of John and Elizabeth, b.
Jan. 25th.

1715.

Wymans William, s. of William and Abigail,
b. March 10th.

Richardson Gershom, s. of John and Abigail,
b. May 4th.

Walker William, s. of Isaac and Margary, b.
May 31st.

Richardson Eleazer, s. of Thomas and Rebecca,
b. May 22d.

Roberts Hannah, d. of Giles and Deborah, b.
March 6th.

Kendall Ezekiel, s. of Samwel and Elizabeth,
b. March 14th.

Nevers Samwell, s. of Samwell and Deborah,
b. June 20th.

Baldwin Hannah, d. of Timothy and Hannah,
b. Sept. 4th.

Reed Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Hulda, b.
Sept. 26th.

Reed Priscilla, d. of Thomas and Sarah, b.
Aug. 6th.

Converse Anna, d. of Robert and Mary, b.
July 20th.

Foule Hannah, d. of John and Elizabeth, b.
Aug. 16th.

Wymans Daniel, s. of Jacob and Elizabeth, b.
May 27th.

Wright Benjamin, s. of Jacob and Elizabeth, b.
Oct. 27th.

Robertson David, s. of David and Rachell, b.
Jan. 1st.

Knight Daniel, s. Edward and Joanna, b. Sept.
20th.

Wymans Seth, s. of Seth and Sarah, b. Nov.
5th.

Simonds Mary, d. of James and Mary, b. Dec.
27th.

Johnson Edward, s. of Edward and Rebeckah,
b. Sept. 28th.

Richardson Elizabeth, d. of Samwel and Su-
sanna, Dec. 4th.

Thomson Elizabeth, d. of Simon and Hannah,
b. Nov. 25th.

Wood, Joseph, s. of Josiah and Ruth, b. Dec.
29th.

Kendall William, s. of Eleazar and Hannah, b.
Dec. 20th.

Foule Elizabeth, d. of Jacob and Mary, b. Feb.
3d.

Pierce Ruth & twins of Ebenezer and
Elizabeth, b. Sept. 8th.

Johnson Esther, d. of Benjamin and Sarah, b.
Feb. 2d.

Henshaw William, s. of Thomas and Mary, b.
Dec. 29th.

A NOTABLE FACT.—So wealthy is the city of
New Bedford, that were its property divided
between every man, woman and child in the
city, each would have upwards of \$1000.
We doubt if there is another like place in the
country. There are 18,000 inhabitants.—
Bee.

So necessary is fun to the mind, that
a late philosopher says if you should build
schools without play-grounds, nobody would
get beyond short division in a life time.

To be Continued.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our best costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Stonham—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. State & Co., are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A.—We like your remarks; they show a go-ahead spirit.—Burlington will do much increase. We are in favor of cold water pumps, and hope our friend S. A. is crowded with orders.

Stranger.—It is quite pleasing to hear stranger speak in praise of Woburn; the remarks about the "Journal" we refer to our readers.

SIMON.—Your remarks are to the point, and we hope to see the improvement you speak of attended to at once.

RONNIE LASSE.—We can furnish the papers if wanted; for the books, would refer you to Birnbaum's, in Cornhill, Boston. We don't want back numbers at present. We can say candidly, without flattery that we should advise you to cultivate the talent you evidently possess, and there can be no reason to doubt of success. We cannot give the address of the correspondents you refer to, as the rules of a printing office are unalterable.

HERMIT.—Welcome; we are pleased to hear from you again.

Celeste.—No room this week.

W.—Your communications are received; your answer to "W." will appear this week. Correspondents must remember, hereafter, that all communications not received before Wednesday evening, will be too late for insertion in that week's issue.

FAMILIAR TALK.

How many grievous errors do we commit when in a passion, and when reason resumes her sway, our regrets at these hasty actions are truly painful. A man in a passion is like a whirlwind—he is dead to every persuasion; he never stops to reflect on the consequences of his actions, and of course is very often found in a position which he would gladly have avoided, and is surprised at the idea of his own actions. We talk to such persons about their abuse to friends and neighbors, and they will tell us that they cannot help it—that their passions are so strong that they cannot control them, and when in that situation they should be excused, and under the plea commit the same outrage again.

We must acknowledge that the human passions are strong, and when the evil ones are aroused, it needs all the strength of reason and discretion to calm them; but still we have within us something which we can use to prevent these outbreaks, and by a profitable study of ourselves, we shall soon discover this something.

The idea that a man cannot control his passions, is idle—it is the want of reflection that carries us to these extremes. A mother chastises her child in a passion, because it will not stop crying; had she reflected for a moment she would have been impressed with the folly of the act. We fly into a passion at the words spoken (casually, perhaps,) by a friend or neighbor, and commit an act rashly, which causes us much pain; had we reflected for a moment, the consequences would have been impressed upon us so strong, that we should have shrunk from even the thought.

How often do we see a man beat a poor horse because he cannot draw his heavy burden; passion gets the master of discretion, but reflection should come first, and we may safely trust it as a great preventative for many grievous errors.

We may be told that it is impossible to reflect, passions come so quick that we are not prepared for reflection, that there is within us an evil spirit, which is like an electric spark, and impossible to control, and that all our actions proceed from circumstances, and are the results of a power we cannot fathom.

We believe a man can control his evil passions, if he begins right; and this brings us to the subject of education, and family examples, two powerful influences in forming the human mind for its future progress through the vicissitudes of life.

We will leave our readers here for reflection and may remind them the coming week, of errors resulting from sudden passions, which we think may be easily controlled provided the proper means be used.

We would say to our patrons that, as our first year is near its close, we have made out all our bills for subscription, advertising and printing, and will be glad to have as early a settlement as convenient.

We have just completed the erection of a fine Printing Office in the rear of Fowle's Book Store, and are now prepared to do Job Printing, in all its various branches, in the best manner; during the ensuing month we shall enter upon the second volume of the Woburn Journal, and now contemplate some improvements, all of which we shall make known in due time; and we hope, by continued efforts to please, to merit and receive a still larger support from Woburn and the surrounding towns.

We would call attention to the Auction sales, in another column.

OUR HORTICULTURAL TABLE.—We are proud to acknowledge the receipt of some rare fruit from our friends, which has graced our table the last week.

A box of delicious grapes from Mr. Hiram Fisk, North Woburn, measuring 3½ inches in circumference, and of the best quality.

A box of peaches and grapes from Mr. J. D. Bell, North Woburn; the peaches were extra in size and quality.

A box of Bartlett pears, from Bonnie Lassie; a splendid pear, and we hope that that tree will long continue to flourish, and our fair friend live to pick the fruit.

A basket of fruit from a lady.

Four samples of peaches from Mr. Joseph Kelly.

All of them have received our best attention, and to the donors we tender our best thanks. We prize these gifts, because they come from the patrons of the *Journal*; they speak of friendly feelings.

If our friend of the *Clinton Courant* would step down here, he may have a chance to get some of these "good things."

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—We have frequently observed boys, and quite young children, attempting to get on the Woburn cars at the stopping places, and especially at the Horn Pond station; this is a very dangerous practice, and should be immediately stopped. It is most astonishing that parents should allow their children to frequent these stopping-places; when some of the children are killed, parents will be induced to wake up.

LIVING ART.—Regular as clock work, and valuable as old gold; it is one of the best publications of the day.

NORTH WOBURN.—We took a hasty ride, a few evenings since, through North Woburn, and were much gratified with the appearance of this part of our Town; the farms are in fine order, and bear evident marks of prosperity. We saw some very fine orchards; the trees bending beneath the weight of fruit. Our good town is rich in lands and fine farm houses, and North Woburn possesses its full share; the roads are excellent, and we know of no pleasure-ride than through North Woburn; we noticed the flourishing condition in the vicinity of Nichols, Winn & Co.'s store. Some of our valued correspondents reside in this part of the town, and from the specimens of delicious fruit kindly sent us, we feel quite an interest in North Woburn.

GODEY—for October, is on our table; a double number, and a splendid one it is. We advise all our lady readers to get it, they will find much useful matter, besides entertaining reading.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—Are people becoming reckless of their lives? or what can be the cause of so many disastrous accidents on our Railroads? Scarcely a day passes but we hear of persons being killed or wounded on some Railroad; many of these occur from attempting to get on the cars while in motion, and from jumping off, before the cars have fully stopped; these can be nothing more dangerous than either of these attempts. Conductors are in some cases blamed, when they are not in fault; we see many instances on the Woburn branch, which is no pleasant sight, and it would surprise us to hear of some fatal accident by this dangerous practice.

STONEHAM.—We found Stoneham a few days since, and it is really a fine Town; there are many pretty dwellings, and it is rapidly improving. What a pity the stores, and business generally, is not now known; a few good advertisements would soon bring all these matters into notice.

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.—The Southern Rights Convention, at Montgomery, Ala., on the 13th inst., nominated GEORGE M. TROUP, of Georgia, for President, and GENERAL QUITMAN, of Mississippi, for Vice President.

FREE SOIL STATE NOMINATIONS.—For Governor, HORACE MANN, of Newton; for Lieut. Governor, AMASA WALKER, of North Brookfield. The Convention was well attended.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We have received from the Hon. Zeno Scudder his Speech on the "Fisheries of New-England." It fully sustains the author's reputation.

Seventy-eight persons were admitted into the Congregational Church in North Brookfield, Sabbath before last, as some of the fruits of a revival that has been some time in progress there.

Written for the Journal.

Woburn, Sept. 16th, 1852.

Mr. EDITOR:—As a friend to every change, calculated to benefit one portion of our community, without injuring others, I beg leave to propose through the medium of your valuable Journal, a move on the part of our merchants and traders generally, for closing their places of business at 8 o'clock, P. M. I notice that in Roxbury, and some other towns, the traders have agreed on this, and I think all must admit the justice of the plan. Knowing from personal experience in years past the little leisure enjoyed by this respectable portion of the community, when their places of business are kept open as late as they now are, I make these remarks with a view to their benefit. Who will set the ball in motion?

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The Steamer Reindeer was burned last Friday; this is the boat on board of which the boiler burst, but a few days since, and 40 persons killed.—Hon. Horace Mann has declined a re-election to Congress.—A great earthquake at Santiago, destroyed nearly the whole town; loss of property nearly \$2,000,000.—Rumors of an invasion of Cuba are again afloat.—The Adams House, in Boston, has been robbed by a hotel thief, by means of *key nippers*.—We have accounts of the cholera in Cincinnati, and additional deaths in Rochester.—The yellow fever and cholera, is raging fearfully at Havanna.—107 deaths in Boston last week.—17 persons have been pardoned, the last year, out of the Boston House of Correction, by Gov. Boutwell.—Chickering, of Boston, makes 1200 pianos a year.—\$17,370 was raised in New York, for the Montreal sufferers, by fire.—Seven young ladies, received the degree of "Mistress of Arts," in the Ohio Female College.—The annual cost of cigars, in the United States, is computed at \$20,000,000.—50 tons of Vermont marble was brought to Charlestown, last week.—549 wagons were at Faneuil Hall Market, last Saturday week.

The number of shoes made in Lynn, last year, was 4,571,400 pairs.—The Boston folks and city authorities, are quarrelling about baked beans for Sunday dinners.—Several sad accidents from camphene have lately occurred.—The small pox is prevalent in Medford.—A tower is to be erected at Mount Auburn, 62 feet high, on the top of the highest hill, for visitors to view the beautiful scenery.—Dorchester has 24 public schools; a high school will soon be opened.—There are 21,000,000 spindles in constant motion in England, using 31,000 bales of cotton weekly, and spinning 50,000,000 miles of yarn per day. There are 220,000 power looms in operation in England, making 6,250,000 yards of cloth daily.—A watchman was murdered in Cincinnati last week.—The yellow fever continues in Charleston.—The cholera is still in Cincinnati.—A bill has been introduced in the Canada parliament to prohibit the importation, manufacture, or sale of liquor.—A dwelling house, in Somerville, was destroyed by fire last Monday night.—300 licensees have been taken out in Roxbury, at \$1.00 each for dogs.—The potato rot is increasing.—Two large and beautiful ships were launched from yards in Chelsea, and East Boston, on Tuesday last.—7 large ships are now on the stocks, at East Boston, and Chelsea, to be launched this fall.—1000 sharks have been taken at Nantucket, within the last three months.—A Temperance convention will be held at Trenton, N. J., on the 22d inst.; many eminent speakers will be present.—A fire in Roxbury last Tuesday, destroyed a building used for making batting, with some adjoining buildings.—481 omnibuses passed the corner of Green and Leverett streets, Boston, from 7 A. M., to 7 P. M., last Thursday, containing over 5,000 passengers.—There was a riot in New York, last Sunday; originating in a religious controversy.—Frost made its appearance in several towns in our vicinity this week.—A female fortune teller and her husband, have been held to bail for aiding in abducting two negro slaves.—Three ships have sailed from New York for Australia, since the 30th of July.—Orders have been received at the Charlestown Navy Yard, to fit out the sloop of war Albany, forthwith, which makes quite a stir among the workmen.—The potato rot has appeared near Philadelphia, and in New Jersey.—100 pupils entered the public Latin school in Boston, at the late examination.—There are 14 large ships now at Bath; all but three recently launched. The State of Maine holds the palm in shipping.—The British war steamers have driven nearly all the French fishermen from the coast of Newfoundland.—There are 3566 Presbyterians in the United States.—The Lynn Gas Company have a capital of \$50,000.—The choice of Governor in Maine by the people.—About 400 persons have been arrested in Havanna, charged with attempts at revolution. The Island of Cuba must become free.—Look out for counterfeit \$2,000 on the City Bank of Hartford; they are in circulation.—Suits under the new liquor law are numerous; many disgraceful scenes are enacted, which we have no space to note.—Arrivals from Europe, bring favorable accounts; peace and prosperity, prevails. The weather favorable, and the harvest crops abundant.—The last week passed favorably; we are progressing in improvements of streets and side walks. The spirit of the age is with us, and we cannot stand still.

Written for the Journal.

THE VALUE OF A MOMENT.

What! do I hear some one say as his eye glances over this, surely a single moment is of no consequence? If so kind reader you are surely much deceived; true a large portion of mankind seem to regard it as of very small importance, still if we give a little attention to the subject we shall see that even that short space of time is of sufficient duration for things to transpire, that will affect, not only through the present life, but through the boundless ages of eternity, the welfare and happiness of ourselves and others. Let us reflect on this, and may the good to be derived from a proper attention to it, lead us all to make the best improvement of our moments as they swiftly fly, thus ensuring to ourselves the highest pleasures of this fleeting life, doing the most to benefit others, and preparing for a joyful entrance to the realms of endless

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have waited with patience that would do patience to Job himself, in the hope that the side-walk on Pleasant Street, from Main Street to the Canal Bridge, would be repaired. Every rain they are almost impossible by reason of pools of water standing every two feet, from one to three inches deep.

To this there are some exceptions, for some of the gentlemen owning estates there have made the walks in front of their premises most excellent, and they daily receive the thanks of the pedestrians as they pass over them.—Now, Mr. Editor, why wont you ask the other gentlemen who own valuable estates on this Street, to have their walks repaired. A few loads of good gravel will do the job, once well done they will last a long time; and if it is taking too much of them to bear all the expense, I, for one, will cheerfully contribute towards it, and I know of many others who will do the same. The fall rains will soon be setting in, and the work should be done without delay. You are so kind as to listen to any suggestions for the improvement of our delightful town, I know you will not object to ask our friends to go about the matter.

SIMON.

Written for the Journal.

FIREMEN.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have watched with much interest the progress of the feeling which has been kindling, among our citizens for to have a high school. When it was first spoken of, I feared, lest, although they might get that which they would call a high school, yet

butcherings establishments, many of these carried on by brothers. Thus we have bread meat, and cold water, three very essential requisites for temperance, dealt out to the hungry, and thirsty, in brotherly love.

Industrious, persevering, temperance men, are much wanted in the town to help start this new enterprise and will meet with good encouragement.

S. A.

Written for the Journal.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have watched with much interest the progress of the feeling which has been kindling, among our citizens for to have a high school. When it was first spoken of, I feared, lest, although they might get that which they would call a high school, yet

Summer, with all its lovely skies and charming twilight evenings, has left us; the hum of those busy tenants of the air is fast receding, and the autumn cricket is abroad with its loud song. The forest songsters are gathering for departure to other climes; nature is changing her gay robes, and autumn, with her thousand variegated colors, will soon change the face of nature. To me the change comes on like the distant sound of the herdman's horn—the call is for the gathering: the nearer we approach the more familiar is the sound, and if the mind and heart are right, the step is light, but firm, though age may bend the body.

Let me remind you, sir, that you are now in the spring time of life; your cares are just beginning,—the world looks bright and lovely, and present passes like the gallant barque on smooth surface of the sea, with favored gales and bright hopes for the future. All may be prosperous and happy, and you may gain the meridian of life without a storm,—pause with me there, and let us look at that hill of life which you have been ascending with such ardor, look at those whom you have left behind, with their shipwrecked fortunes, shattered bodies and faltering steps, and then view the descent which you must begin. I am near the bottom, and let me caution you not to place too much dependence on a smooth path, for it is winding, rough, and dangerous,—but it must be travelled.

Will you indulge an old man's whim, by asking if you have ever viewed the heavens in a clear starlight evening, when the mind is free from the cares of the day; when thought, that mysterious something which carries you on wings of magic to the open world, comes freely to your aid; and have you remarked the flying meteors as they shoot across the heavens, and found the star that guides the mariner as he courses on the deep; the milky way—the pointers,—the thousand shapes and figures which the imagination forms of these bright and twinkling stars? You may tell me you cannot spare the hour, and therefore cannot view them.

How often do I walk my accustomed evening rounds; the silence of the forests; the beams of the bright moon, as they shine through the branches,—the evening, and the distant sound of my rippling stream; these, sir, are my attendants, as I wind my way to that *look-out*, where I enjoy the view of the heavens; and when you desire to witness the scene, from the forest *look-out*, come to the secluded cottage of the HERMIT.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I am a stranger in your pleasant Town, and therefore the few remarks I have to make will not be considered selfish or fatigued.

There are many Towns in the vicinity of Boston, which, for wealth, and population, are beyond Woburn, but they do not possess that variety in landscape views, on high and healthy situations, which I find in Woburn. You have every thing here which nature can do to make a healthy and pleasant Town. I admire your streets, with their shade trees, and in a few years, when those, which have been recently set out, are large and shady, you may well be proud of your Town.

To the eye of a stranger, there is nothing more attractive than shade trees, and flower gardens. I have visited a large number of your New England villages, and when I see these useful ornaments, I always judge the inhabitant according.

But my principal object in writing these few lines, is to tender you my sincere thanks for the pleasure I derived from reading the article in your Journal, of last week, on the subject of "Morning Schools." I assure you it awakened within me many pleasant thoughts, it went directly to my heart; for I have had my time in the gatherings, and I do assure you, the remembrance of them was pleasant and happy.

These little reminiscences of life are indeed cheering to a man, and it is creditable to your Town, that amidst all the turmoil, and excitement of political strife, you have a "Journal" in which you can sit down at the family circle and find subjects to read which are moral, and interesting; such as bring home to our hearts and feelings scenes in which we have been an actor, and the memory of which is a source of happiness, and really an "Oasis" in the rough path of life.

When these few lines will be read, (if you think them worthy of your Journal,) I shall be many miles from Woburn, but the pleasure I derived from my short visit, will not soon be forgotten. You have taken the right course with your paper, for the promotion of correct principles in society; these beautiful scenes in daily life, when brought to our minds in plain and candid language, are the very flowers which should strew our path through this vale of tears; they are stimulants for the young, and they remind maturer age, that the past is not without its pleasures of memory.

Wob

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

of wind which brought clouds and rain. The rain commenced at 1 P. M., and continued in showers through the afternoon and evening; wind E. and N. E.; thermometer at 8 A. M., 64; 2 P. M., 67; 10 P. M., 63.

Sunday, September 12.—Rain fell thro' the night in heavy showers, and the wind blew in strong gusts from E. and S. E. The rain continued until about noon, and the wind blew fresh, though intermittently, all day, from S. and S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 63; 2 P. M., 74; 10 P. M., 67.

Monday, September 13.—Cloudy until 9 A. M., then hazy and partially clear to 3 P. M., after which very clear and brilliant sky; wind N. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 69; 2 P. M., 74; 10 P. M., 48.

Tuesday, September 14.—Very clear and pleasant through the day. It was the coldest morning since the 21st of May. A slight frost was observable in low grounds. The first frost last year occurred in the morning of Sept. 15, when the thermometer fell to 34 degrees.—This morning 41; 2 P. M., 68; 10 P. M., 54.

Wednesday, September 15.—Cloudy and showering through the day; wind S. W.; thermometer at 6 A. M., 65; 2 P. M., 60; 10 P. M., 54. Evening partially clear.

FRANKLIN.

Written for the Journal.

COST OF THE RUM TRAFFIC.
Mr. EDITOR:—In a communication to your paper of 28th ult. signed "Vita," containing strictures upon certain parts of my reply to "G's" first attack upon the new Anti-Liquor Law, the writer requests of me, information in regard to "the amount of expense the town has been at, the past year for the support of rum-made paupers, and costs of criminal courts, and sheriffs' and jail fees &c., caused by the rum traffic in this place," quoting from a paragraph in the article above alluded to.

"Vita," probably is aware that the precise amount of expense accruing to the town from this source cannot be ascertained with certainty. But an approximation to it may, I think, be made with a degree of probability sufficient to satisfy "the good people of Woburn" for whose benefit "Vita" very kindly solicits the information.

I suppose the expenses resulting to the town from the liquor traffic the last year, did not vary essentially from those of former years. The estimated expence of town paupers last year, was \$863 32. One of the overseers of the poor has stated it in his opinion, that at least three fourths of this expence can be traced to the sale and use of intoxicating drinks in times past. And it need not be argued to prove that a continuance of a cause will produce a continuance of its effect. And I am yet to be informed that intoxicating liquors were not sold in this town as freely the last year, and up to the time the new law took effect, as they were for many years before.

"The good people of Woburn," Vita included, are aware, I presume, that some \$2000 of the taxes annually assessed upon the inhabitants of this Town, goes to the County, to defray County and State expenses. Now, is it going beyond the truth, to assign one half of this sum to the support of State paupers and criminal trials, and to payment of sheriffs, and jail and prison fees, which actually result from the sale of intoxicating drinks? I venture the opinion that at least one half of the taxes raised for State and County purposes, in years past, may justly be set down to the account of the liquor traffic; and the faithful execution of the new law throughout the Commonwealth, for a few years, will more than confirm the correctness of this opinion.

If the above views are correct, it is evident that I was right in my intimation that the Town of Woburn had been accustomed to pay for the support of the rum traffic many times the amount to be paid for the recently appointed Agency.

Woburn Sept. 13th, 1852.

W.

ANAGRAMS.

Names of towns in Massachusetts.
1. A Dan. 9. Be not slack.
2. Aslem. 10. Blue stand.
3. A stone. 11. Cat ink.
4. Buy wren. 12. C. her own belt.
5. Busy mare. 13. Deb Ford.
6. Both gru. 14. Dear Gin.
7. Both o' her. 15. D. D. for me.
8. Bend for wed. 16. Don Ralph.
BONNIE LASSIE.
Hermit's Cave, Waltham Mass.

AT AUCTION. We hope our readers will be pleased with the original tale on our first page, the authoress, is a native of our town.

MAINE ELECTION.—One hundred and fifty-seven towns have been heard from. The vote stands as follows:—Crosby, 16,456; Hubbard, 24,552; Chandler, 14,634. Scattering 907. Majority against Hubbard, 7,450. In the same towns in 1850 the majority against Hubbard was 1,415. Hubbard's majority in the whole State in 1850 was 1600. The Whigs have gained one member of Congress, and will have a majority in the State Senate.

IMPROVEMENTS ON BUNKER HILL.—At a meeting of the Monument Association lately, measures were taken to secure the concurrence and assistance of the Charlestown City Government in a proposed plan for cutting a new street from Monument Square westward to Warren street. This new street would command a fine upwards view of the monument throughout its entire length. It is to be hoped it will be done.

INTERESTING BAPTISM.—The venerable Dr. Lowell, of this city, recently baptised at his residence, in Cambridge, (he being now in ill health,) a child whose parents and grand-parents he married, and whose mother and grand-mother he baptised, in their childhood. We doubt if many baptisms like this have taken place in America.

They are probably more common in Europe, where, generally speaking, the pastors remain settled for life, and the population, especially the peasantry, is less fluctuating than ours.—*Commonwealth.*

THE TANNING BUSINESS.—A statistical account of this branch of productive industry in the United States, furnished by the Census Bureau, shows that there are 6,263 tanning establishments, having invested \$18,900,557, employing 21,011 hands, and producing annually leather to the value of \$32,861,706. The principal tanning States are Pennsylvania, which heads the list, with 1039 establishments; New York, 942; Ohio, 706; Tennessee, 394; Indiana, 358; Virginia, 341; Kentucky, 275; Massachusetts, 246; and Vermont, 213.

LIQUOR PROSECUTIONS.—No less than twelve suits have grown out of the liquor traffic at the late master in South Deerfield. The liquor found in the possession of Charles M. Hitchcock has been destroyed, by order of the magistrates, and the final consideration of his case postponed to Oct. 15. It appeared from his statements, that he obtained his liquor within three miles of the muster-ground. On his disclosures, a warrant was issued to search the fountain-head, and the result of the examination was the apprehension of four casks containing more or less of the contraband article. L. F. Brewster and Harwood Smith were both fined for selling liquor at the muster-ground. —*Northampton Gazette.*

LIQUOR LAW MATTERS.—The case of Drew, of the Nahant Hotel, came up again before Mr. Justice Newhall, of Lynn, on Wednesday. The cause for the defence was heard, and the Justice postponed a decision to the 25th inst.

The *Chronicle* states that the selectmen of Watertown have refused the use of the town hall for the trial of the liquor case before Justice Wm. A. White, and that an appeal is to be made to the citizens in meeting.

On Wednesday, five bottles of liquor were seized on the premises of Mrs. Phoebe Marston of Lowell. The liquor was destroyed, and the woman fined. A part of a barrel of beer was taken on the same day from the store of James Purcell of Lowell.

A PICKPOCKET KILLED.—A gentleman from the South, while viewing the stock at the New York State Fair, at Utica, on Friday last, discovered that some one was cutting open his pocket, in which was the sum of \$1000. He waited until his pocket was cut open, and drew a bowie knife, and plunged it into the heart of the robber, killing him instantly, after which he gave himself up to the authorities.

DEATHS.

In this town, Sept. 1, Catherine B. M., daughter of William and Mrs. Buckminster, aged 1 months, 13 days. In this town Sept. 15, Ellen E., daughter of Franklin and Eliza W. Keys, aged 5 months, 10 days.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 12th inst., by Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Mr. William Faleten and Miss Emma J. Trask, both of Charlestown.

15th inst., by the same, Mr. Edward E. Cooper to Miss Ellen F. Madan, both of Woburn.

Great Sale of Real Estate, AT AUCTION, IN WOBURN.

Will be offered at Auction, on TUESDAY, the 28th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M., at a two-story Dwelling House,

containing ten rooms; Barn and out Buildings, with a Tannery, and Shop 60 feet by 22, with 25 Vats connected with the same, and all other conveniences necessary for the tanning business, with about 1/4 of acres Land attached to the same.

The Estate is pleasantly situated in the town of Woburn, on Water St., and about 1 mile from the Depot of Woburn Centre, and occupied by THOMAS J. EVANS.

ALSO, will be offered at the same time and place, at Auction,

5 ACRES OF L'N',

adjoining the same premises, suitable for Building Lots.

The above sale affords an excellent opportunity to persons wishing to locate themselves in the country.

For particulars see Leather Streets, Boston, or THOMAS J. EVANS, on the premises.

N. B. If it should rain on the above day, the sale will be postponed to the first fair day.

WM. O'N. JR., ACTR'.

Woburn, Sept. 18, 1852.

AT AUCTION.

Will be offered at Auction, on SATURDAY, Sept. 25th, at 1 o'clock P. M.,

A SMALL HOUSE.

containing about 10,000 feet of Land with twenty fruit trees; such as Apples, Peaches and Pears. The said house contains four rooms.

The hundred dollars of the purchase money remitted.

Also, a lot of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE 2 Clocks,

Tables, Chairs, 1 Cooking Stove, 1 Shop Stove; also 2 Cords of Wood, 2 of Tann, 1 Fat Hog, with a lot of Farming tools, and other articles too numerous to mention. If it should rain on the above day, the sale will be postponed until the next fair day.

W. M. WINN, JR., ACTR'.

Woburn, Sept. 18, 1852.

AT AUCTION.

Will be offered at Auction, Sept. 29th, a HOUSE, one

and half stories high, with a good basement, and about 1/2 of an acre of Land, with a good well of water, and a number of fruit Trees of different kinds, in a bearing state; also Grapes, Currants, &c. The above property is pleasantly situated on Lexington Street, about half a mile from the center of the Town, and the Depot of the Woburn Inn, and about 1/2 of a mile from the Stop, suitable to make a House, with 1/2 of an acre of Land.

TERMS EASY.

W. M. WINN, JR., ACTR'.

Woburn, Sept. 18, 1852.

Fall Style Hats.

ALL STYLE HATS, just received, and for sale by

J. W. HAMMOND, Fowle's Block.

Woburn, Sept. 15. f

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.
COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court street, Stow's Building.

CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY, April 5th, 1852, the hours of service are as follows:

UPPER RAILROAD TRAINS.

Leave Boston at 7:30, A. M., 12, and 5:15, P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8, A. M., 12, and 6:20, P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Boston at 7, and 9:30, A. M., 2:30, and 6:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 7:45, P. M.

WOBURN BRANCH TRAINS.

Leave Boston Centre at 6:00, 7:10, 9:05, A. M., 1:15,

4:45 and 7:45, P. M.

Leave Boston at 8, and 11:30, A. M., 3, 5:30, and 7:30

and 9:30 P. M.

Also, a Train leaves Woburn Centre at the arrival of the 6:30 P. M. Train from Boston.

*On Wednesdays this Train leaves at 11, P. M., and on

Saturdays at 10, instead of 9, P. M.

WALDO HIGGINSON, Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

april 3 ff

HUNTING & EATON,

EATING HOUSE,

NO. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,

HERMAN HUNTING, BOSTON.

20° Hot meals at all hours of the day. f

SEWED CALF BOOTS.

A few more pairs of those sewed light BOOTS, worth from \$22.50, to \$25.00

sug. 28. J. S. ELLIS & CO'S.

BASTOW'S BANNER STOVE

IS the latest pattern out, is remarkably stout, well made and durable; and is warranted the very best

COOKING STOVE ever invented. For sale by

sept. 11. 3m. E. TRULL.

10,000 FEET of ready made STOVE-PIPE,

assorted sizes, for sale by the Subscribers, at the corner of Main and Railroad Streets, and will keep constantly

BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,

WILLIAM SIMONDS, CHARLES CRAM.

WILLIAM SIMONDS, CHARLES CRAM.</p

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—We have a pesky old maid in our village, who is fretting our men, our children, our flowers and all the pretty things the world affords. I have just been reading an article from this creature in your paper; it's headed "Married Women." I'm one of them, and this Peg wants to be one, but can't, and is a pest to the neighborhood. I wanted to let you know that we married women won't take any impudence from old maids, and as I was highly offended with her talk about "The Flowers and Poetry of Life," I send you the following lines, which were suggested after reading that spicy article, from Miss Snuff-box!—

TO PEGGY SNUFF-BOX.

Come pert Miss Peg you'd better beware, Or we married women will be into your hair; You're getting quite wrothy, you'd better keep still, Or we married women will trounce you, we will.

You prompt old maid, as hateful as sin, You never had any affection, to lose or to win; Making sport of our children, be careful I beg, Or we'll make you take snuff to your sorrow, Miss Peg.

You go scolding around, about this thing and that,

Forgetting that you was once a young brat! But now you're an old one, and saucy at that, And for the want of a baby, you pet an old cat.

You'd better tell of inquiring around, To see what attraction in man may be found; When you've been distracted, thirty years of your life, To think no man wanted Snuffy Peg for a wife.

You say you're forty, on the bright side of that, Most fifty, indeed, you're quite an old brat; You say you are bright, oh, dumplings! all soured, I suppose you look bright just after you're scoured.

Now we married women won't have any of your jaw,

For we're about to petition, and will soon have a law, That if an old maid, in North Woburn, is found, She shall be wheeled down to the canal, and there tenderly drowned.

PPITAPPI ON MISS PEGGY SNUFF-BOX
We've buried her down as deep as we can, For fear she'd be coming back after a man; And over her bones we'll pile high the rocks, For fear she'll be snuffing up out of her box.

AUNT HETTY NETTLE.

North Woburn, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

*He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive*

TIME FOR PRUNE'

Volumes have been written on this subject, a great part of which is mere theory. Many prune in the spring from custom, and others in June because the wound heals quickly, not reflecting that it is of more importance that the wound heal soundly than quickly. We give directions according to our experience for thirty years.

Slight pruning, in which very small limbs, or dead limbs of any size, are removed, may be performed, when most convenient, in any season. Moderate pruning should be done in June, July or August, though it will bear very well till Dec. If trees are pruned in July, Aug. or Sept., the wood will become hard, sound, and well seasoned, and commence healing over; and it is not material, otherwise than for appearance, whether it heals over the first, second or third year, as it will remain in a healthy state.

We should prefer Oct., Nov., or even Dec., to the spring, which is the worst season. The trees then are full of sap, and it oozes out at the wound, which turns black and decays, like a tree cut in the spring, and allowed to retain the bark. But if limbs, even so large, are cut in Aug. or Sept., the wood will become hard and remain so, if it never heals over.

Thirty-two years ago in Sept., we cut a very large branch from an apple-tree, on account of injuries by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over; but it is now sound, and almost as hard as a horn, and the tree perfectly sound around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put into the cavities.—*Cole.*

NEW BLACKBERRY.—A new variety of the standing blackberry has been discovered at New Rochelle, in New York, and cultivated in some private gardens there for three or four years past. The vines grow to an enormous size and the fruit is as large as the average of the Hovey seedling strawberry. Instead of being long like the wild fruit, the berries are nearly round, and the seed completely buried in the most delicious juicy pulp.

POTATOES FROM SPROUTS.—Mr. William Carr, of West Newbury, has brought to market this season superior ripe potatoes, raised from sprouts alone. His course has been to start the potatoes early in a hot-bed, and when

the sprouts were several inches in length, to remove them from the potato into rows, in good soil, about eight inches apart. He is thus enabled to obtain ripe potatoes several weeks earlier than by the common practice.—*Newburyport Herald.*

RIVAL HUDSON STRAWBERRY.—This new variety is gaining a high reputation for its productiveness and general value, although not of the highest quality for the table. It is one of the best late sorts, and is fine for the market, or for preserving. A correspondent of *Moor's New Yorker*, says that a single neglected plant of last year's growth, accidentally overlooked till full of ripe fruit, was found completely surrounded with trusses of berries on which one hundred and thirty-three ripe ones were found, proceeding from this single root.—*Albion Cultivator.*

POTATO ROT.—A fine potato field, at Byfield, belonging to Daniel Coleman, Esq., of about an acre and a half, in which the potatoes had grown to a large size and of excellent quality, has within a few days been struck with the rot, so that there is not a sound potato in the field, and the whole crop is worthless. Those which were dug and brought into the house some days before in a sound state, were struck at the same time with the disease and with equal virulence. They are chenangoes.—*Newburyport Herald.*

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.—The report of superintendent of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum states, that "in three married men and two married women, there is every reason to believe that the excessive use of tobacco was the cause of insanity."

THE ENDICOT PEAR TREE.—Mr. S. P. Fowler states that this tree now probably more than 220 years old, when visited on the 9th of August, had made a growth of three or four inches this season, on some of its branches, although it bears the marks of extreme decrepitude of age.—*Salem Gazette.*

POTATO ROT.—The Gloucester *Telegraph*, Monday, says "we regret exceedingly to learn that the rot has made its appearance in some of the potato fields on our Cape."

THE SCALES ON CHICKEN'S BILLS.

Every one who has noticed a chicken just hatched has seen a kind of scale on the point of the bill, which appears to be a useless appendage. It is not so, but a very convenient contrivance for assisting the chicken to break the egg-shell when it is hatched.

Brown, in his work recently published on domestic fowls, says this scale is much harder than the beak itself. Had it been tipped with iron to force the shell open, it would not have been a stronger proof of creative design, than is this minute speck, which acts as so necessary an instrument.

In a few days after birth, when it is no longer wanted, this scale disappears; not by falling off, which would be a waste of valuable material, but by being absorbed and becoming serviceable in strengthening the bony structure, minute as the portion of earthly substance is.—*Maine Farmer.*

TRICKS OF ANIMALS.—In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault he has, arises from ignorance. Be patient with him, teach and coax him, and success in time is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the result of confirmed habit of viciousness, and these, sometimes, require a different treatment. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectively cured by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions, and running till pretty thoroughly exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits by tying him tightly to a stake driven in the bank of a deep stream, with his tail pointing to the water, he commenced pulling at the halter which suddenly parted; over the bank he tumbled, and, after a somerset or two, and floundering a while in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridles.

A ram has been cured of butting at everything and everybody, by placing an unresisting effigy in a similar position; the sudden assault on a wintry day then resulted in tumbling his ramshorn into a cold bath, which his improved manner took good care to avoid in future.

ROBBERY BY A RAG GATHERER.—The country in the vicinity of Boston swarms with beggars, itinerant gatherers of rags, &c., whose honesty is not always proof against opportunities to appropriate valuable property which may accidentally be left in their way. Yesterday, at Newton Corner, a man with two children were seen hanging about the houses gathering up rags and other matters which they found in the rubbish heaps in the yard. At one house a gentleman left a valuable gold watch hanging up in an exposed situation, which was soon after missing. A Constable was procured, and the rag gatherer pursued, and his bundle searched, when the missing watch was found hid in the midst of the rags.—*Traveller.*

VACANCY IN SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The Governor has directed that elections to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Robert Rantoul Jr., late a Representative in the 32d Congress, from the second district, be held on the 2d Monday of November, the day of the annual State election.

POTATOES FROM SPROUTS.—Mr. William Carr, of West Newbury, has brought to market this season superior ripe potatoes, raised from sprouts alone. His course has been to start the potatoes early in a hot-bed, and when

FLAT ROOFS FOR HOUSES.

The following suggestions in regard to the advantage of flat roofs for buildings, we take from the *Scientific American*—

"All the new houses which have been built in New York recently, have what are termed flat roofs; that is, the roof is nearly level, and slants but slightly from one side to the other. The old huge peaked roofs are fast disappearing; we wonder how they ever came into use. The inventor of them must have been a man full of comical ideas. The flat roofs are covered with tin and well painted. If a fire takes place in a building, it is easy to walk and work on the flat roof, so as to command the fire, if it be in the adjacent buildings; this cannot be done on peaked roofs. Flat roofs are cheaper and more convenient in every respect. We advise all those who intend to build new houses to have flat roofs on them. It is better to have a flush story at the top of a building than a peaked, cramped-up garret, which is only comfortable for travelling upon the hands and knees."

Several houses in Euaope have been built with their roofs as reservoirs for water. It is a valuable thing in case of fire, or for domestic purposes; a large quantity of rain water being generally ready for use."

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTENSIVE BRICK YARD, &c.

The extensive brick works known as the New York Company's works, in Cambridge, on the northwest part of the town, were somewhat damaged by the storm. About 170,000 unburnt bricks were destroyed. These works are doubtless the most extensive of any in New England. They are owned by Mr. Hubble, of Charlestown, and are under the direction of Mr. Abbott, lately a joint owner. They were constructed about four years ago, and employ one hundred workmen, exclusive of day laborers. The regular workmen are French Canadians. At this place they manufacture 170,000 bricks daily, and the works continue in operation five months in the year.

The whole work except digging the clay is performed by machinery. The main pit covers an area of nearly two acres, and is thirty feet deep. A pump worked by steam is constantly in operation, to throw out the water. The pit contains sufficient water to float a car containing clay, which is drawn by steam up an inclined plane, and then upon a rail track to the several mills for grinding. These mills are worked by one continuous shaft, (nearly half a mile long,) connected with wheels and the usual machinery. The clay is then mixed with pulverized coal, (anthracite) and then thrown into a portion of the apparatus from whence the bricks come out properly moulded and ready for burning. The object of the coal dust seems to be to save fuel in burning, but it is thought that the bricks are more porous and less liable to prove serviceable than if made in the ordinary way, though this is a matter of speculation and doubt.

California EMIGRANTS, Ship Master, Seamen, and all desiring Information, will apply to the Immigration Office, at the Boston Office, New Exchange, near State Street, or G. W. Foyle's Book Store, Woburn.

EDWARD FISHER, President, J. A. STEWART, Attorney.

EDWARD FISHER, Attorney.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE, JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS, \$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

LITERATURE.

Life to a fountain is compared,
Fed by a thousand streams;
If one be dry it perishes,
How true the symbol seems.

'Tis lik'd to a silver cord,
Form'd of a thousand strings;
It parts the whole if one be broke,
This truth reflection brings.

Dangers encompass us around,
To crush our mouldering clay;
Dooms is planted in our frames,
To hasten our decay.

The earth and atmosphere we breathe,
Is thickly fill'd with death;
And many dangers lurk around,
To rob us of our breath.

Death lurks in ambush to our way,
Yet, though we know it true,
How little do we lay to heart,
How much we have to do.

We see our friends and neighbors die,
We hear the tolling bell,
Nor think the next vain warning given,
May be our funeral knell.

ELISE, THE PEASANT GIRL.

Woburn, August, 1852.

ORIGINAL.

STOLEN NECKLACE: OR INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

BY MAY BENGLES.
CHAPTER II.

The servants bore the form of their mistress to the castle, and two days after, Madeline was borne to her long home. She was placed in a tomb. The shades of evening had begun to fall when the few mourners left the place of the dead, and sought their homes. As their retreating forms were lost in the distance, who is that that approaches the tomb where the newly interred repose? Ah! we recognize him now—'tis Edward Bengles; he has come to look once more upon that loved form,

" Ere decay's effacing finger "

had commenced its work of desolation upon it. He has obtained the key of the sexton, and as he unlocks and descends the steps of the gloomy cavern, we will follow him. By the dim light of departing day he is just able to discern among the mouldy walls that one in which the newly dead is laid. It has been deposited on the lowest shelf; therefore it is not difficult of access. As he raises the lid, and glances upon the face, he starts back, and utters these words:—

" Great God, she lives! Madeline lives!"

" Edward!" murmured a female voice, in a tone just elevated above a whisper; " Edward, are you here? I dreamed," she continued, " that I was put into a cold damp tomb among the dead, and you came to save me; but 'twas only a dream! Edward is not here; that wicked Adonia he who ruined me, and put me here to get rid of me! O, horrors! would that he had killed me outright; for to be left to die in a tomb, surrounded by the dead, I —"

" Madeline, dearest Madeline, Edward, your own dear Edward, is here. He will save you from such a death. Open your eyes, dearest, and behold your Edward."

" I hear your voice, but I can never again look upon your pure face, for I am ruined! I have been unwittingly the child of infamy. You will loathe me, for I loathe myself! Leave me, oh! leave me to die! I fear not death now!" thus raved the enshrouded one.

" I know all, dearest, and yet this heart of mine willingly, aye, joyfully, take the "cast-off" flower to grace its desolated domain.—But come—leave your house of clay, you are not at present to be an inhabitant of the grave," and thus saying he tore off the upper boundary of the coffin, and released its fair inmate. Then clasping his arms about the young girl's form, he ascended the gloomy steps which led from the residence of the dead, and hastened with her towards a little thicket, at the farther extremity of which stood a small wood-colored house, whose chief inmate was an old gray-haired sive, with whom Edward Bengles was lawquainted.

Leaving them to seek shelter beneath this roof, and afterwards to depart in disguise to another town, we will return to another scene connected with characters pourtrayed in the first chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The Diamond Necklace.
"Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ill's betrayed."

" A diamond necklace as I live! who could have sent me this!—no name,—no writing, simply this inclosed in a splendid casket, with a piece of coarse brown paper bound, or wrapped carefully about it. What a strange affair!—shall I keep it? I shall never wear it, for I should feel unhappy with anything so costly about my person. I can't help thinking what a mystery this is; who can the donor be; surely it must be somebody of some consequence, for 'tis not

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

NO. 49.

WOBURN RECORDS.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION
COMPRISING IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Checkers, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superi-

or style, at reasonable rates.

1716.

Williams Mary, d. of Stephen and Bethiah, b. Mar. 18th.

Lock Mary, d. of William and Jemima, b. Sept. 7th.

Vinton Rebekah, d. of John and Abigail, born March 15th.

Waters Abigail, d. of Ephraim and Grace, b. April 14th.

Snow Jabez, s. of Zerubbabel and Jemima, b. Mar. 16th.

Kendall Ephraim, s. of Ephraim and Judah, b. Mar. 27th.

Wyman Nathaniel, s. of Thomas and Mary, b. May 18th.

Haywood Abigail, d. of James and Bathsheba, b. July 23d.

Chub John, s. of William and Sarah, b. May 27th.

Flagg Hannah, d. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b. Oct. 1st.

Tompson Esther, d. of Joshua and Martha, b. Mar. 16th.

Simonds Caleb, s. of James and Lydia, born May 27th.

Carter Joshua, s. of Eleazar and Eleanor, born June 25th.

Peirce Jonathan, s. of Joseph and Mary, born Aug. 4th.

Jaquith Benjamin, s. of Abraham and Sarah, b. June 27th.

Richardson Edward, s. of Theophilus and Ruth, b. Mar. 17th.

Jones David, s. of Hugh and Hannah, b. July 27th.

Wright Joshua, s. of Josias and Ruth, born May 9th.

Richardson Samuel, s. of Samuel and Sarah, b. July 16th.

Newards William, s. of Samuel and Deborah, b. Aug. 16th.

Snow Judith, d. of Ebenezer and Mary, born Aug. 20th.

Peirce John, s. of Daniel and Dinah, b. May 23d.

Richardson Joshua, s. of Joshua and Hannah, b. Oct. 18th.

Wyman Hannah, d. of Timothy and Hannah, b. Apr. 20th.

Lock Hannah, d. of Ebenezer and Hannah, b. Apr. 11th.

Wright Nathaniel, s. of James and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 17th.

Sawyer John, s. of Joshua and Mary, b. Aug. 31st.

Johnson Joshua, s. of Edward and Rebekah, b. Feb. 16th.

Johnson Hannah, d. of Josiah and Martha, b. Aug. 19th.

Converse Dorothy, d. of Josiah and Hannah, b. Jan. 20th.

Eason Jonathan, s. of Samuel and Mary, b. Aug. 18th.

Peirce Seth, s. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Nov. 30th.

Peirce Abijah, s. of John and Mary, b. Aug. 6th.

Fowle Ruth, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Feb. 9th.

Read Hulda, d. of Ebenezer and Hulda, b. Jan. 11th.

Hamblet Anan, s. of Joseph and Susanah, b. Nov. 11th.

Kendall Francis, s. of Francis and Abigail, b. Jan. 6th.

Richardson Nathaniel, s. of James and Elizabeth, b. Feb. 6th.

Buck Abigail, d. of Samuel and Abigail, b. Jan. 6th.

Tompson James, s. of James and Abigail, b. Dec. 30th.

Winn Increase, d. of Jacob and Prudence, b. Jan. 24th.

Dean Samuel, s. of John and Mary, b. Feb. 24th.

Smith Mary, d. of Jonathan and Mary, b. Feb. 21st.

taining the truth of the same.

Mafrona instantly repaired to her room, and returned bearing the costly article. Her companion took it, and in examining it identified the sign previously described to him by the Countess. He informed the terrified Mafrona of the same, and added that there was but one chance by which she might expect to escape imprisonment,—and that was by ascertaining who the donor was. This he knew she could not do; and the young girl, too, knew this was impossible; she therefore threw herself upon a chair, and sobbed aloud. She was in the agony of despair, and all she could do was to weep and exclaim:—

" I am ruined—I'm ruined!"

Mons. Creatia permitted her to indulge in this strain of fearful grief for a while, and then, going up to where she was seated, and taking her hand within his own, he thus spoke:—

" It is in my power to avert the impending blow, which threatens to overwhelm you."

The Countess esteemed me as one of her dearest and best friends, and will grant almost any request that I may make of it. Now, I can take the necklace to her, and bid her never mention that it was ever out of her possession, and she will be most happy to grant my request."

" Oh! do—oh, do!" interrupted his hearer.

" Upon one condition, and only one will I free you from your present embarrassment, and that is—that you will promise to be mine. I will leave my wife; I will marry you. I swear it by God himself! I will."

A deathly silence ensued, during which the speaker placed his arm about the unresisting form of the weeping girl, and drew her to his bosom. He thought the crisis was passed, and she was his—for he thought that she would prefer rather than to be a public disgrace, to become his. But ah! he little knew the strength of mind with which that almost infant in years was possessed, or else he would not have thus been so easily flattered as to the real success of his schemes. It was, however, a severe struggle for the fair one, the temptation was great. If she acquiesced to his proposition, how many trying scenes should she escape for the future bid fair to be born brightly? If she yielded to his plan; but few would know what she had pursued a legitimate course, but few—but ah! her heart would know it—her conscience would reprove her for this act, thereby rendering her existence miserable. No, rather than to be in reality guilty, she would willingly, aye, joyfully, bear the world's scorn,—imprisonment, and even death itself, so long as the happy consciousness that she was innocent pervaded her breast. With this resolve, she burst from the embrace which bound her to her vile seducer, and thus spoke:—

" I spurn your proposal! I would rather die a thousand deaths than to accept the same. I will not do a dishonorable act; I can suffer so long as I know I am not guilty. What care I what the world considers me, so long as my heart does not reproach me. The innocent may suffer, for a season," continued the enthusiastic girl, " but justice will sooner or later avenge their wrongs! All will yet be as it should, and my sorrow will yet be turned to joy!"

The fierce glare of that eagle eye, and the haughty curl of that thin, bloodless lip, proved to the young girl the reception which her words received from her attentive listener. But she heeded not these tokens of ire; the saying had gone forth, and she would not, if she could, recall the same.

The scornful glance of the enraged man, rested for a moment upon the face of her who stood before him, and then, in a tone that would strike with terror any female heart, save that of the young female that stood before him, he thus spoke:—

" Madam, by heavens! you shall yet repent this act! You shall yet bow before me an humble suppliant, for your life, your happiness, shall be wholly at my command. There is not a deed of blackness ever perpetrated, that shall be left unexecuted in my attempts at your ruin! It shall be effected, (your ruin, I mean,) even though I had to wade through blood and burning lava to accomplish it; so remember that this is not, as you may suppose, our last interview!" thus saying, the infuriated speaker left the presence of the un-daubed Mafrona.

CHAPTER V.
The Test of Virtue.

Everthing thus far has met my most sanguine expectation. I have been a guest at the house of the Count; secured the necklace; informed the Countess in whose possession the much prized article might be found, and even pointed the fair possessor of the same out to her, while at the entertainment at the Colonel's; was myself the sole means of bringing them together; for the Colonel, (my most intimate friend,) would not have thought of inviting the young girl and her aunt, had I not proposed the same, and afterwards insisted for it to be prosecuted, and now for the last act which shall result in my victory!" Thus spake the black-hearted Creatia, as he took his hat and hastily left the room for the prosecution of his infamous plans. Procuring a private conveyance, he at once set out for the residence of his intended victim. "Twas evening when he arrived there, and stating to the servant who attended his summons at the door, that his business was of the most urgent nature, he was at once ushered into the drawing room, where Mafrona chanced to be alone. He at once stated that his business was with her; and then commenced telling her of the larceny committed by a band of robbers upon the person of the Countess; he stated the losses which the lady had sustained, among which was a highly valued necklace, presented to her by the Earl of Lincoln, and he continued to assert that the Countess thought she recognized the same in the one that adorned her person on the eve of the entertainment given by Col. II. He begged of her to inform him how she came into her possession, or who was the donor. Mafrona informed him of the mysterious manner that it had come into her possession, and added that the servant who received the package at the door, had declared that he never before had met with the person who had delivered the same into his hands. Her heart then begged that the necklace might be produced, saying that there was a certain mark which the rightful owner had informed him would decide whether it was in reality the one which belonged to her. She had told him on what part of the necklace it might be found, and he had come thither for the purpose of ascer-

—

CHAPTER VI.
Happy termination of events.

" All's well that ends well."

A short time after the incidents in the preceding chapter, a young female was brought before the court of justice, on charge of having in her possession a diamond necklace belonging to the Countess Belisle.

The court-room was crowded to overflow with the most distinguished characters of the day, for such a crime, among those who moved in such distinguished society as did the accused, was not an every day occurrence.

Among the concourse there convened, we re-

cognise the Count and Countess Belisle, the

Earl of Lincoln, Mons. Adonia Creatia, and

two other individuals—Madeline and Edward

Bengles. The trial of the prisoners proceed-

ed after the usual manner of such cases. The

evidence of both parties were called for. At that announcement Madeline and companion came forth, as evidence on behalf of the accused, much to the surprise and confusion of the opposite party, particularly Mons. Adonia, who imagined that none would appear on the prisoner's behalf.

When called for to testify what he knew of the prisoner, Bengles repeated *verbally*, the words of Mons. Creatia, which had, during the speaker's re-hearsal, gradually changed from its former placid appearance, to that of un

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.
North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co. are agents for this paper.

Winchester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co. State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Errant."—We like this letter and hope to hear from our new correspondent again.

"W."—There seems to be quite a difference of opinion on the subject of the Liquor Agency; we think the majority are against it.

"S. T."—Your items are very acceptable; they are moral, which is very desirable.

"Elise the Peasant Girl."—There is evidence of improvement in your writings; perseverance will accomplish much good.

"M. W. Wellman."—The "Arbor of Prayer" will be read with interest; your remarks about Northampton are true, as we know from experience. We have many friends in Northampton, and no town in New England can exceed it in beauty and locality.

"Scholar."—We shall publish your Acrostic as encouragement for future progress.

"S. T."—enquires about the Lyceum; we would refer him to the notice of proceedings on the subject in another column.

FAMILIAR TALK.

We have been asked what we mean by "familiar talk," and we have answered that we mean the every day intercourse of friends and neighbors, while engaged in the plain and simple conversation of every day occurrence—the free interchange of thought, without language dressed up to please the fancy or mislead the youthful mind; these familiar talks bring all matters to an equality, and we understand each other, always remembering that there is a medium to govern us in all these matters. Under these impressions we made a few remarks in our last, on the subject of our unruly passions, and the excuse we are all ready to make when we suffer passion to control reason and discretion.

Most of these indiscretions are the results of bad examples in family government; a parent should never do an act before his children which he knows is wrong, thinking that his child will not understand it, nor should they in any manner approve of any wrong action, but it ever so small, for in that approval the children are led to believe it right. The first impressions on a young mind are very strong, and the idea that children have no conception of the daily occurrences in the domestic household, is a very wrong one; there is nothing but what they see, and if they cannot ask for an explanation, there is an impression made which is lasting—it is for good or evil.

How often do we attempt to correct a child for some trifling error to-day, and permit him to do the same without correction to-morrow; this may be called trifling, and leads our children to lose confidence in parental authority. Then we get angry at some accident which has happened when our children are at innocent play, and in an unguarded moment upbraid and punish them, because our anger, at the loss of a trifling article, is not controlled. We crush the opening bud of truth in the innocence of confession by an angry word and harsh command of punishment. If we had only reflected for a moment, how easily we could have saved that innocent mind from keen sorrow, and made it realize the value of truth. The following little incident will explain our meaning—

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs and stay till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault!—With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

We wish every person to read this, and remember that anger and harsh words, with undeserved punishment, will bend the youthful mind, and spoil its culture; and that bad examples in the family circle are powerful, and exert a strong influence on the future life of children. We must not flatter ourselves with the idea that we can smile and approve of what some are pleased to call *smartness* in children, without leaving some impression which, at a future day, we may regret. Reflection is the mirror of life, in which we can discover our error before it is committed; it should be kept ever before us, that we may accustom ourselves to its use, and profit by experience.

The improvement of our Streets is certainly a source of much gratification to our citizens, and we hope this lower north side of Summer street will not escape notice; individuals have done a great share of the present improvement, and a small spot is left for the town.

Wimzater.—We are pleased to learn, by the Report of the consecration of the new Cemetery, that all matters passed off to general

satisfaction. We should think that every family would become an owner, as the terms are certainly within the reach of all.

THE FISHERIES.

The celebrated commercial writer of England, Mr. McGregor, has addressed a letter to the Earl of Derby upon the fishery question. Mr. McGregor is quite a prominent man in the commercial classes of England, and his opinion may have some weight with the Derby Ministry. He censures the ministry very much as to their policy in this matter, and says it is calculated to involve the two nations in difficulty, and sets forth with great clearness the disastrous consequences which would result from war. In his closing paragraph he proposes to throw open all the fishery grounds to the Americans, and ask in return the abandonment of all duties on British fish. He will advocate free trade in fishing, if we will give free trade in fish. This is fair, and both nations would then stand equal.

We should be pleased to see this vexed question fairly arranged, for the longer it is delayed, the more difficult will it become.—There are matters transpiring daily which may raise difficulties calculated to interrupt the good feeling now existing.

We are advised that the people of Nova Scotia, and especially of Halifax, are not satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, and we should not be surprised to hear them knocking at Brother Jonathan's door for admission. The latch string is always out.

WILMINGTON.—Our neighbors are very active in efforts to improve their town, and make known its advantages; this is commendable, and we have no doubt but there are many desirable spots favorable for improvements, according to this age of progress. They cannot long remain under the bushel.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

Last week, on Friday evening, at a meeting of our citizens, was held agreeable to a previous notice, it was unanimously voted to have a course of lectures established the coming season. A committee was then appointed to nominate a board of officers for the ensuing year, and on their report the following officers were elected.

REV. J. EDWARDS, President; GEO. W. CHAMPEY, Vice President; JOHN A. FOWLE, Corresponding Sec'y; NATHAN WYMAN JR., Treasurer.

It was then voted, that the officers procure a Lecturer, provide a Hall, and make all the necessary arrangements for the course. We hope at an early date to be able to announce the names of some of our most distinguished lecturers, as engaged for the course, and we trust that our readers will all bear in mind, that it will depend in a great measure upon the support that they may promptly give in purchasing tickets; or to whether we can have first class lectures or not, for it would not be wise on the part of the officers to engage lecturers who cannot be paid for from the receipts for the sale of tickets, and if tickets for the course are issued at as low a rate as in former years, it will be quite important that an additional number shall be sold to enable the committee to perfect the arrangements they wish to make. Let these facts be kept in mind by those who would wish to attend the lectures this winter, if they would have them instructing and attractive.

We hope at an early date to be able to announce the names of some of our most distinguished lecturers, as engaged for the course, and we trust that our readers will all bear in mind, that it will depend in a great measure upon the support that they may promptly give in purchasing tickets; or to whether we can have first class lectures or not, for it would not be wise on the part of the officers to engage lecturers who cannot be paid for from the receipts for the sale of tickets, and if tickets for the course are issued at as low a rate as in former years, it will be quite important that an additional number shall be sold to enable the committee to perfect the arrangements they wish to make. Let these facts be kept in mind by those who would wish to attend the lectures this winter, if they would have them instructing and attractive.

MIDDLESEX CANAL.—We see in many places that those who have purchased the Canal land are filling it up, and making some fine garden spots; and ere long, nothing will remain but the name, which will, no doubt, at times remind stockholders of *lean* dividends and poor investment.

LARGE SEIZURE OF LIQUOR IN BOSTON.—On Wednesday, Henry Crocker, Sheriff of Suffolk, assisted by a large force being armed with a warrant from the Police Court, proceeded to the warehouse of E. W. Cummings, No. 120 Kneeland street, wholesale dealer in liquors, and there seized his whole stock, and removed it. There were several truck loads of it.

Since writing the above, we learn that the liquors thus seized will probably be stored in the new jail yard for safe keeping.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

India Rubber bayonets are being introduced in Austria, for the purpose of exercising in the instructing of Infantry.—A new species of wheat has been raised in Wisconsin, called "Hungarian Snow Wheat," which is highly spoken of.—\$21,000 San Francisco bonds, was lost from steamship Passaic, in New York, last week.—M. G. Sleeper was robbed of \$900 and a gold watch, on the road from Brighton to Brookline, last week.—\$5 counterfeit bills, on the Bank of North America, Providence, R. I., are in circulation.—400 emigrant passengers arrived at Boston last Saturday, in ship Parliament from Liverpool; all well.—The yellow fever has not left Charleston, but is abating.—Deaths in Boston last week, 79.—There are 80 prisoners in the East Cambridge jail; at the Insane Asylum 60, and at the House of Correction 128.—There are 480 inmates in the States prison, in Charlestown.—An immense plough factory is being erected at the Groton Junction railroad, with an engine of 50 horse power.—A party of missionaries left Boston last Saturday, on board ship Edmand, for India.—9 new houses have been built within 6 miles of Boston during the last year.—The new Town Hall will be occupied for the exhibition of all manufactured, mechanical and fancy articles.

murdered last Saturday.—The omnibus lines in Philadelphia have reduced their fare to three cents, since which their receipts are greater than ever.—We find a great number of cases under the liquor law, but have not space to note them.—The town of Chelsea is fast improving; glad of it.—The liquor warrants in East Cambridge are being served: several parties arrested.—Over 300 persons have died in Buffalo from cholera, in eleven days.—During the months of July and August, 9000 persons arrived at the Revere House in Boston; greatest number in one day 250.—W. S. Stone, while standing on the platform of a car on the Northampton railroad, was precipitated under the train and instantly killed; it is strange people will be so reckless of life, as to stand on these platforms.—A great fire at Ravenna, Ohio, destroyed property to the amount of \$60,000.—Hon. Benj. Thompson is quite ill at his residence in Charlestown.—There was 61 clearances at the Boston Custom House last Saturday; the largest number in one day ever known in Boston.—1000 persons are reported under arrest at Havanna; charged with aiding a revolution.—The spiritual rappers held a convention in Worcester on the 29th inst.—The value of guano, on the disputed Lobos Island, is said to be two thousand millions of dollars; this is worth contending for.—Providence is infested with burglary.—The wreck of the steamer Atlantic, sunk at Lake Erie, has been reached by a diver, at 144 feet deep.—Three boys in Southbridge, who had stolen powder, set fire to it while under the arm of one, and by the explosion all were fatally injured; a warning for all boys.—181 gallons of liquor, was poured into the gutter in Springfield, by the City Marshal, last Saturday.—A Methodist Chapel is to be erected at East Boston.—The storms on the upper Lakes, have been very severe, and many disasters are feared.—457 deaths in New York last week; 19 were from cholera.—A monument to the memory of Henry Clay, is to be erected at St. Louis.—The Congregational society in Chelmsford, of which Rev. Mr. Buddington is pastor, are erecting a fine church in Harvard Square.—A heavy fire at St. Louis, destroyed property to the amount of \$15,000.—600 passengers arrived at Boston last Wednesday, in ship Daniel Webster, from Liverpool.—The exhibition of the Horticultural Society in Boston this week, is said to be superior to any which ever took place.—Five dollar counterfeit bills on the Plymouth Bank are in circulation.—A heavy robbery was committed at the Astor House, New York, last Saturday night.—8182 emigrants arrived in New York on the 14 and 15 and 16th of Sept.—The cholera still raging at Havanna; there were 800 cases, and 500 deaths in August, and about 800 cases, and 400 deaths the present month.—15 deaths from yellow fever in Charlestown, during 3 days ending the 19th inst.—6 deaths from cholera in Rochester during 3 days ending the 20th inst.—12 deaths from cholera in Chambersburgh, last week.—Last Wednesday was the beginning of autumn, the sun having crossed the line.

We really believe if a good Hall, with stores underneath, was erected in town, it would pay handsomely, and besides being ornamental, would be a great addition to the looks of our Town. Why cannot the young men of Woburn form an association, having for its object the erection of a Lyceum and Library building, and see if we have not life enough in this vicinity to get stock taken for that object; it would be a feasible project, and one that would pay.

SIX CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—In Wardsboro, Vt., at ten o'clock on the night of the 8th inst., the house of Peter Moore took fire. This was discovered by the neighbors, who broke open the doors, brought out Mrs. Moore and two children who were in bed with her, her husband having taken the alarm a moment before; but two children who were in bed in the same room, and four children who were in bed in the chambers, were burned to death. The mother attempted to rush back into the house to save her burning children, but was held back, and became deranged.

A REJECTED LETTER.—A country vicar has laid down a rule never to receive unpaid letters. The other day a letter arrived, and being unpaid, was returned to the General post-office and found to contain £150, sent by an admirer. A communication was made to the vicar, who paid the two-pence and received the £150.

CATTLE SHOW AT FITCHBURG.—The citizens of Fitchburg are making arrangements for a grand Cattle Show to be held in that town on Thursday, Sept. 30th. It is to be under the auspices of the Fitchburg Agricultural Society, an association formed some three years since. All the towns in Worcester North are to participate in the occasion, and an interesting festival is expected. Premiums are to be awarded for the best working oxen, horses, beef cattle, milch cows, bulls, steers, swine, sheep, fowls. Also, for the best specimens of bread, butter, cheese, honey, pickles, grain, fruit and vegetables. There is to be a ploughing match, a trial of farm horses, a trial of working oxen and steers. An address is to be delivered by Thomas E. Payson, Esq., of Rowley, Mass., after which there is to be a grand dinner at the Fitchburg Hotel. The new Town Hall will be occupied for the exhibition of all manufactured, mechanical and fancy articles.

The improvement of our Streets is certainly a source of much gratification to our citizens, and we hope this lower north side of Summer street will not escape notice; individuals have done a great share of the present improvement, and a small spot is left for the town.

Wimzater.—We are pleased to learn, by the Report of the consecration of the new Cemetery, that all matters passed off to general

AN INTOLERABLE BURDEN!

MR. ENTRON.—I perceive that your correspondent "G." is still disposed to vex himself and the rest of the "tax paying inhabitants" of the town, with the anticipation of the accumulated burden which the "Liquor Agency" threatens to bring upon their shoulders, in the form of taxes. And it is with the hope of administering a "drop of comfort" to the poor distressed man, that I make this additional communication on the subject.

Now reckoning the valuation of the town at \$2,000,000, which, if I mistake not, falls

short of the value of the present year, a tax sufficient to raise \$300 would amount to the alarming sum of fifteen cents on every thousand dollars. And this is the spectre which has so haunted our vigilant and public spirited friend, "G." that he could get "no sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids" until he had sounded the note of alarm, through the Journal. Well, what can be done so to relieve the mind of "G." of the dread of this outrageous wrong, that he will relieve the public of his dolorous groanings? After bestowing "deep and anxious thought" upon this vexed question, I have concluded to propose to "G." that he prepare a subscription paper, for the purpose of raising a sum of money sufficient to pay his part of the "Agency" tax; and for his encouragement, I promise myself to head the subscription list, provided he offer the paper first to me. And I would suggest that "G." in order to "save a penny," hunt up that petition to the Selectmen, which he left at Woodbury's for others to sign (but did not sign himself) and use the blank side of it for the above subscription. You perceive Mr. Editor, that if "G." is down on the list at \$1000, the sum to be raised will be 15 cents, If at \$2000, it will be 30 cents. But should his valuation be set down at \$10,000, the sum necessary to be raised for his relief will be only \$1,500. I think we can raise it! I am confident we can, Mr. Editor, if you will just give the friends a word of admonition through the Journal.

W. Woburn, Sept. 14.

Written for the Journal.

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

"Alone, alone, through deep shadows; thus only can we pass to golden sunshine on the eternal shore." How often does the spirit feel alone on the wide sea of life! unanswered yearnings fill the heart for love and sympathy; these deep longings—this aching void we may not fill on earth—the heart must still sorrow, and the soul must bear its loneliness; alone the soul must go, through deep long lengthening shadows, and life's vain joys endure its woe—alone must we weep. Oh! what deep mysteries shroud our life! how fearful! what are our hopes and joys but dreams—the visions of a day: whence came we? whether do we go? and wherefore do we live? what are these wondrous souls of ours, can reason answer? if we turn our eyes to the post to explore its secrets, no answer replies to our doubts—but mystery, mystery still the more. The scenes in which we daily live, that form a part of life, are passing still, passing away—like shadows they fly; still on we go; before we lies the future, the vast dim future, and who may know the mysteries which lie hidden in its shadowy depths? but the gospel comes with its soul-cheering peace, and bids our fears and doubts begone, and pours its glorious light upon our dreary way. It tells us that if we fulfill our high missions, we shall not live for nought. Faith's eye reads o'er life's pages, and sees (in its deep troubles, and stern afflictions) that sweeps o'er the spirit) the hand and love of God to wean our hearts from the joys of this vain world, and kindly leads us to those of heavenly and celestial birth. The light of the gospel sheds its glorious radiance over the grave, and from its darkness leads the way, where joys immortal ever bloom. It is true life will have mysteries, and the heart will often be sad, but faith whispers put thy trust in God, believe his precious promises, and in that brighter and better world above, the Christian's home, we shall at last rest, and the mysteries of life shall all be solved.

ELSIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Sept. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

BANGOR, Sept. 4th, 1852.

DEAR JOURNAL:—To-day I took a trip to Old Town, for the purpose of seeing the Indian settlement. Old Town, you may know, is about 12 miles north of Bangor on the Penobscot river. It is connected with the latter by a railroad, on which matters are conducted in rather a primitive style. The locomotives used are of English make, and have been running for the last 20 years; they have the funniest look imaginable, so small and so queerly made. But I did not try the railroad having an opportunity to go and return in a phaeton.

I followed the river road, and all the way from Bangor there was a series of very enchanting views. The blue waters of the noble Penobscot cast the bright sheen of the morning sun over verdant plains and pleasant hills, and the beautiful frings of woodland and the deep forest stretching out beyond, were all smiling with freshness.

I found Old Town a new looking, busy place, filled with the sound of saw mills and running waters. The Indians occupy an island in the river, a little north of the town, which is about a mile and a half in length, and half a mile in width. This together with several other beautiful islands further up the river, is owned exclusively by the tribe, and the government have laid such restrictions on the

Indians that they can never sell their islands. I was ferried across by an old Indian in a "birch." The most conspicuous object I saw first was a large Roman Catholic Chapel surrounded with the usual cross, and in front of this there stood erected another cross, a huge thing, large as a common flag-pole, and on it was this inscription, "Rogo ut omnes sint." The priest being absent from the island, we were unable to enter the chapel. I understand however, that there were several paintings within and that some of them were executed by Indian artists.

The village is very well laid out and contains about 30 dwelling houses. The Indians have entirely given up their birth-bark wigwams. There were three or four cottages in good condition, well painted, with a garden in front, with barns, and with most of the ornaments of a convenient house; but the majority were unpainted, hovel-like abodes, in correspondence with the general slovenliness of the tribe.

I found but few of the tribe, most being off on their usual summer excursions. Some have colonized their islands up the river, and have gone to farming. They are said to have succeeded very well.

The greatest curiosity however, that I saw, was in the shape of a Chippewa Indian Doctor, there on a visit. She weighed them said 300 pounds, had travelled over all Europe and Asia, conversed in several languages, and was altogether a lady-like pleasant woman.

She was very communicative and expressed much indignation that the priest let the Pequod, as he had important news to communicate; while others were repeating orations, and arguing to themselves. I must confess that all my gay spirits and fair

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY BONNIE LASSIE.

This is the hour when memory wakes,
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes,
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,
The hallowed scenes of former years;
And friends who long have been consigned,
To silence and to tears.

Friendships that now in death are hushed,
And young affections broken chain;
And hopes that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory live again.

The few we liked—the one we loved,
A sacred hand, come stealing on;
And many a joy far removed,
And many a pleasure gone!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as swiftly flown;
Tint after tint they died away,
Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when memory wreaths,
Her spell round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy breathes,
A sigh for pleasures past.

"Hermit's Cave," Waltham, Mass., August, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive.

HINTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

September is a sort of preparatory month for bringing to a close the operations of summer and commencing on autumn. The farmer will therefore find a benefit in having his eyes open to both ends of the season. If the drought has left you anything of the herbage kind in the shape of second growth, or riven, a careful collection and saving of it will demand your attention, and as the hay crop was a light one, anything that can be saved for that purpose will come into good service next winter.

The root crops require some attention in the way of being freed from weeds, and thinning out; provided, nevertheless, the grasshoppers have not already done the latter for you. They will now begin to swell out their roots and increase in size in this respect, until cold weather checks their growth.

If you have not already sowed your winter wheat, and the drought has probably kept you back, it would be well to get it in now as soon as possible. Don't be frightened because the drought last fall, and the severe winter past destroyed so many fields. Such a concurrence of seasons may not happen again for many years.

There have been a good many thousand bushels of first-rate winter wheat raised in Maine this year; besides the weevil has done very little damage indeed to spring wheat. So thank God; take courage and put in the wheat in faith and with a liberal hand.

Early fruit requires your care; whatever of early apples cannot be sold in the market, should be given to your hogs or to your cattle, or pared and dried and not be suffered to rot and go to waste.

Look over your flock of sheep and cull out those which will be too old to winter, and see if they are not now fit for the butcher, that they be put in a situation where they will become so before housing time. Start your hogs to fattening, and if you propose to fatten a cow, or steer, for your own home consumption, it would be well now to give them a little extra feed.

If you have a muck mine, and have not already improved the late dry weather in getting into the "diggings," seize the first opportunity to open it for the benefit of your compost heap.

If rightly managed it will make your crops laugh next year, and laughing crops make comfortable people.

Beans, when the leaves have begun to turn yellow, and the bean is in a dough state, may now be gathered and stacked between two stakes, where they will ripen and dry well. You should be careful not let them touch the ground at the bottom, as they will be likely to rot if they do. —*Maine Farmer.*

PLASTER ON WHEAT IN THE FALL.

As many farmers in this vicinity are putting plaster on their wheat in the fall instead of the spring, as heretofore, I have taken pains to inquire the reason of the change; and believing the information obtained important to wheat growers generally, I take this method of giving it to the million, if you think proper to place it in your widely circulated journal.

Wheat when plastered in the fall, obtains more root, and is thus enabled to stand the frosts better; it has the assistance of the plaster at a season of the year when it is almost impossible to go over the fields, and when it is most needed—namely, the very early spring; it gets its growth and ripens in good time; whereas, when applied in the spring, the wheat continues to grow late, sometimes to the injury of the crop—a superabundance of straw, falling down, rust, &c., oftentimes being the consequence. —*Genesee Farmer.*

THE BLACK EXCRESCELS on the shoots and limbs of plum trees are now coming, and they sometimes break out on the bodies of small trees in such a way that it is difficult to remove them with the knife, without cutting away the whole tree. I have this summer had three such cases, and have cut off most of the tumor and wet the remainder with spirits of turpentine. The tumor in each case has ceased to grow and has perished. In the first instance the turpentine spread a little around the sore, and destroyed the life of the

bark as far as it went. I was after that careful to wet only the tumor. The sores were on trees that I set this spring. None came on trees that I have kept for a few years with the ground well manured and sowed. I esteem them a *scriptural* disease of the tree.—S. C. HAMILTON, Buell, N. Y.—*Genesee Farmer.*

WILD CHERRY POISON TO COWS.

A farmer in Plymouth County, who keeps a considerable number of cows, informs us of an occurrence which happened to them, in the summer of 1850. The dairy woman complained of the milk. The cream would not make butter as readily as usual. The process of churning became very laborious; and, in four or five days, two men could not bring the cream into butter in less than an hour and a half, steady work. The owners thought that the evil must lie in the churn, or in the pails, or in the temperature; but, on examination, nothing was found amiss in all these respects. He then concluded that the cows must have eaten some injurious food; and, to ascertain how that might be, he followed them to the pasture. On the opposite side of the wall which enclosed the pasture, was a thick belt, or grove, of miscellaneous trees, bushes and thick shrubs, with their branches hanging over the wall. He observed that, as soon as the cows were let into pasture, they went to the wall, and greedily devoured the leaves and the spray of the wild cherry tree, to the full extent to which they could reach them. He was no longer at any loss to account for the difficulty with the milk, for he had known three cows killed in one day, by eating the withered leaves and small branches of a wild cherry tree, which the wind had blown down in the pasture. Of course, the cows were immediately removed to another field; and in two or three days, their milk resumed its proper quality. The juices of this tree are supposed to contain prussic acid.—N. E. Farmer.

THE PEACH TREE.

In reading communications from several individuals in relation to the failure in the peach crop this season, and the cause of the trees having so sickly an appearance the first part of the season, I am of the opinion that it was not altogether the severity of the cold that affected them most, but the load of fruit which the trees were permitted to sustain (if they did not break down) which has injured them most. I tied up many of them with ropes; others, I picked off half the amount of fruit when partly grown, and wherever this was done my trees look healthy and are well filled with fruit at the present time. I have cultivated the peach more than thirty years, and my seedlings have been sturdy and constant bearers, while my inoculated fruit has failed one year during all that time. I would recommend for all to obtain the lemon meloncot seedling; it is of good size, a constant bearer, they ripen gradually, and last longer than any other variety.—N. E. Farmer.

HOUSE-RIPENING PEARS.

The practice of gathering pears while hard and ripening them in suitable places under cover, is well understood and often resorted to by persons who make the culture of fruit a profession but is not known to many who may chance to have more or less of this kind of fruit, which they would learn to prize more highly if it were rightly managed. The following is from Thomas's work on fruits:

"Nearly all pears ripen with a much finer flavor, if picked and matured in the house. The exceptions are very few. Some which prove to be only second or third rate when allowed to remain till they soften on the tree, become rich, melting, and delicious if house-ripened. Gathering the fruit while wet, will in nearly all cases prevent or greatly diminish the rotting at the core, which otherwise nearly destroys the value of many early sorts.

"Winter pears should hang upon the trees as late as safety will allow, and when gathered should be kept in cool room till near their usual period of maturity, when the ripening is to be completed in a warm room, at a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. They should be covered to prevent shrivelling. Some cultivators have wholly repudiated winter pears, merely from a want of skill in the management of their ripening, or the want of a good cellar to keep them in. Some sorts, however, as the Buerre d'Arenberg, require but little care; others, as the Vicar of Wakefield, need particular attention. But the transfer from the cool to the warm room is of great importance to most, and will convert tough and hard specimens into those which are juicy, melting and excellent."

THE FIG.

Few animals yield less waste matter, after being dressed for market, than the pig; every part is useful, as a sailor would say, from stem to stem; the head for baking, the tail for roasting. Every part is made palatable and useful—feet, minister's face and shanks are all admired, when properly "soused" and cooked. The rich and poor alike admire a meal from the pluck and portions of the loins; the intestines make excellent envelopes for sausages meat; the blood makes a savory pudding, and the bristles a brush for purposes "too numerous to mention." The pig is a short lived but useful animal; and "works his own passage" through life by mixing muck and dung manure for his owner. At death he invariably goes squeezing out of his pen into "lard and pork, and bacon," and is soon off on a voyage at sea in pursuit of a whale.

We never liked the long-legged, slab-sided, apron-eared grunter, except for the race

WEALTH OF LOWELL.—The total valuation of the city of Lowell is \$19,884,750; \$10,940,250 of which is the property of manufacturing corporations. The rate of taxation is 68 cents on each \$100.

WEALTH OF LOWELL.—The total valuation of the city of Lowell is \$19,884,750; \$10,940,

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England that a single word in their favor seems needless. We manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Silver, is not equalled in New England.

We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh assortment of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD, SILVER WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of various descriptions, all of which are well made and offer the most reasonable terms.

9 Court St., Boston.—4 doors from Washington street, P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.



The traders of this paper are respectfully informed that they have in stock one of the largest and best selections of HATS and CAPS, for GENTLEMEN, YOUTH and CHILDREN—from the lowest to the highest prices—at wholesale and retail.

Should any article not prove to the recommendation, satisfaction will be promptly made.

Store and Chambers, 175 Washington street, Boston, oct 18

W. M. SHUTE.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Lycenum Building, WINCHESTER, MASS.

DR. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitant of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office, an extensive Apothecary Shop, where will be found a variety of articles of interest to the medical student. He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compound of his Medicines; and those he purchases are believed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled with the greatest care and promptness. Beside the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:

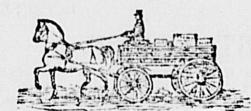
Agent's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Winter's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Cottrell's Sarsaparilla, Mrs. Kidder's Dy-Entry Cordial, Pin Liquid, Magnesia, Fluid Extract of Valerian, Hecker's Parina, Dr. Maynard's Collodium, Cologne, and various Ointments, Salves, Liniments, &c., Dr. F. P. Pratt's, Richardson's and Oxygenated Bitters, Sodding and Rochelle Powders, Cod Liver Oil—a pure article; Mt. Eagle Tripoli and Brick Dust, Day & Martin's, and other Blacking. Also all varieties of

SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Books, Blanks, Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol, Steel Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, &c., &c. Also a large variety of Stationery, besides a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as can be obtained elsewhere.

T. J. PORTER,

Webburn & Boston EXPRESS,



Offices in Boston, No. 198 Washington St., and 45 North Market street. Office in Woburn, at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to.

Oct 17

L. THOMPSON, JR.

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

For the express business, to attend to the

between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn.

W. E. YOUNG, C. S. CONVERSE.

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN BRY GOODS,

6 Hanover Street,

2 DOORS NORTH OF COURT STREET, BOSTON.

W. E. YOUNG.

E. A. YARS & FAIRBANKS,

STATIONERS,

—AND—

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

No. 136 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

Importer of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.

Oct 18

MARY A. EATON,

CARPET MAKER,

BOSTON.

Orders left at this office, or at 223 Washington, opposite Franklin street, Boston, will be attended to.

Jan 31

BENJ. F. WYER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings, &c., &c., WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Benj. F. Wyer, EWINS FENCE,

Benj. F. Wyer & Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order.

Oct 25

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Colouring done in the easiest manner.

SASHES, BLINDS, PAINTS, OILS and GLAZES, of the best quality.

SASHES and BLINDS, of every description, firmly painted.

PAINTS, OIL and GLAZES, of the best quality.

PAINTS, OIL and GLAZES, of the best quality.